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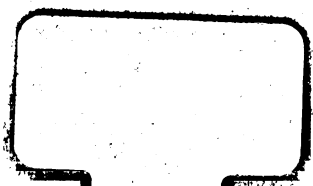
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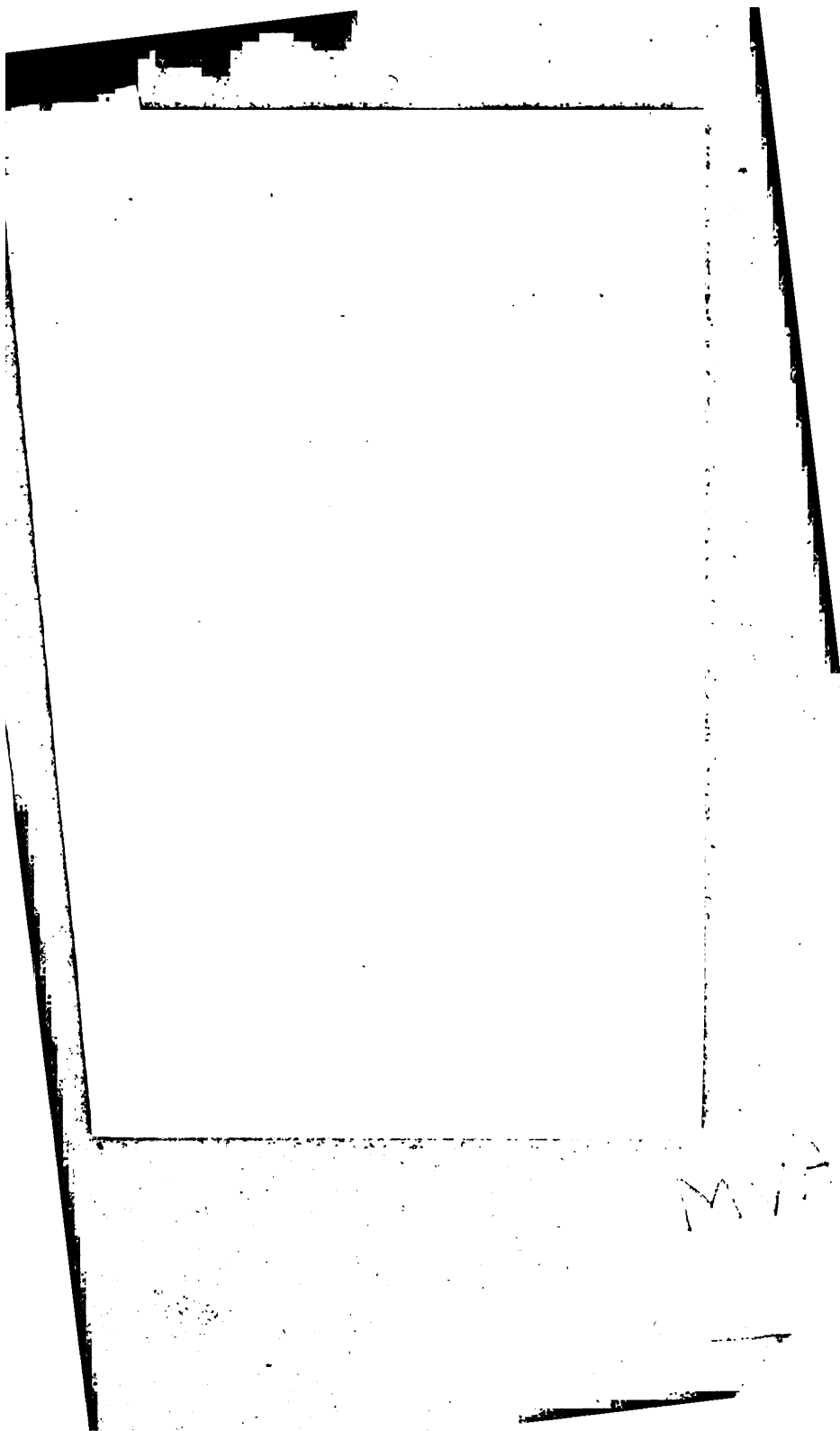
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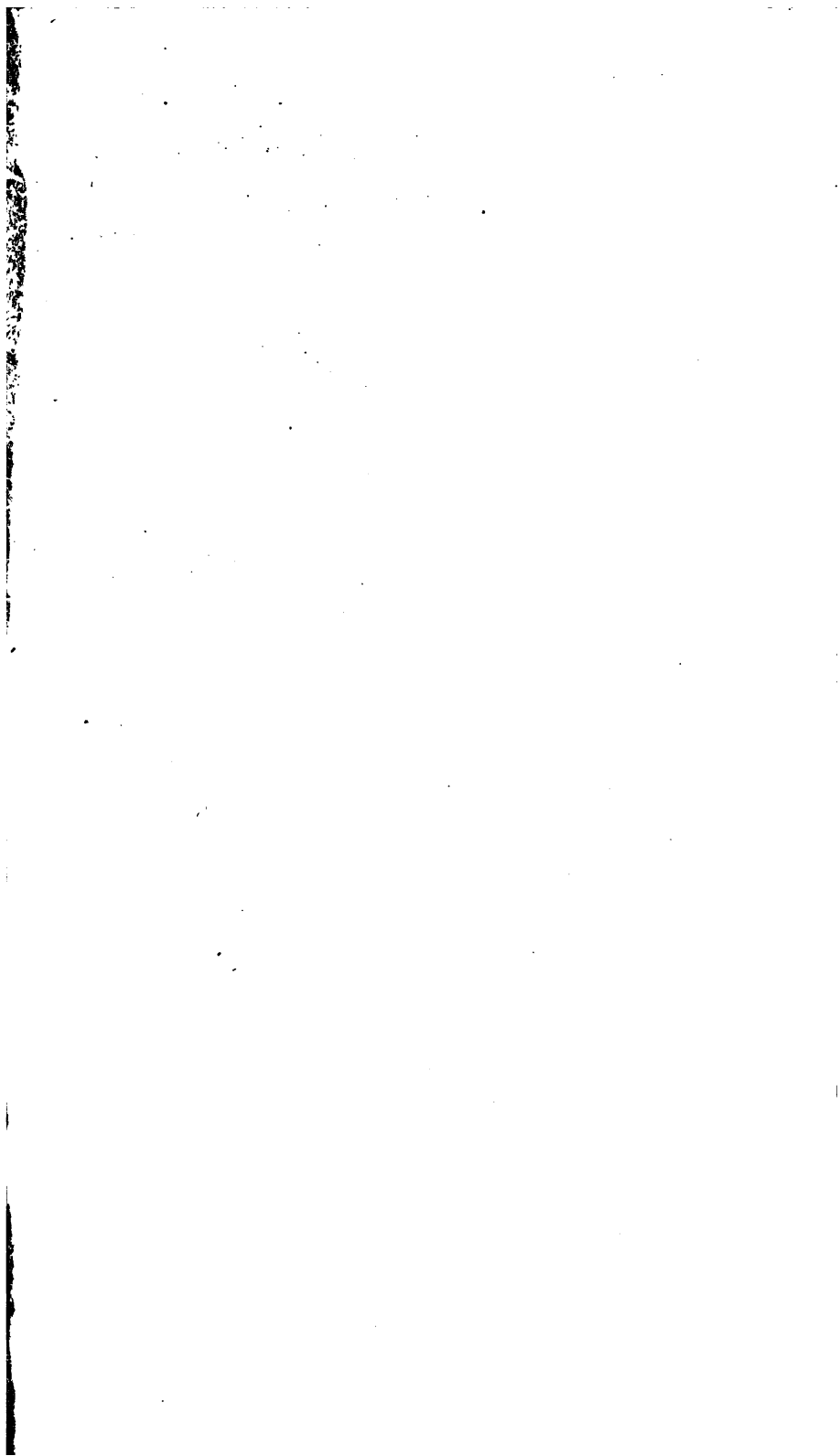
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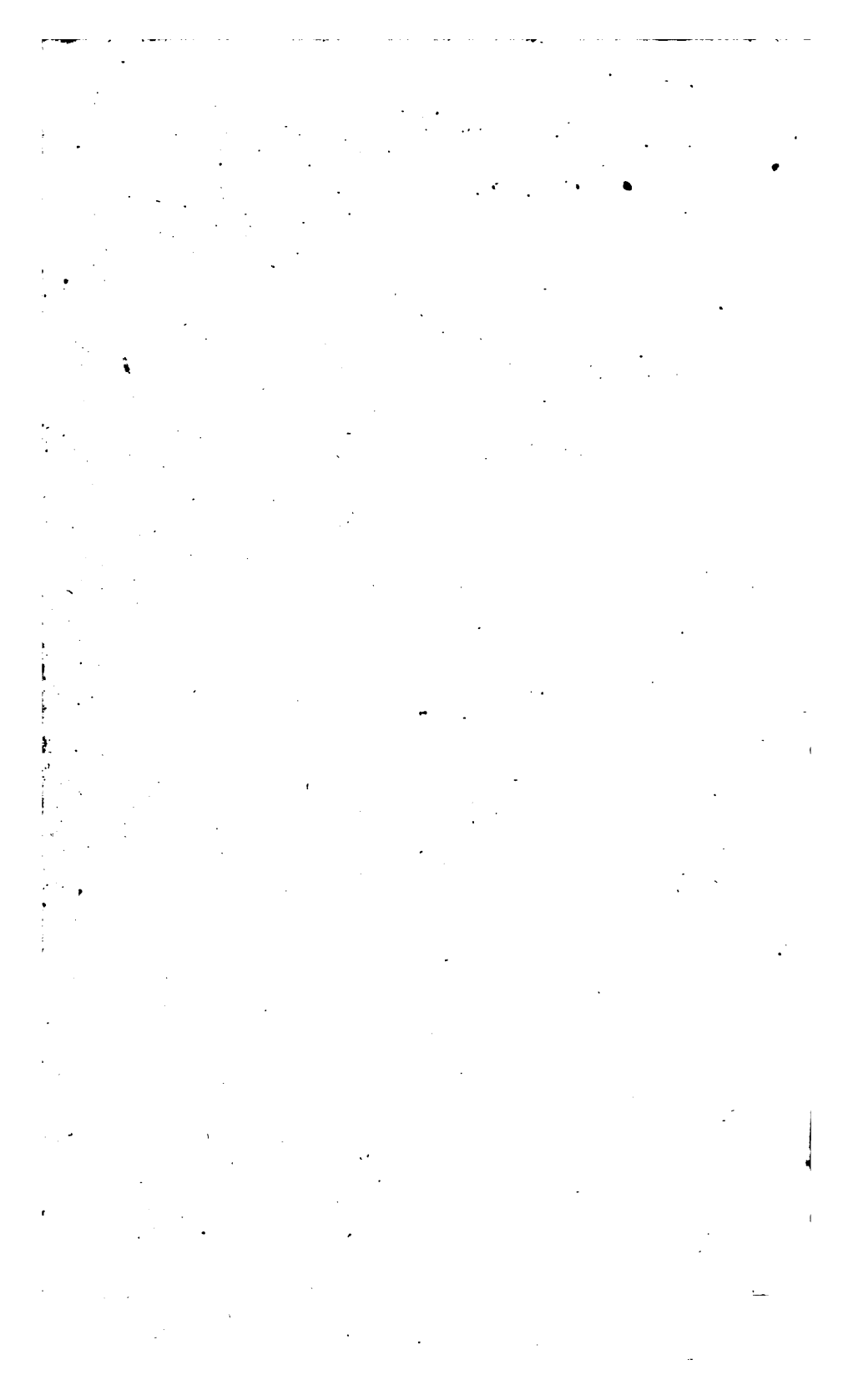












Frontispiece to Vol 30.



Published Sept. 1807, by J. Whittle, London.

Tenth of the Improved Work.  
**THE**  
*Sporting Magazine,*  
**OR**  
**MONTHLY CALENDAR,**

**OF THE**  
*TRANSACTIONS OF*  
**THE TURF, THE CHASE,**  
*And every other Diversion*  
*Interesting to the*  
*Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit.*

**VOL. 20.**



*Printed for J. Whittle, 18 Warwick Square.*

**1808.**



NOTES  
ON  
THE  
VOLUME

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

## OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF  
THE TRANSACTIONS  
OF

### THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to  
*THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.*

FOR APRIL, 1807.

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*Embellished with—I. An Engraving of William Mansell, Gamekeeper to the Duke of Newcastle.—II. Trim, an Etching.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FLEET STREET;  
J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;  
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE friend of J. M. L. will find his Communication in the present Number.—We have taken the liberty of altering the title from the *Dream* to the *Disaster*, in order to give the climax a greater effect.

A Constant Reader's account of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's celebrated Pack, appears in our Sporting Intelligence, page 48.

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Gentlemen disposed to furnish the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.







*William Mansell.*  
*Game-keeper to his Grace Henry Clinton Duke of Newcastle.*

Pub. May 1. 1787. By J. Heath. 15. Strand.

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THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE;  
FOR APRIL, 1807.

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WILLIAM MANSELL,  
GAMEKEEPER TO THE DUKE OF  
NEWCASTLE.

*Engraved by Wm. Nicholls, late Pupil to  
Anth. Cardon, Esq.*

THE annexed Engraving is the portrait of William Mansell, gamekeeper to his Grace, Henry Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, and taken from a picture painted by F. Wheatly, Esq. R. A. now in the Duke's possession, at Clumber House, Nottinghamshire.

The group of Springers, or Cock-flushers, by which the gamekeeper is so tastefully surrounded in the picture, was a gift to Duke Henry, when in France, from the Duke de Noailles; and William Mansell, during a uniform attention to the duties of his office (near thirty years), has, above other things, studied to increase, unmixed, this peculiar race of Flushers.

The Duke's (or Mansell's) breed is still held in higher estimation than any other of the Spaniel kind; that justly-celebrated painter, P. Reinagle, Esq. has made Mansell's breed of Cock-springers his peculiar study; and wherever we trace in that gentleman's productions the resemblance of his favourites, we

find them to possess the master-touch in the highest degree of excellence.

---

COCKING.

---

IN Easter week, and the Monday after, the following Cock Mains, &c. were fought, at Messrs. Usher and Ward's Pit, in Newcastle, the number of which, we believe, was never equalled, in the same space of time, in any part of the world.

*Monday, March 30.*—Two mains for £.50. each, by 16 cocks each; and a match for 6gs, by 2 cocks.

*Tuesday.*—Two mains for £.50. each, by 16 cocks each; a main for 24gs, by 8 cocks; and one for 12gs by 4 cocks.

*Wednesday.*—Three mains for £.50. each, by 16 cocks each; and one for 12gs, by 4 cocks.

*Thursday.*—A main for £.100. by 16 cocks; two for £.50. each, by 16 cocks each; one for 24gs, by 8 cocks; one for 12gs, by 4 cocks; and a match for 6gs, by 2 cocks.

*Friday.*—Two mains for £.50. each, by 16 cocks each; and one for 24gs, by 8 cocks.

*Saturday.*—Two mains, for 50l. each, by 16 cocks each.

A 2

And

And on *Monday, April 6*, a main for £50. by 16 cocks; and one for 24gs, by 8 cocks.

Total of Cocks.....288.

The following are the names of the Feeders; viz. Brown, Calbraith, Davidson, Dixon, Dubmore, Hall, Hunter, Kay, Leck, Lockey, Sanderson, Scott, Simpson, Slynn, Sunley, Turner, Walton, Welch.

#### DONCASTER.

The long Main of Cocks between the gentlemen of York (F. Thompson, feeder) and those of Sheffield, (John Wright, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, commenced fighting on Monday, the 30th of March, at Mr. Foster's pit, the Rein-Deer Inn, and was fought as under:—

Thompson.	N. B.	Wright.	N. B.
Monday .....	8 4	.....	2 0
Tuesday .....	5 1	.....	3 3
Wednesday.....	4 2	.....	6 2
Thursday .....	16 3	.....	1 1

27 10

14 6

Before fighting, 5 and 6 to 4 on York; after Monday's fight, 6 and 7 to 1 on York; after Tuesday's, the same; after Wednesday's, 4 and 5 to 1 on York; after the first battle Thursday, 10 to 1 on York.

#### ROYAL PIT, WESTMINSTER.

*Monday, April 6*—The grand Main of Cocks between the Hon. George Germaine (Potter, feeder) and Mr. Wilson (Lister, feeder), consisting of 35 mains and 17 byes, commenced fighting.—The following is a statement:

Lister.	M. B.	Potter.	N. B.
Monday .....	5 2	.....	1 1
Tuesday .....	4 0	.....	2 2
Wednesday.....	4 0	.....	2 3
Thursday ....	3 1	.....	3 2
Friday.....	2 1	.....	4 2
Saturday.....	0 0	.....	3 3

In fighting the fourth battle on Saturday, Lister took his cock away before the law was counted, and Potter claimed the battle.—Mr. Wilson and Mr. Germaine likewise disagreed upon this point; Mr. Wilson, nevertheless, was content to make it a drawn battle; but Mr. Germaine refused: in consequence, no bets were paid or received on the long main, as two battles were not fought. Mr. Germaine refusing to fight them, Mr. Wilson walked his cocks over.

#### SKIPTON.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between Henry Owen Cuncliffe, Esq. (Wainright, feeder) and Thomas Chamberlain, Esq. (Hardman, feeder), for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, which was won by the former by several battles a-head.

#### BETTING FOR THE DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM,

*At Newmarket, in Easter Week.*

- 9 to 2 agst Lord Egremont's ch c Prodgal, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Nitre's dam.  
 5 to 1 agst Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey.  
 6 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy.  
 8 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine.  
 6 to 4 the above against the field; and 11 to 10 the field against any three.

*Betting for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting.*

- 4 to 1 against Lord Egremont's Prodgal, by Gohanna.

- 4 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Musician, by Worthy.  
7 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Sir Solomon colt.

*Betting at Tattersall's on the Derby, April 20, 1807.*

- 3 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's colt Prodigal.  
5 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Barbarian.  
6 to 1 agst Musiciati.  
6 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Sir Solomon colt.  
10 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt.  
15 to 1 agst Job Thornberry.  
15 to 1 agst Delmé's colt.  
25 to 1 agst Bullrush.  
15 to 1 agst Chaise-and-One.  
20 to 1 agst the Sister to Smuggler.  
6 to 5 the Duke of Grafton's two, Barbarian and Musician.  
Even betting, 3 agst the field.

*Betting at Tattersall's for the Oaks, April 20, 1807.*

- 4½ to 1 agst Popinjay filly.  
6 and 6 to 1 agst Sister to Cartrill.  
6 to 1 agst Butter Cup.  
High odds agst the rest.  
100 to 8 don't name both winners of Oaks and Derby.

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,  
IN reading over your Magazine of last month, I was much surprised to see so very different an account (and so gross a misrepresentation) to what I had read in a former number, of the course between Lingo and Rocket, and at the end of that account to see written, "this is a true statement."—Now I do aver, the first account you received was the real one, and

the whole company at Doveridge know it to be true. I grant the first hare was caught in about 160 yards by Lingo; on a fallow; of course that was too short a space of ground for any decision to be made: but Mr. Browne's amanuensis (or rather puff), I fear possesses either a short or treacherous memory, not to recollect and mention in his account to you, that a second hare was started immediately, and took the very best ground for the Hare Park, in which course Lingo gave Rocket a most complete and decided go-by in a stretch of fifty yards, besides others during the race. A third dog was by chance let loose, but did not join them till Lingo had caught his hare, which every person present allowed he did, in the finest stile possible.

In regard to the course alluded to in Fisherwick Park, it is true Mr. Gresley's Streamer gave Lingo a complete beating; but why did he? The reason was plain: Lingo was beginning to be ill of the distemper, which Mr. Prinsep was not aware of when he took him from his kennel, and it is well known he was in the jaws of death for three weeks after.

Gentlemen, by inserting the foregoing in your valuable Magazine, you will much oblige a constant reader, who will trouble you no more on the subject of Lingo and Rocket.

ABRAHAM WOOD'S  
EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN  
FEAT,  
At Newmarket.

ON Thursday, the 16th of April, Abraham Wood, the noted Lancashire pedestrian, ran forty miles

miles over Newmarket Heath in four hours and fifty-six minutes, being four minutes within the time allowed. The stake is said to have been 500 guineas, and considerable bets were depending; during the race the odds were two and three to one in his favour; he ran the first eight miles in forty-eight minutes, and the first twenty miles in two hours and seven minutes.

He is a remarkably fine, tall, well-made man. He ran without shoes or stockings, and had only a pair of flannel drawers and a jacket upon him, and at no time appeared fatigued or overcome by this most extraordinary exertion.—When he had completed half the distance, he jumped into a post-chaise, and took the refreshment of a glass of wine and a crust of bread or of biscuit. There were numerous riders who found it difficult to keep their horses up with him—he is supposed to have sprung nearly two yards every step; the wind was so very high as to occasion him considerable inconvenience. His arms kept nearly equal motion with his legs; the spot chosen was the four-mile course, which he ran round ten times.

Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, has matched himself against Wood for 300 guineas, who shall go the greatest distance in twenty-four hours, Wood giving him twenty miles.

---

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

CHESTER .....	May 4
Goodwood .....	6
Epsom .....	13
Guildford .....	19
Maddington .....	20
Manchester .....	20

York Spring Meeting .....	23
Ascot Heath .....	June 2
Newton .....	10
Bibury .....	15
Beverley .....	17
Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....	22
Nantwich .....	30
Newmarket July Meeting, July .....	13
Reading .....	August 18
Egham .....	25
Doncaster .....	Sept. 21
Newmarket First October .....	22
Newmarket Second October, .....	Oct. 12
Richmond .....	13
Northallerton .....	21
Newmarket Houghton Meet. .....	26

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#### LAW REPORT,

##### ON A QUI-TAM ATTORNEY'S PROSECUTION UNDER THE GAME LAWS.

*Court of King's Bench, April 22.*

Lenton v. Phipps.

MR. GARROW applied to their Lordships for a Rule to shew cause why an attorney of the name of Rushforth should not pay the defendant his costs in this case, and why he should not answer the matters contained in the affidavits.—This person, by means of a servant of his, had commenced a *qui tam* action against the defendant upon the game laws, and upon the trial, Mr. Phipps was at the expence of upwards of 90l. to prove his qualification. The verdict was in favour of the defendant; and when application was made to Lenton for the payment of the costs, as the ostensible party suing, he said that he had nothing to do with it, further than as Mr. Rushforth had requested him to allow him to make use of his name, which he professed himself

himself ready to confirm by affidavit. When, however, that instrument was presented to him for his signature, he refused, being then under the influence of Rushforth. The learned Counsel produced an affidavit from a person of the name of Snart, who deposed, that he was under the same circumstances as Lenton, having admitted Mr. Rushforth to employ his name in a *qui tam* action against another gentleman upon the game laws, the latter promising to indemnify him. Mr. Garrow concluded by adverting to a similar proceeding against an attorney named Browne, who, he said, had employed himself in picking up paupers to commence *qui tam* suits against respectable country gentlemen.—*Rule granted.*

---

#### SHERIFF'S COURT.

FROMONT *versus* WATERHOUSE,  
To recover Stakes upon a Wager.

**T**HE plaintiff is a coach-master, at Thatcham, in Berkshire; the defendant is innkeeper at the White-Horse, Friday-street.

Mr. Lawes said, that on the occasion of a wager laid at the Inn of Mr. Waterhouse, between the plaintiff and a Mr. Holbrook, the defendant became the stake-holder of a deposit made by the plaintiff to the amount of 100 guineas. The terms of the wager appeared on the face of the receipt given by the defendant, which stated, that "Mr. Edward Fromont did bet Mr. Wm. Holbrook, the sum of 100 guineas, that he, Fromont, or some one for him, would travel 100 miles in chaises, and to be drawn by horses, mares, or geldings, and only two of them to be in such chaises at one time. The journey to be performed in six successive hours, and in the

space of one month from the date of the receipt. Fromont to be allowed to choose the ground, and the number of chaises he thought necessary." This action was brought to recover the amount of such deposit, Mr. Fromont having abandoned the wager, as illegal. The Learned Counsel said, that there were many cases of "*Zimenes and Jaques*" (6 Term Rep. 449,) and of "*Whaley and Pigot*." Bets laid on races on the turf were legal to a certain extent, as favourable to the improvement of one of the most useful animals; but horse races on the road were against reason and policy, as being destructive of the animal, and dangerous to the King's subjects.

The learned Counsel then produced the proof as to the deposit; after which

Mr. Lovatt, for the defendant, said, that the condition of the wager was to play or pay; but the plaintiff chose to do neither, and had therefore brought this action. It was true that races of this description were illegal, and when they were laid, the confidence was implied that neither of the parties would take advantage of the strict rule of law. This confidence, which with a man of honour was more binding than any more legal obligation, the plaintiff had thought fit to abuse. Mr. Waterhouse, the present defendant, was only nominally concerned; the real party was Mr. Holbrook, who would have to pay what might be recovered. Mr. Holbrook was a respectable man, who was only blameable for the credit he gave to the integrity of the plaintiff. It was right that such conduct should be exposed, in order that others might not suffer from the like credulity. He hoped, that the court

and

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

and jury would perceive, that the deposit was made by the plaintiff upon an illegal contract, and that, therefore, he was not entitled to the verdict.

After a few observations from the Sheriff, who signified that they were not in a court of honour, but of law, a verdict was found for the plaintiff—*One hundred guineas.*

---

### SAWREY GILPIN, ESQ.

ON the 8th ult. died, at Brompton, Sawrey Gilpin, Esq. R. A. aged 73, a celebrated painter, particularly of horses and wild animals. He was descended from an ancient family in the county of Cumberland, which has given to the world many characters justly celebrated for their talents and virtues. He was born at Carlisle (of which city his only surviving brother, Joseph Dacre Gilpin, Esq. is the present Mayor) and in early youth, under the instruction of a most excellent and ingenious father, imbibed, along with his late brother, the Rev. William Gilpin, the tourist, a strong propensity for the polite arts. This was ripened as he advanced in life, into a conspicuous talent, and enabled him to execute paintings, which are justly admired for the great truth and spirit of the composition, and extreme chasteness of colouring. His excellence consisted entirely in portraying, the anatomy of which he was completely conversant with, from the humblest of the domestic tribe to the roaring wanderers of the woods. He selected those in groups, the admirable imitations of which will confer a lasting celebrity upon his name. Many of his most capital pictures are in the possession of noblemen and collectors.—The Prince of Wales's and the Duke of

Hamilton's collections are both enriched with the productions of his pencil; but, we believe, his chief d'œuvre is in the possession of S. Whitbread, Esq. M. P. It consists of a group of tigers, and is a noble and spirited composition. He excelled much in giving an expression of terrible, but majestic fierceness, to that noblest of animals, the lion; some of his slighter sketches, studied from the life, give a striking representation of the sultry dignity, which is the peculiar characteristic of that royal animal.—The etchings of cattle, which accompany his brother's descriptive writings, are his productions.

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### PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Match having been made for one hundred guineas, between Messrs. Jackson and Sibley, Buckinghamshire men, and Messrs. Warren and King, from Hampshire, the same was decided on Wednesday the 15th instant, in a field, near Salt-hill. The candidates were allotted five pigeons each to shoot at, twenty-one yards distance, and Warren and King were the favourites. The Buckinghamshire men shot first, and Mr. Jackson killed his five birds. Mr. Sibley missed his second bird, and the fifth fell out of bounds. Mr. Warren, of the opposing party, hit all his birds, but two of them escaped. King, a game-keeper, killed his five pigeons, and made a tie of the match. The stake was drawn, and it was agreed that Jackson and King, who had killed all their birds, should shoot for 50l. out of the original stake, the first who missed a pigeon to be the loser. Jackson killed three birds, and his adversary lost the match, from his third pigeon getting away.

FEAST



# FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

AT the examination of Colonel Thornton before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks he thought him a *dry dog*.—"You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "if you was to see the quantity of wine he drinks."

A YOUNG lady having laid a wager with a young man of her acquaintance, which she lost, was in company with him some time after, and he proposed another bet.—"Indeed, Sir," said she, "I shall not *lay* with you again."—"Really, Miss," he replied, "I do not recollect you ever did."

## A DEAD DIALOGUE.

"PRAY, Madam, how do you do?"

"Dead, Ma'am, with the tooth-ache."

"Lord, I am sorry for it; but I myself have been *dead* these three weeks, and poor little Jacky is *dying* of the same complaint!"

"It is odd," said one friend to another, "that there should be so many failures amongst tradesmen, when I have known several, who afterwards failed, that took from £30. to £40. a day, and made nothing of it."—"Ah! my dear Sir," said his friend, "that is the very reason of their being bankrupts: they take so much money, and make nothing of it."

A PERSON who had a friend that was very learned, and by profession

a watchmaker, used to stile him, "a *sage dealer in time*."

A GENTLEMAN, who had a country house about three miles from town, which commanded from the back a beautiful and extensive view, was complaining to a friend, that there was a row of cursed little houses about to be built, that would entirely intercept his prospect. His friend, to pacify him, begged he would recollect, that *little houses were necessary things*.

"DICK," said a gentleman, who had just come from a coffee-house, to his servant, "I have lost my gold-headed cane; some fellow has carried it off, and left me this *ash twig* instead." The footman replied, with true simplicity, unconscious of his *bon mot*, "Upon my word, Sir, I don't wonder at it, there are so many *sticks* at coffee-houses."

Two friends passing by a small obscure house in a dirty lane, one remarked to the other, that it was Mr. Logwood's, the dyer, who kept his curricie and country house.—"But surely he cannot reside here?"—"Oh no! this is his *dying* house."—"Ah! if so, that completely accounts for his *not* living in it."

A GENTLEMAN being told of an attorney dying very rich, and leaving a handsome legacy in his will to found a hospital, neatly observed, "I am glad to hear it; it will be an *asylum* for those he has ruined."

## THE HISTORY OF MY HAT.

*Found in a Grub-street Garret.*

THE hat that graces this poor head,  
A better birth once boasted;  
Its looks bespeak its beauty fled;  
'Tis brown from being toasted.

A City Buck first wore the hat,  
(And none wore hats much faster)  
At Peckham Fair they laid him flat,  
And then it chang'd its master.

The Gentleman who stole it brush'd,  
And up to London ran, Sir;  
He sold the hat, and never blush'd—  
Oh! what a shameless man, Sir!

Next morn, an honest Jew was seen,  
The hat upon his finger;  
"Old clothes!" he cried, and well I  
ween,  
To bargain did not linger.

A wand'ring poet bought the hat,  
Who in it look'd quite knowing;  
But time, alas! soon alter'd that:  
Its charms have lost their glowing.

To get a hat at second-hand,  
A poet pours his ditty;  
"Oh! grant him aid, ye gen'rous band,  
And do a deed of pity.

J. M. L.

A LADY, who has survived her  
73d winter, advertises for a hus-  
band, in a country newspaper. The  
amorous fair one announces her  
determination not to give her hand  
to a man above the age of 25; and,  
what is still more extraordinary,  
forbids all applications from Irish-  
men!

A PARISIAN artist has obtained a  
patent for a new invention of a  
machine for joining the sides of all  
flexible matter. It is called the  
*Devil among the Tailors*, as he as-  
serts it will be particularly service-  
able for preparing clothing for the  
army or navy, as a man can do as  
much in a given time, with the  
machine, as one hundred knights  
of the thimble with a needle.

E.P.

WITCHCRAFT.—The following  
curious letter from Mr. Manning,  
dissenting teacher, at Halsted, in  
Essex, to John Morley, Halsted, is  
copied from a manuscript preserved  
in the British Museum, and will  
probably amuse many of our read-  
ers:—

*Halsted, Aug. 2, 1732.*

Sir—The narrative which I gave  
you, in relation to witchcraft, and  
which you are pleased to lay your  
commands upon me to repeat, is  
as follows:—There was one Mas-  
ter Collett, a smith by trade, of  
Haveringham, in the county of  
Suffolk, formerly servant in Sir  
John Duke's family, in Benhall, in  
Suffolk, who, as 'twas customary  
with him, assisting the maids to  
churn, and being unable (as the  
phrase is) to make the butter come,  
threw an hot iron into the churn,  
under a notion of witchcraft in the  
case; upon which a poor labourer,  
then employed in carrying dung in  
the yard, cried out in a terrible  
manner, "They have killed me!  
they have killed me!" still keep-  
ing his hand upon his back, inti-  
mating where the pain was, and  
died upon the spot!

Mr. Collett, with the rest of the  
servants, took off the poor man's  
clothes, and found, to their great  
surprise, the mark of the iron that  
was heated, and thrown into the  
churn, strongly impressed upon  
his back. This account I had  
from Mr. Collett's own mouth,  
who being a man of unblemished  
character, I verily believe.

I am, &amp;c.

SAM. MANNING.

We copy the following from a  
Dublin Paper:—"To be sold, the  
following articles of *Wearing Ap-  
parel*:—A coat that has been often  
turned, made in the county of  
Down.

*Down*, that will button on any side, and large enough to conceal a *bow with two strings*.—A large coat, made originally for the *purser* of a sloop of war. It has passed through almost as many editions as Sir Roger de Coverley's. The pockets are very large in the *inside*, but nearly worn out in carrying candles' ends and cheese-parings.—A *shabby suit*, worn out, in the *Dutch stile*, with some British embroidery on the breast, which was once the chief ornament of it, till it was sullied and spotted; nor can any *Fuller's earth* take out the stains."

**LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.**—A few mornings since, a lady went into the *Police-Office, Bow-street*, and enquired the price of some *fur* and *silk* articles: Townsend quizzingly replied—"Oh! Ma'am, we're all fair and above-board—we've no *cloaks* here." To which the lady rejoined—"Sir, I beg pardon—I really thought that this was the celebrated *Pelisse-Office*!"

WHILE Sir W. Paines was sitting at Bow-street, a short time ago, he received the following curious epistle from a notorious character, who has long been celebrated for his skill and dexterity, in conveying watches and money from one pocket into another! The letter and orthography are literally copied from the original:—

"GENT.

"I beg leave to inform you that I am (with my wife) going to the Theatre, Covent-Garden. I take this step, in order to prevent any ill-founded malicious constructions. Trusting I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever ensure me the protection of the Magistracy, I remain, Gentle

men, with all due respect and attention, your most obedient, very humble servant,

"JOHN MACKCOULL.

"March 3."

Donaldson, therefore, treated the apologist with proper attention; and Mackcoul retired with his *carra sposa*, without attempting to *mill a wipe*, *queer a stilt*, or *draw a tattler*.

ON the publication of a Volume of Poems by Mr. HUSBAND, in *sheets*, by subscription:—

The Author's Name is sure a bribe,  
To tempt the fair one to *subscribe*.  
Here each indulgent female meets  
A Husband! and, what's more,—in  
*sheets*!

Here you may turn him o'er and o'er;  
He wishes he could please you more;  
But if to please you he be found,  
He's very willing—to be bound.

A LONG chain of progeny is likely to be produced by a recent union at Bristol, between Mr. *Dunkar*, *iron-squander*, and Miss *Link*.

AN old woman, generally known by the name of *Tom Bowling*, lately brought before the Magistrate at the Public Office, Queen's square, for sleeping all night in the street, was committed as a *rogue* and *vagabond*, and passed to her parish. She served as *boatswain's mate* on board a man of war for upwards of twenty years, and has a pension from Chatham Chest.—When waked at midnight, by the beadle of the street, covered with snow, she cried, "Where the Devil would you have me sleep?"—She has generally slept in this way, and is so hardy, at a very advanced age, that she never catches cold, and dresses like a man.

**THE Coach-whip Snake.**—Is a beautiful creature; when full grown it is six or seven feet in length, and the thickest part of its body is not so thick as a cane, or common walking stick; its head not longer than a man's finger, its neck very slender, and from the abdomen tapers away in the manner of a small switch or coach-whip. The top of the neck, for three or four inches, is black, and as shining as a raven; the throat and belly as white as snow; and the upper side of the body of a chocolate colour, excepting the tail part almost from the abdomen to the extremity, which is black. It may be proper to observe, however, that it varies in respect to the colour of the body; some have been seen almost white or cream-coloured, others of a chocolate or clay colour; but in all, the head and neck are black, and the tail black or brown. It is extremely swift, seeming almost to fly over the surface of the ground; and, what is very singular, it can run swiftly on its tail part only, carrying its head and body erect. With respect to ~~venom~~, it is as innocent as a worm, and seems to be familiar with man: it appears to be an inhabitant of East Florida, though some have been seen in maritime places in Carolina and Georgia; but in these regions it is neither so large nor beautiful.

**CAPTAIN COGHAN.**—Amidst the crash of states and downfall of empires, it may not be unprofitable to the younger part of our readers to turn aside from the awful events of the passing day, to contemplate for a moment the melancholy vicissitudes of private individual life.

Lately, died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the most abject state

of poverty and distress, and in the 54th year of his age, John Coghlan, Esq. some time a Captain in his Majesty's 89th regiment of foot. This unhappy man, in the dawn of his days, had the brightest prospects. His father, a London merchant, though possessing great wealth, destined this his eldest son for the navy, and committed him to the care of his friend, the celebrated Captain Cook, with whom he made a voyage round the world as a midshipman. Not liking the sea, he turned his thoughts successively to the bar and to the church, and at last entered into the army. He served several campaigns in America, was at the storming of Fort Clinton, and in several other actions, where he behaved very gallantly. At New York, he married the beautiful and all-accomplished Miss Moncrieff, so celebrated afterwards in the annals of gallantry as Mrs. Coghlan. The lady soon chose another protector. After the peace of 1783, he obtained his Majesty's permission, under the sign manual, to serve in the Russian army. But he became dissipated and unable, and served one campaign only with the Russians. Having made the tour of Europe, he returned to England, and entered with avidity into every fashionable vice and folly of the day. Highly favoured by nature, he possessed great powers of body and mind; he was social and convivial, could at will "set the table in a roar," and was accounted one of the handsomest men of his time. He was very respectably connected both in England and Wales; yet the humanity of the Officers of the Hospital retained the body a full fortnight in the dead house, in the vain hope that some relation might come forward to

to pay the last sad duties to the dead.

"On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
"With not a friend to close his eyes!"

The charity of a stranger furnished a covering for his remains, which were deposited in the burying-ground of the Hospital.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give

A little gold, and so his life he lost;  
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,  
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

A LADY in Scotland lately wrote to a friend in London, and in communicating the intelligence that a female acquaintance had recently entered into the marriage state, observed, "that it was the general expectation that she would have a *female son*."—The passage was considered inexplicable; but on a little application, and collating it with the usual orthography of the writer, the mystery was explained—she meant it to be understood, that her friend was likely to "have a *family soon*."

SIR John Doyle being lately told in the House of Commons, by those interested in keeping up the Slave Trade, that the slaves were *happy*, he said it reminded him of a man whom he had once seen in a warren, sewing up the mouth of a ferret; he remonstrated with the man upon the cruelty of the act, but he answered, "Lord, Sir, the ferret *likes it* above all things."

AMONG the Members taken into custody by the Serjeant at Arms, on a recent call of the House, for non-attendance in due time, was Mr. Sheridan, who good-humour-

edly exclaimed, "This is rather too hard, Mr. Speaker, to be *turned out of office*, and *taken into custody*, on one and the same day!"

A CAPTAIN of Grenadiers having some time ago died in the West Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round, poor Pat, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah! Master Jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever *hear*!"

THE odds calculated by the late Israel Lyons.—"I will mention a *coincidence*, the odds against which are all but *miraculous*. A Devonshire gentleman once saw five *keys*, belonging to a *stranger*, connected with a ring, which were so precisely the counterpart of other five keys and a ring in his possession, that there was no distinguishing between them in any respect. The keys were of very *different ages and sizes*, and the rings particularly formed. Mr. Lyons, in a very short time, made the calculation, and declared the odds to be exactly the odds of Van Diemen's calculation of the 32 figures to one, a coincidence scarcely less extraordinary. This anecdote of the wonderful powers of Mr. Lyons, who was the mathematical prodigy of Cambridge for years, is but little known.

A CUTTING PUN.—A *keen punster*, hearing that the late massacre at Vellore happened in consequence of the order issued for *shaving* the mustachios of the Sepoys, observed, that it proved a most *barber-ous* experiment.

A poor lord of a manor in the north of England, who had rather an extensive rabbit warren on his estate, was particularly partial to the company of the curate of the parish, and frequently invited him to dine at his house; and though the table was but scantily furnished with fish, fowl, or butcher's meat, it was most amply supplied with rabbits, dressed in various ways.—The curate, who was not overburthened with riches, and who found it convenient occasionally to accept the lord of the manor's invitation, grew, in the course of time, rather cloyed of his usual fare; being one day asked by his host to return thanks on the removal of the cloth, he rose, and complied in the following terms:—

“For rabbits hot, for rabbits cold,  
For rabbits young, for rabbits old,  
For rabbits tender, rabbits tough,  
We thank the Lord, we've had enough!”

A SAPIENT almanack-maker of the present year, has made some wonderful discoveries and emendations, which are worthy of notice. In a spurious publication, entitled, *The Farmer's Guide for the Year 1807*, Good Friday falls upon *Saturday* the 4th of April; Easter Sunday, upon *Monday* the 6th; and Whit Sunday, upon *Monday* the 25th of May.

QUEER PUN.—A *Bacchanalian* Candidate offering for a Country Borough, the Electors unanimously agreed that he was a very proper man to sup—PORT.

A FELLOW applying to the Parish Officers for relief, was interrogated whether he had ever acquired a *Settlement*? To which he replied —“Yes, please your honours,

I've been a *housekeeper* for *seventy* years—in *Newgate*!” (aside.)

ADVERTISEMENT.—“The public are respectfully acquainted, by Mottlee, Calat, and Company, they may be instantly supplied with new leather breeches, on the newest construction, and sole invention of the Patentees, who, after the result of various experiments, and many years experience, have at last arrived at the summit of perfection in that truly valuable part of dress; viz. leather elastic breeches, which are now contrived with ventilating valves, so as to let air in, and none out; being made with the assistance of German steel, in imitation of nature's elastic ligaments, will adapt themselves to the various contractions and expansions of the body and limbs. These breeches are particularly adapted to gentlemen of the army, as well as sportsmen and others, that travel, exceeding all others for neatness, completeness, and durability.

“*Peterborough, Sept. 1787.*”

A GROCER'S Love-Letter.—An exact copy of a letter, written by a grocer of Huntingdon, to Miss C. of Stilton, daughter of Mr. A. C. who kept the Bell Inn there many years:

“*Hants, May 28, 1779.*”

“Miss C.—Mame hear I beg the favour to acquaint you with my sincere adress, as I formerly hear you Mame are at this present time Disingadge and most happy am if you will give me leave to make you a very agreeable journey to Stilton att your leisure. Miss C I am at your everlasting pleasure only be so kind Mame to inquire of Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr T and Mr S C, my cousin at Yaxley, the fully satisfy you who I am, and the both which our betear acquaintance

acquaintance may take place. Bless God so be it, dear Miss C. I beg you will not once think it is your good Sarcumstance I crave. No, Bless God my own Sarcumstance and Person is undeniable, which I hope to acquaint you Dr Lady with the same very soon. Pray let me have the hapiness to hear from you when you will be at home and most agreeable to self I will do myself the very great of waiting of you any Day.

"I am your most obedient and most humble yours to command, true lover,

"G. W.

Grocer, Cornfactor.

"I live in as good a house as any in town. I have at present Lord Charles the Duke of M——'s Brother lives with me for this month."

A WONDERFUL natural curiosity, called the Goose Tree, Barnacle Tree, or Tree bearing Geese, taken up at sea on the 12th of January, 1807, by Captain Bytheway, and was more than twenty men could raise out the water, has lately been exhibited at Mrs. Skerrett's, opposite the Fortune of War, New-road, Woolwich.

The Barnacles, which form the exhibition, possess a neck upwards of two feet in length, resembling the windpipe of a chicken; each shell contains five pieces; and notwithstanding the many thousand which hung to eight inches of the tree, part of the fowl may be seen from each shell. Sir Robert Moray, in the Wonders of Nature and Art, speaking of this singularly curious production, says, in every shell he opened he found a perfect sea-fowl, with a bill like that of a goose, feet like those of water fowl, and the feathers all plainly formed.

THE Lord Mayor, finding himself whimsically implicated in the late change of Ministers, held a *Council of Enquiry* at the Mansion-house, to learn whether, having already invited the old Ministers, as usual, to his Easter dinner, he must, in point of civic etiquette, send cards of invitation to the *new Ministers* also! His *Remembrancer* being called upon for his opinion, declared that he did not recollect a case in point: however, Sir W. Curtis settled the matter, by saying, "By G—d, my Lord, you must give a dinner to them all! I'd stuff both sets of them; the old one from *charity*, and the new one from *policy*, whom you may make pay well for it in due time."

DISCRIMINATION. — A striking instance recently occurred of this happy qualification. "Niece," cried a gentleman of fortune, on her marriage, "I intend to make you a handsome *present*. Take your choice of *three* things—a town house, a set of jewels, or a long purse of money."—"The *long purse*, my dear, dear uncle," instantly exclaimed the niece; "as, with the all-charming *guineas*, I can purchase either a house or ornaments to my *own taste*."

THE report of Bonaparte having been wounded in the *back*, at the battle of Eylau, having puzzled some of our quidnuncs, as he was stated to have *pursued* the Russians, an Irish Gentleman reconciles the apparent contradiction, by observing, that the crafty Chief might have had his coat *buttoned behind*!

It has been observed, that Lord Hawkesbury's eloquence appears to have acquired a *boisterous* tone, since he became Warden of the Cinque

Cinque ports. His action also seems to have been learned upon the coast. During a late speech in the House of Lords, he kept thumping the table like a ship beating upon the Goodwin Sands.

PROGRESS of Gallantry.—With the gentleman and the lady, it is *New. Con.*—in a Court of Law, *Pro and Con.*—and when left to the Jury, *Crim. Con.*

A SMACK of the Marvellous.—A remarkable instance of sagacity, and love for the human species, in a dog, lately occurred in Romney Marsh.—A female child, about four years old, the daughter of a looker, at Belgar, between Romney and Lydd, having been left by its mother alone in a room where there was a fire, whilst she went abroad upon some business, the clothes of the child caught the flames, and she ran terrified, with the garments burning, into an adjoining apartment, where a dog was tied up. The animal, it appears, as soon as the child came within its reach, threw her on the ground, and tore every article of her clothes off, in which situation she crawled to a bed, and wrapped herself in a coverlet. On the return of the mother, she discovered some ashes and remnants of the child's clothes, beside the dog, and on approaching the bed, found the poor infant, with one of her arms burnt, and her side so miserably scorched, that her heart was nearly perceptible; she had, however, power to tell her parent, that Shepherd, (the dog's name) had taken her burning clothes off. She survived about an hour after her being discovered, and then expired.

ANCIENT Divertissement at Primrose Hill.—Few, if any persons now living, can remember farthing cheesecakes; the newspaper called The Farthing Post; or Halfpenny-hatch, near Marybone: however, we copy the following from a late Lewes Journal:—

"The Halfpenny-hatch was at Marybone, and consisted in a halfpenny paid by every foot-passenger, for the privilege of passage through some private grounds, which shortened the walk to Primrose Hill, where crowds of both sexes used to repair on a Sunday evening, to see EDINBURGH, as it was called; which was by stooping down with your back to London, and looking between your legs at that overgrown city. I know it would gratify the good old lady to see her grandson in print,\* and however destitute of merit it may be in itself, still it will hand down a piece of history to posterity, that in the 18th century, good sound ale, brewed from good wholesome malt and hops, was sold at 4d. the double mug, at the Halfpenny hatch; and rich cheesecakes four a penny; which, without having reference to your Journal, might, two or three hundred years hence, astonish us as greatly, and appear as much beyond belief, as we now are surprised at being told that an ox was sold at the enormous price of a pound, in the reign of Edward the First. I embrace the present opportunity of sending you a copy of verses of Tim's, which he writ at a particular friend of our's, in Essex, where he spent a week of his holidays. I think they do him credit, and prove him to possess a warm and grateful heart.—I am, your's, "TIM. HOMESpun."

\* The tale and the verses, for want of room, are omitted.



A BAKER and his wife have been committed in the West of England, for having in their possession a large number of forged Bank-notes.—This is a charge of a more serious nature than a *light quatern* loaf of bread, and may involve them in a peck of troubles.

A SHOEMAKER being fined at Stamford, five shillings, for being drunk in view of the Magistrates, poor Crispin allowed he was a *wet sole*, but declared, if they pardoned that offence, it should be his *last*.

WHEN the once celebrated Dr. Shebbeare was pilloried for a libel, a little ashamed of his elevation, he hired an Irish chairman to hold an umbrella over his head during the painful ceremony, and for this service the Doctor rewarded him with a guinea. Next day the chairman called upon him, and hoped his honour was well—began to hum! and ha! as if he had more to say. The Doctor, suspecting his drift, said, "My friend, what do you want: I thought I paid you yesterday very handsomely?" "To be sure now," said Pat, "and so you did for the trouble; but please your honour—consider the DISGRACE!"

BOILEAU being frequently called upon by an idle ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits—"Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms—You call upon me merely to get rid of your time—when I call upon you, I lose mine!"

A LONDON Paper says, "General Cuckold is arrived at Portsmouth, to take his passage to the Cape." We suppose Cape Horn.

VOL. XXX. No. 175.

## BIOGRAPHICAL AND SPORTING ANECDOTES

OF THE FAMOUS

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

From Cundee's Eccentric Mirror.

"A goodly, portly man I'faith, and corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

Shakespeare.

THE meagre details relative to Mr. Lambert which have hitherto been laid before the public, are equally unsatisfactory and erroneous. This consideration has induced the writer of this article to apply to a source which he knew was not liable to mistake; and as the following is the only authentic account of that remarkable character, he can, with the greater confidence, direct it to the attention of the numerous readers of this Miscellany.

Mr. Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert has attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to enquire, whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions? This was not the case, nor were any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of game-keeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert, senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters, who are still living, and are both women of the common size.

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The

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not, in any respect, different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions we have already mentioned, the profession of his father and uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred among horses, dogs, and cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged even in his childhood, it cannot be a matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cocking, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestly was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable, from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert ceased to be in request.—Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public

taste with respect to buttons: the consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison of that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he is now distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength or in courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure; in which he was about this period engaged:—Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards, with their dancing-dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog, which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county gaoler, hearing the sound, flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overbearing force and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making

making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Mr. Lambert, being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out, and addressed the people with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand the pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to dispatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist.

During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to his friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly glazed from the trundling of a mop.—Here, while thus busily engaged in belabouring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the utmost agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full

view of her tremendous teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing, and, as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground, on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled."

During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head; in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared in full front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the uplifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of *ursa major*, began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to be in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous: forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated Murder!

The Savoyards, who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the Mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate enquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar-lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas, the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruffs*. "Oh," said the Mayor,

"the people of that parish do just as they please; they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the complainants. It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar-lane; on this occasion one who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Mr. Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment, that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase; this he attributes to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg!

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich, in company with the keeper of the county gaol, at Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis, with much less apparent fatigue, than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise, by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years, Mr. Lambert

was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that about ten years ago, all the young people in his native town, who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction; his power of floating, owing to his extraordinary bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back; we have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage, which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence; whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forbore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often spoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office, was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of 50*l.* for life, without any solicitation whatever; and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied

accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert, that no longer than two years ago he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying, in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester, conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to enquire what were his particular propensities; being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and enquired for Mr. Lambert; the servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that, I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined, "tell the gentleman that I am a *shy-cock*."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask; after considerable hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said, he wished to en-

quire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving, from his manner, the real nature of his errand, "she was got by *Impertinence* out of *Curiosity*."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

To be concluded in our next.

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## ON THE DREAD OF MAD DOGS.

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MR. EDITOR,

I Beg the favour of your giving place in your very entertaining miscellany, to the following statement and remark, respecting the late mania or dread of mad dogs. It happened that a very short time since I made a visit to a friend, where there was a small party; when, on my entrance into the drawing-room, I was astonished to find, that instead of receiving the accustomed inquiries after my health, the company crowded in a circle round me, and I was accosted with "Dear Charles! have you escaped being bitten?" As this interrogatory was at first made by a sporting

a sporting character of celebrity, I began to think it might have some allusion to my late journey to Newmarket, until the ladies joined in the inquiry, when I was puzzled between the words *bitten* and *smitten*, as I thought they must have meant the last, and actually had a female in my mind, whom I had seen in the country, from whence I had just arrived. There is not *any thing* so awkward as knowing *nothing* of an affair in company, of which every body else present appears to know something; I grew very uneasy at my own want of information, or of comprehension; when in less than ten minutes a beautiful spaniel, belonging to the owner of the mansion, made his appearance through the folding doors, and bounded round the room like one of Mr. Jones's horses round the Circus, only with his mouth wide open, and to the great terror of all the visitors. The poor animal it seems had been tied up, and having just broken loose, performed his antics, not for the entertainment, but to the discomfiture of the party; the ladies screamed; the gentleman hooted and hallooed; and guarded their legs with their Opera hats; the servants were in full chase to *hunt* down the game, or rather to *make game*; and for myself, not knowing the cause of the confusion, I very indiscreetly renewed my acquaintance with Rover, who jumped to lick my hands and play; but not being very delicate and polite in his mode of salutation, actually left the marks of his teeth on the back of my wrist. At length Rover was seized, and conducted to the stable from whence he had escaped: myself now became the object of consideration and commiseration; one advised the instant use of the *caustic laquei*, another ran for the salt,

and, not content with what relief they might afford, the housekeeper, in order to have *quantum sufficit* of the article, entered the room with an immense large wooden salt-box, such as Merry Andrews use at a fair, with which she began rubbing my hands, until, from the rude angles of this briny material, my wrist actually showed symptoms of *redness*, which made many of my kind observers turn *while*. One, who I suppose was tired of my company, entreated me, as the Dover coach would be setting out about that hour, to get immediately into it, and be dipt on my arrival at the coast: the hostess herself, who had caused poor Rover to be tied up, in consequence of the public notices, shewed some symptoms of *inertitude*, whether the dog might not be mad; and many of the party were *mad* or *foolish* enough to believe that it actually was so.

As I saw that nothing would restore the harmony of the party but my absence, I very unluckily pleaded unwell, when a general consternation took place: one entreated me to go home; another offered her carriage; a third kept pushing me gently towards the door; and a fourth wished me good night before I had taken my leave. It fortunately not being the fashion to be very formal in retiring from a public room, I avoided being treated rudely, or being actually tied up like Rover; and the servants had ordered a hackney coach without any bidding, that I might drive off the sooner. I threw myself into the vehicle, when I could not help congratulating myself at having escaped from the worst of those worse than lunatics, and believe that I owed my protection from a strait waistcoat to the

the interference of them that were the least deranged; as is the case with the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, who, I am told, trust to the most reasonable part of their madmen for safety. I began at length seriously to consider the subject, and the newspapers the next morning gave me a full scope for review and enquiry; however, as I saw that several of their cases of hydrophobia were placed in what is called the paid or puff corner of the prints, I began to entertain doubts of the real existence of the calamity, and considered that the magistracy had been imposed upon respecting the *biting achievements* of this honest race of animals. I therefore took uncommon pains to make enquiries after a real *bond fide* case of hydrophobia, and found they were innumerable. Mr. Williams, the intimate friend of Mrs. Wilkins, had been told by Mr. Tomkins, that a friend of his, a Mr. Simkins, had actually been bitten, and had died raving mad.—Another report was, that seven people had died in St. Luke's, *supposed* to have been bitten by dogs, *supposed* to have been mad, and who, on such *supposition*, and the better to determine the fact, had been put to death, which, doubtless it must be acknowledged, was a prudent way of avoiding controversy; but if I had been inclined to doubt the existence of the calamity, I must have been out of my senses myself if I had persisted in that opinion, when, in my walks out every day, I saw the pride of manhood, the activity of youth, and the force of arms, exerted against numerous unhappy dogs, which had come in the way of the mob—*essailed*, as the lawyers term it, *vi et armis*; sticks, fists, stones, and staves. It would have been cruel

to have judged that these cruelties could have been suffered or practised without a cause! The *howl* and cry was general, and surely some crime against the county had been committed.

Surely, however, it would not have been difficult, in such a well-regulated police as *our's*, to have discovered whether the dogs were actually guilty of madness; or whether, as may be shrewdly suspected in this age of *speculation*, some purpose was not meant to be answered by the epidemic terror.—What is the price of dog-skins?—What quack medicine would not make a handsome sum to an individual, on the mere capital of a few posting bills? Instead of giving a tacit permission to the mischievous to destroy useful and faithful animals, would it not have been better to have advertised a reward to any who should bring in mad dogs *alive*? or more especially to such as would permit themselves to be bitten, to ascertain the fact for the good of the community? A case of property also occurs, for a dog is as much one's property as any thing else, and nobody likes to have his property *tied up*. In case mad horses should come in fashion, what would be the consequence? Rotten Row would be deserted; and, as a horse's bite is more severe than a dog's, the calamity would be greater. What would the Yorkshireman say to this? And is not a Yorkshire bite frequently more mischievous than either of the other two? We might, in the case of mad horses, possibly be entertained in the streets with the Venetian races, and whole crowds galloping on foot, after horses without riders.

To be plain, no man has a right to destroy his neighbour's dog, on a bare

a bare supposition of its being mad; but as it becomes a question of the safety of the individual, it would be as well, perhaps, to enquire into the symptoms of the animal, to prevent danger, and which might be done in the same way as a friend of mine, a very good physician, used to do with his friends who complained of being ill. "Can you eat?" "Yes."—"Can you drink?" "Yes."—"Can you sleep?" "Yes."—"Then what the D—! ails you?"

Do not let us, Mr. Editor, in an enlightened age, as they term this, suffer hearsay and report to be the cause of cruel and wanton persecution against this honest, faithful race; let us first ascertain the fact, before we let loose the mob even against a dog.

I think that I see, just now, some one of these faithful animals looking up in his master's face, for the liberty to prank and gambol from the door, pleading forcibly that he is not mad, but gay and good-humoured; that he will not bite any but the thief or depredator; that, as he is the guardian of his master's property, he seeks the protection of his master; that a mob, once let loose, would hunt a man as well as a dog; and that there still were many *quiet dogs*, *good dogs*, *honest dogs*, and *faithful dogs*, left in the world.

Lest, however, Mr. Editor, I should be considered to be too *dogmatical*, I shall take my leave, leaving the case of my poor honest clients in good hands, and concluding with the observation of a physician of considerable eminence, who being asked respecting cases of hydrophobia, made answer, "I never knew of one in the whole course of my practice, on which I could rely to be truly that disor-

der; but I have met with numerous hypochondriac patients, who, if they had been bitten by a dog, would have been mad enough to have gone *stark mad* from apprehension only.

Your's,

TORBIT.

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#### RUINOUS TENDENCY OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF GAMING.

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**P**REVIOUS to the years 1777 and 1778, gaming, although at all times an object (as appears from the statute books) highly deserving attention, and calling for the exertions of magistrates, never appeared to have assumed so alarming an aspect, or to have been conducted upon the methodised system of partnership concerns, wherein pecuniary capitals are embarked, till after that period, when the vast license given to those abominable engines of fraud, E O tables, and the great length of time which elapsed before they met with any check from the police, afforded a number of dissolute and abandoned characters an opportunity of acquiring property. This was afterwards increased in the low gaming-houses, and by following up the same system at Newmarket, and other fashionable places of resort, and in the lottery: until at length, without any property in the outset, or any visible means of lawful support, a sum of money, little short of *One Million Sterling*, is said to have been acquired by a class of individuals, originally (with some few exceptions) of the lowest and most depraved description. This enormous mass of wealth is now said to be engaged as a great and an efficient capital for carrying on various illegal establishments, particularly



particularly gaming-houses, and houses for fraudulent insurances in the lottery; together with such objects of dissipation as the races at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot Heath, and other places of *fashionable* resort, hold out; all which are employed as the means of increasing and improving the ill-gotten wealth of the parties engaged in these pursuits.

A system, grown to such an enormous height, had of course its rise by progressive advances. Several of those who now roll in their gaudy carriages, and associate with some men of high rank and fashion, may be found upon the registers of the Old Bailey, or traced to the vagrant pursuits of turning with their own hands, E O tables in the public streets. Some of these mischievous members of society, through the wealth obtained by a course of procedure diametrically opposite to law and justice, bask in the sun-shine of prosperity; while thousands, who owe their distress and ruin to the horrid designs thus *executed*, are pining in misery and want.

Some of the members of this confederacy of black-legs, are taken into this iniquitous partnership for their dexterity in securing the dice, or in dealing cards at Pharo. Informers are apprehended and imprisoned upon writs obtained by perjury, to deter others from similar attacks; witnesses are suborned—officers of justice are bribed, wherever it can be done by large sums of money. Ruffians\* and bludgeon-men are employed to re-

sist the civil power, where pecuniary gratuities fail, thereby offering defiance to the common exertions of the laws, and opposing the regular authorities of magistrates.

Whilst one part of the immense property, by which this confederacy is so strongly fortified, is employed in the establishment of *gaming-houses*, holding out the most fascinating allurements to giddy young men of fortune, and others having access to money, by means of splendid entertainments, † and regular suppers, with abundance of the choicest wines, so as to form a genteel lounge for the dissipated and unwary; another part of the capital is said to form the stock which composes the various pharobanks, which are to be found at the routes of *Ladies of Fashion*—thus drawing into this vortex of iniquity and ruin, not only the *males*, but also the *females* of the giddy and opulent part of society, who too easily become a prey to that thoughtless vanity which frequently overpowers reason and reflection; nor is the delusion terminated till it is often too late.

At the commencement of the troubles in France, and before this country was visited by the hordes of emigrants, of all descriptions, who fixed a temporary or permanent residence in this metropolis, the number of gaming houses (exclusive of those that are select, and have long been established by subscription) did not exceed above *four or five*: at the present moment, above *thirty* are said to be actually open, where, besides *Pharo*

\* The generality of persons keeping these houses, retain *prize-fighters*, and persons of a desperate description, who threaten assassination to any person who will molest them.

† The expence of entertainments at a gaming-house of the highest class during the eight months of last season, has been said to exceed *six thousand guineas*. What must be the profits to afford such a profusion?

and *Hazard*, the foreign games of *Boulet* and *Rouge et Noir*, have been partly introduced; and where there exists a regular gradation of establishment, accommodating to all ranks, from the man of fashion down to the highwayman, the burglar, and the pick-pocket—where immense sums of money are played for every evening, for eight months in the year, and from whence incalculable mischiefs arise.

In a commercial country, and in a great metropolis, where, from the vast extent of its trade and manufactures, and from the periodical issue of above twenty millions annually, arising from dividends on funded security, there must be an immense circulation of property, the danger is not to be conceived, from the allurements which are thus held out to young men in business, having the command of money, as well as to the clerks of merchants, bankers, and others concerned in different branches of trade: in fact, it is well-known that too many of this class resort at present to these destructive scenes of vice, idleness, extravagance, and misfortune.\*

The mind shrinks with horror, at the existence of a system in the metropolis, unknown to our ancestors even in the worst times of their dissipation, when a *Ward*, a *Waters*, and a *Chartres*, insulted public morals by their vices and their crimes: for then no regular

establishments—no systematic concerns for carrying on this nefarious trade, were known—partnership in gaming-houses, conducted on the principles of commercial establishments, a new idea in this country, until the last fifteen or sixteen years had very little footing in the metropolis.

A proportion of the immense capital which the conductors of the system possess, is employed periodically in the *lotteries*, in *fraudulent insurances*, where, like the pharobank, the chances are so calculated as to yield about 30 *per cent.* profit to the gambling proprietors. It has, indeed, been stated, with an appearance of truth, that one individual acquired no less than 60,000*l.* by the two last lotteries!

With a very few exceptions, all the proprietors of gambling-houses are also concerned in the fraudulent insurance offices, and have a number of clerks employed during the drawing of the lotteries, who conduct the business, without risk, in counting-houses, where no insurances are taken, but to which books are carried, not only from the different offices in every part of the town, but also from the *Morocco-men*, who go from door to door taking insurances, and enticing the poor and the middle ranks to become adventurers.

In calculating the chances upon the whole numbers in the wheels, and the premiums which are paid, there is generally about £33*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

\* The principal gaming-houses at the west end of the town, have stated days on which they have luxurious dinners, (Sunday being the chief day) to which they contrive to get invited merchants and bankers' clerks, and other persons entrusted with money; and it has been calculated that the expences attendant on such houses amount to 150,000*l.* yearly, and the keepers of such houses, by means of their enormous wealth, bid defiance to all prosecutions, some of them having acquired from 50 to 100,000*l.* each; considerable estates having been frequently won by them in the course of one sitting."

An Affidavit made in the Court of King's Bench.

per cent. in favour of the lottery insurers; but when it is considered that the lower ranks, from not being able to comprehend or recollect high numbers, always fix on low ones, the chance in favour of the insurer is greatly increased, and the deluded poor are plundered to an extent which really exceeds all calculation.

At no period, therefore, has it been more necessary to exercise caution and prudence than under the circumstances already explained, since men likely to sport away property, are now *sought for*; formerly they were permitted to *seek out* the road to ruin themselves, but the system now adopted provides them with a guide.

Such are the arrangements of this alarming and this mischievous confederacy, for the purpose of plundering the thoughtless and unwary. Of how much importance, therefore, is it to the public at large to see these evils suppressed, and, above all, this novel system annihilated, by which gambling establishments are formed upon commercial principles, and vast capitals employed for the most infamous and diabolical purposes.

VERITAS.

March 3d.

## A CRITIQUE ON GAMING PHRASES.

THE play of Massinger's *City Madam*, lately engaged my attention. In the dramatis personæ is mentioned, Getall a *box-keeper*, and Mr. Gifford, in a note, explains the term thus, "or as we say now, *caster* to a gambling house." Unluckily for this well-meant explana-

tion, these terms *box-keeper* and *caster* are no more synonymous, than sheep and butcher, jailor and debtor, or many others, in which relation may indeed be discovered, but of a kind the very opposite to approximation. The *box-keeper*, or, as he is often called, groom porter, at a hazard table, never plays; he is seated on an elevated chair, where he declares the game, the odds, and the success of the parties. The *caster* is he who throws the dice, or holds the box, which all the players do alternately. If the *caster* throws three mains, or wins by throwing three times successively, he pays to the *box-keeper*, for the use of the house, a stipulated sum, varying according to the dignity of the place, from eighteenpence to half-a-guinea. If the *caster* wins six times successively, he is requested, besides the usual payment to the house, to make a gratuitous donation to the *box-keeper*, who then, with burlesque solemnity, styles him *your honour*.

But on the subject of *casters*, the dice still run against Mr. Gifford. At page 79, Tradewell says, "I long to wear the *caster*;" and Mr. Gifford, after noticing a mistake into which Mr. Monk Mason, a former editor, had fallen, conjectures, that Tradewell meant to say, "to *tire* the *caster*." Now, unluckily for this conjecture, a man is a *caster* no longer than while he wins. I have seen a great many *casters* in my time, but never yet saw one who threw in till he was tired; and I believe all the treasure supposed to be in the possession of Luke Frugal in this play, might be exhausted, even if it were a thousand times as much, before such an event could happen. To wear the *caster*, should have been *spelt-caster* the *caster*; and it is thus ex-

plained:—If the caster is full of cash and spirit, it is usual for him to say, "*at all in the ring*;" meaning, that he will play for any sum all the company may choose to risk against him. To this bold stile of play, Getall, the box-keeper, alludes in page 76, when he says,

"But suddenly start up  
A gamester at the height, and cry *at all*."

But, on the contrary, when a setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, when putting his stake into the ring\*, to cry "*warp*

*caster*;" the caster then declares at all under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters the corresponding sums, and cry, "*scare covered only*."

Thus, then, in two phrases, the city prodigal, in this play, expresses his hope that the supply of money he expects will enable him to be lord-paramount of the gaming table: as caster, to be "*at all*," and as setter, to "*warp the caster*."

A SQUIRE OF ALSATIA.

\* Hazard players generally sit round a circular table, which is called the *ring*.

## STALLIONS TO COVER IN THE YEAR 1807.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 293.)

		Prices of Covering.	
		Gs.	s. d.
Age. Colour.			
10 Br.	<b>BEELZEBUB</b> , at Adbolton, near Hoken Pierpont, Nottinghamshire.—By Rockingham; dam (own sister to Shipton and Tickle Toby) by Alfred; grandam, Cælia, by King Herod, out of Proserpine (own sister to Eclipse), by Marsk . . . . .	2½	2 6
Gr.	<b>GENERAL SIR GEORGE PIGOT</b> , at Wentworth Castle, near Barnsley, Yorkshire.—By the Batshull Arabian, out of Darling, an Hungarian mare, late the property of Lord Castlereagh, presented by the Archduke Charles to Colonel Craufurd . . . . .	2	5 0
21 Ches.	<b>GLAUCUS</b> , at Wynnestay, Wales.—By Diomed, out of Grace, by Snap . . . . .	2	2 6
9 Bay	<b>KING PRIAM</b> , at Pengwern, near St. Asaph.—By Alexander; dam, Cowslip, by Highflyer, out of Tandem's sister, by Syphon . . . . .	1	2 6
4 Ches.	<b>LEONARDO</b> , at South Molton, Devonshire.—Own brother to Eleanor, Julia, Lydia, &c. by Whiskey; dam, Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed, out of Giantess (Pharamond's dam), by Match'em . . . . .	5	5 0
9 Bay.	<b>MALEK ADHEL</b> (an Arabian), at Wootton House, near Bedford.—This horse has been constantly		hunted

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Age. Colour.

Gr. s. d.

	hunted with Mr. Lee Antonio's hounds; and from his superior stile of leaping, and great powers in deep ground, is likely to get capital hunters . . . .	2	2	0
9 Ches.	QUIZ, at Newmarket.—By Buzzard; dam, Miss West (Star-gazer, Telescope, Microscope, Hubby, Skypeeper, Roseberry, Telegraph, Honeycomb, and Cinnamon's dam), by Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto . . . . .	5	10	0
18 Br Bay.	SAXE COBBOURG, at Netley, near Shrewsbury.—By Boudrow; dam by Le Sang; grandam by Careless, out of Miss Barforth, by Snap . . . .	5	10	0
7 Gr.	SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, at Newmarket.—By Sir Peter Teazle: dam, Contessina (Gamenut and Constantia's dam), by Young Marsk, out of Tuberosa, by King Herod . . . . .	5	5	0
15 Bay.	SPECULATOR, at Llangedwin, Wales.—By High-flyer; dam, Medea, by Sweetbrier, out of Angelica, by Snap . . . . .	1	2	6
9 Ches.	TITYONS, at Wynnestay, Wales.—By Alexander; dam, Shepherdess, by Justice, out of Sweetwilliam's dam, by Cade . . . . .	2	2	6
6 Bay.	WALTON, at Newmarket.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam (Ditto Ditto's dam) by Dungannon; grand-dam (Grey St. George's dam) by Prophet, out of Virago (Saltram's dam), by Snap . . . . .	10	10	6
7 Bay.	YOUNG EAGLE, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire.—Own brother to Eagle, by Volunteer; dam by Highflyer; Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade . . . . .	3	5	0
11 Bay.	YOUNG JUSTICE, at Langham, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.—By Justice, out of Dido, by Eclipse . . . . .	3	5	0

Winners of a £50. Plate or upwards *Gratis.*

▲ GREY ARABIAN, and a CHESNUT ARABIAN, 15 hands 2 inches, of superior bone and action, at Cheshunt, nine miles from Hertford, Ware, and Epping, eight from Hatfield, and four from Enfield; the Grey at 8gs, and the Chesnut at 5gs; 10s. 6d. the groom. These horses are of the first blood, and were chosen by English judges in that part of Arabia where the finest horses are bred; they are distinguished by size and power, and have covered several of the first blood-bred Mares in England, and their stock is remarkably fine.—The following is the account of the horses, furnished in 1803, by the gentlemen who purchased them in Arabia:—The Grey Horse was bought in Arabia, near Bussorah, in the month of April, 1801, when four years old: he is of a Kohal-race, which is the finest kind of the Nedjudee breed, and was himself reputed, by all the Arabs of Bussorah, to be the best Colt that had been bred on that part of the Desert for many years. The Chesnut is six years and a half old, and of a breed which is held in high estimation in Arabia, for temper, speed, and activity.

MATRI,

## MATRIMONY REVERSED.

AN ACCOUNT OF METELIN, THE  
ANCIENT LESBOS.*By the Earl of Charlemont.*

**T**HE women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out, penniless, to seek their fortunes.

If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is entitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father also is compelled to ruin himself, by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry.

The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. She is stiled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman or nun, and is, in effect, menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting-maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change; a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder, before her marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any

man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress.

The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty—the whole family fortune is her's, and she spends it as she pleases; her husband is her obsequious servant; her father and mother are dependent upon her; she dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of affluence and superiority; while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun-brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changing her condition.

Such a disparity may seem intolerable; but what will not custom reconcile? Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end—the father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her upon her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria; and so on through all the daughters alternately.

Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teasing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal

and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens, that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading it through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain a livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support them; and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour, or, which is more usual, go on board some trading vessels as sailors or as servants, remaining abroad till they have got together some competency, and then return home to marry and to be hen-pecked. Some few there are who, taking advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical custom, who marry their Calogrias, and retain to themselves a competent provision; but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition, and are hated and despised as conformists to the Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose there are few indeed who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision, and the hatred, of their neighbours and fellow-citizens.

Of all these extraordinary particulars I was informed by the French Consul, a man of sense and of indisputable veracity, who had re-

sided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but, indeed, our own observation left us without the least room to doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of the ladies fully evinced the truth of our friend's relation. In walking through the town, it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manners of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar phrase, wear the breeches. They frequently stopped us in the streets, examined our dress, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughed at our foreign garb and appearance; and shewed as little attention to that decent modesty, which is, or ought to be, the true characteristic of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth, if they were not strictly watched by the Turks, who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines. But nature and native manners will often baffle the efforts even of tyranny.

In all their customs, these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men.—The woman rides astride—the man sits sideways upon the horse. Nay, I have been assured that the husband's distinguished appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the husband dares not interfere. Their gardens, their servants, are all their own: and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice.

price. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female that this island has ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations, in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her country-women; but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew these inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin.

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### BOXING.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8.

THE pugilistic exhibition, between Jem Belcher (who once enjoyed the enviable title of Champion of England) and Crib, took place at Moulsey Hurst, opposite Hampton, for a stake of 200 guineas. Both the pugilists are celebrated in the sporting world. It has been a matter of surprise to many, that Capt. B. would have ventured to have backed Crib

against so celebrated a professor as Belcher; who, although he has, in some degree, degenerated in strength, besides having lost an eye, ranked first in the science of prize-fighting. When Belcher's prowess was at its zenith, it would have been farcical to have matched Crib against him; but the mightiest may be overcome; and such was the case with Belcher, whose fame was obscured by the result of his memorable battle with the Game Chicken.

Crib, who is, by way of distinction, elegantly termed the *Black Diamond*, being a coal-heaver, has but humble pretensions to the character of a skilful boxer; but he possesses those qualities, with reference to his method of fighting, which entitle him to a place about third on the list of bruisers of the present day. He has successfully opposed Blake, Maddox, and several other second-rate bruisers, but he was obliged to yield the palm of victory to Nichols, a Bristol lad, two years since, whom Belcher once beat. Crib is nevertheless considered by the *Cognoscenti* a safe man to back, for he is, technically speaking, the complete *glutton*, and never yields till nature obliges him. The mode of fighting he has uniformly adopted, has been that of falling back, in order that his adversary might follow him; and it is by perseverance in this retreating system, that Crib *fights at home*; for those who exhaust themselves by pursuing him, generally get punished. He is a slow biter; but, to perfect him in the science of boxing, Capt. B. and Bill Ward have frequently sparred with him since he has been in training, and he has evidently profited by their instructions. At eleven o'clock, yesterday, Hampton was filled with the amateurs; and at twelve,



twelve, the candidates for their diversion entered a 20-foot roped ring, encircled by one of very large dimensions. Each of them appeared full of confidence, and Belcher betted Crib 25 to 20, before they set to. Average betting was about six to four in the ring, but the *Cognoscenti* were cautious of taking the odds.

#### THE BATTLE.

Round 1. After some cautious sparring, Belcher hit Crib left and right on the head and body. Crib returned a blow slightly, and attempted to rally, in doing which he closed, and Belcher threw him. 2 to 1 on Belcher.

2. Belcher made a feint, and hit his opponent two hard blows on the head and body; who returned one of them, and, whilst reaching to make another, slipped, and fell on his hands. In this round Belcher drew the first blood.

3. A well-contested round, somewhat in favour of Crib. Several blows were exchanged with great dexterity. Belcher was at length thrown, but he put in an expert body blow whilst falling. Betting the same as at the commencement of the battle.

4. Belcher made two blows at the head and body of his adversary, who stopped them with ability. Belcher closed on his man, and both fell.

5. Crib received a severe right-handed blow on the left eye, when Belcher closed in on him, and gave him a heavy fall, after having hit him twice on the body. 5 to 2 on Belcher.

6. Crib became weak; he stopped his adversary's blow, and fell on a blow which he attempted to make.

7. Crib bore the marks of some severe blows under the left arm,

Belcher stopped two blows attempted by his adversary, again hit him right and left, and rallied him to the cords which confined the ring; Crib clung to them, apparently in a very exhausted state, and fell. Belcher kneeled over him with an air of confidence. 3 to 1 on Belcher.

8. The combatants exchanged several blows in a rally, and Crib bled freely. The round was ended by both falling.

9. Belcher attempted to hit his opponent right and left; Crib stopped the right-handed blow, but the other told, and Belcher fell on it.

10. Belcher went into his man courageously, and without ceremony. After hitting Crib several hard blows, without giving a shadow of chance, he rallied him to the extremity of the ring, when Crib again dropped, as if lifeless, 4 to 1 on Belcher.

11. Crib stopped two of Belcher's blows, but he was not quick enough to return them; and both closed, and fell irregularly.

12. Belcher in the preceding round manifested that he was become very weak, and Crib, in this round, seemed to have recovered. He rallied Belcher successfully, hit him under the perfect eye, and continued the rally, until he closed his opponent against the ropes, and threw him.

13. This round was in favour of Belcher; who, however weak, gained the admiration of the amateurs by his superior skill and courage. It ended with Crib being thrown.

14. Both seemed to have gained fresh strength. Crib stopped two well-directed blows, and Belcher instantly complimented him with two real ones on the body. They closed and fell, to the disadvantage

of Crib. Four to one on Belcher.

15. Belcher appeared as gay as at the commencement, and rallied his opponent to the ropes, when an irregular struggle finished the round.

16. Crib stopped the blows aimed by his opponent, and shewed, that he had acquired a good deal with respect to science. After several scientific blows had been exchanged, both fell against the ropes. The betting was very dull at this stage of the battle, for it was known that Crib had not received half the beating he was able to take, although he bore evident marks of violence. On the other hand, it was feared, that the constitution of Belcher would not allow him to stay long. The spectators were inclined to take the odds.

17. Belcher feebly rallied his opponent to the extremity of the ring, and he fell through weakness. 2 to 1 on Belcher.

18. Crib received some most desperate body blows, as well as one of equal violence in the neck; on being followed up, he fell, and, to an ordinary spectator, it could not be supposed that he would ever rise again. 3 to 1 on Belcher, who, however, unknown to the spectators, had sprained his right hand.

19. Belcher fell whilst making play, but he was very cheerful.

20. Both closed and fell, without making a blow.

21. Belcher, from the blow he had received on the perfect eye, threw away many blows, by being incapable of judging his distance.

22. Crib hit his opponent twice on the head, and Belcher slipped whilst attempting to return them.

23. Belcher hit his adversary, and gave him a cross-buttock.

24. The combatants closed irre-

gularly, and fell, to the disadvantage of Belcher.

25. Crib hit Belcher a hard blow, and, in attempting to repeat the same, Belcher shifted away, and Crib ran himself down. Some murmurings—but “fair, fair,” had the majority.

26. This was the round that altered the odds in favour of Crib; for Belcher appeared very feeble, and the former beat his adversary away from him, and knocked him down.

27. A well-contested round, to the disadvantage of Belcher, who, however, gave his opponent another cross-buttock.

28. Crib hit his opponent, after having stopped a blow, and both closed and fell.

29. Crib closed on his opponent, and threw him over the ropes, by his superior strength.

30. A blow was exchanged, and Crib again, by a slight blow, hit his opponent down. 5 to 2 on Crib.

31. A hard round, alternately in favour of each. Crib had the best of it in hitting, but Belcher threw him a heavy fall, after having retreated.

32. Both closed and fell, without a blow being struck.

33. Belcher summoned all his efforts, and went in spiritedly to his man; he, however, was rallied and thrown.

34, 35, and 36, in favour of Crib; but both were inoffensive as far as regarded hitting.

37. Belcher was scarcely able to stand, and his opponent, who was but little better, smiled at him.

38. Crib rallied down his man.

39 and 40. There was but very little hitting, each of the combatants hugged and fell in disorder.

41. Crib had sufficient strength to

to hit his opponent two feeble blows, and to rally Belcher to the ropes, who fell on them, and resigned the contest, which lasted 35 minutes.

Bill Ward and Rickman's condoned Crib, and Gulley and Watson seconded Belcher.

#### REMARKS.

The astonishment which was excited by the performance of Crib at this exhibition, was incredible. In his other contest, as we have observed in the preface, he was a novice in the science of boxing, when compared with Belcher; and his only perfection was, that of taking more beating than an ordinary bruiser could administer to him. In this instance he appeared, in stopping\* and measuring his distance, equal to the skill that opposed him; and with these advantages the final issue might have been anticipated. He still is deficient in quickness, for it was not until Belcher had lamed his hand and received a blow under the perfect eye, \* that Crib had a shadow of chance. Crib, it appears, has thus been improved by the lessons he has received from Bill Ward and the amateur who backed him, since he has been in training, and in this instance he never flinched from his man. With respect to Belcher, all that vigour and skill which were predominant in him in his day, still remain with him; but, as in his battle with the Chicken, he was unable to judge his distance, which may be accounted for by the loss of his eye. He had all the advantages over his opponent that could have been expected; but when his sight became impaired by the hit under the eye, he threw many blows away, and with the accident of a lame hand,

which he was unable to strike with, he excited universal commiseration in those who had before been intoxicated with admiration. Crib received a severe beating about the body, and both their heads were much disfigured.

It was given out that a contest was to take place between young Belcher and Ryan; but the latter had been roughly handled in the street on the preceding night, which prevented his attendance, Young Belcher consequently challenged Dutch Sam on the ground; but he refused to contend, not having been trained. A purse was made for Jemmy from Town and Cropley to fight for, which was won very easily by the latter.

Jones and Hall were the seconds on this occasion.

Cropley is a scientific man, and his opponent altogether the contrary; he has not the slightest pretensions to become a hero of the fist.

There were never so many people assembled together to witness an exhibition of this kind, as in the present instance. Amongst the number were the Duke of C. and an immense concourse of Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Sportsmen. The day's diversion closed with baiting a bull.

#### THEATRICALS.

THE WOOD DEMON; OR, THE  
CLOCK HAS STRUCK.

*Drury-Lane.*

THIS Grand Romantic Melo  
Drama is founded on a Ger-  
man tale, which affords full scope

\* Belcher is a blinkard, having lost an eye by a blow from a tennis-ball.

to the wild fancy of Mr. Lewis, author of *The Castle Spectre*, &c. who has acquired so much celebrity for productions of this description. The scene is laid in Holstein, and the interest and incidents of the piece almost wholly arise from the devotions paid to the *Wood Dæmon*, to whom, it seems, it was the superstition of the place yearly to immolate a child.

The following are the principal characters :—

Hardyknute .....	Mr. De Camp
Guelpho .....	Mr. Penley
Willikind .....	Mr. Dowton
Oswy .....	Mr. Gibbon
Rolf .....	Mr. Webb
Sangrida .....	Mr. Montgomery
Leolyn .....	Miss C. Bristow
Una .....	Mrs. H. Siddons
Clotilda .....	Mrs. Harlowe
Alexina .....	Mrs. Scott
Paulina .....	Miss Kelly
Mistress of the Revels ..	Miss Fearon.

This is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent and interesting spectacles with which the ingenuity of the mechanist, and the liberality of the proprietors, have for some time indulged the curiosity of the holiday-folks. The scenery, decorations, &c. are of exquisite beauty, and the whole is enlivened by magic, happily varied and adapted to the scene. It affords a new proof of the taste and science of Kelly, who has given a very delightful air to a Miss Fearon, who made her first appearance in it, and gave the air with a characteristic sweetness, which drew down repeated bursts of applause. Gibbon had also a song, which was applauded with nearly the same enthusiasm.

Of the scenes, it is difficult to say which was the most beautiful. We were most struck, however, with the picturesque variety of the third scene, which exhibits a splendid

Gothic Hall, with a gallery crowded with spectators, and an emblematic representation of the Four Seasons, who, as they move in a superb pageant, make offerings peculiar to each to the Count.

Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mr. De Camp, exerted themselves to great advantage, and were deservedly applauded. Mrs. H. Siddons never displayed her pathetic powers with more feeling effect.

The scenes, machinery, &c. were worked with wonderful ease and dexterity for a first exhibition of so complex and elaborate a nature.—At the close of the last scene, when the *Wood Dæmon* and the *Clock* sink into the earth that opens to devour them, amidst all the horrors of the infernal regions, there was a general cry of *bravo!* which was redoubled when the piece was announced for a second representation. It promises, indeed, to be of lasting attraction, and amply to repay the vast expence that must have attended the getting up a spectacle of such splendour, magnificence, and variety.

#### A DAY IN LONDON.

##### *Drury-Lane.*

THIS new Comedy, by Mr. Cherry, has been admitted to a second representation, and undergone several judicious alterations; but after all, not seeming to meet the exact wishes of the audience, has been withdrawn.

The author's intent was, to shew the folly of old men marrying young wives, and the unpleasant situations it naturally produces.—The number of persons brought forward distract and weaken the effect of the plot.

WHISTLE

## WHISTLE FOR IT.

Covent Garden.

A MUSICAL Piece, in two acts, under the above title, which was first performed at the Marquis of Abercorn's, at Stanmore, written by the Hon. Mr. Lamb, has been brought out at this Theatre. Of the fable it is not necessary to say more, than that Andrew, personated by Fawcett, is no other than Gil Blas in the Cave of the Banditti. The principal variation from the story of Le Sage is, that the disconsolate lady finds her lover, Count Harlowitz, caught in the same trap. The Captain of the Robbers wishes to obtain an indemnity through the means of the latter. This request is spurned, though the life of his mistress is at stake. Gil Blas, *alias* Andrews, goes to procure succour, and the piece derives its title from the *Whistle* which he is to give of the signal of attack. Some of the incidents are well contrived, but the *denouement* was tedious, when the event was foreseen, and of course excited some disapprobation. The songs are tastefully written. The best acting rested with Taylor, C. Kemble, and Fawcett.

The music, which is the composition of Mr. Lanza, jun. is extremely pleasing, particularly the Overture, Mr. Incledon's first song, and the duet between Mr. Incledon and Miss Bolton. Mr. Incledon and Mr. Fawcett exerted themselves with great success, and the pathetic powers and sweet voice of Miss Bolton were highly instrumental to the success of the piece. It was given out for a second representation with universal applause.

## LITTLE OGRE AND LITTLE THUMB;

OR, THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTE.  
*A Grand Serio-Comic Ballet of Action.*

Covent-Garden.

THIS drama, though by some severe critics denominated a Pantomime, taken from the Fairy Tales, and a piece of mere mummery, continues to be performed, notwithstanding the indifference expressed on the first night.

The scenery, truly romantic, is upon so large a scale, that we are obliged to defer the description of that, and the plot, for the present.

## PASSAGES AND POINTS MOST APPLAUDED,

IN

*Morton's New Comedy of*

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MRS. GLENROY—(*alluding to Fashionable Marriages*)—

“ Oh! every thing was prepared that could make a parent happy, or a daughter miserable. Parchment enough to drape Westminster-Hall, where every fracture in the conjugal chain was provided against, even to the solder of separate maintenance for personal infidelity; but no—I took the man of my heart, proudly spurning those alliances, where all is fairly engrossed but the affections, and every thing duly stamped, except an impression on the heart.”

Cosey—(*in describing the difference between the East and West End of the Town.*)—“ Know nothing about them (Citizens)—I pity the Cits that live at the West End; and yet I declare it is funny

to see them duck through Temple Bar, like geese through a gate, and then wriggle and stretch out their pecks, when they come to the West side!—This Lady of Fashion kisses her hand, as much as to say, I'll come and bring all my friends to live upon you. That Lordling bows—set that down at twelve dozen of Champagne. An Earl cries, 'Ah, Dick, my jolly dog, your hand'—he means to a note for five thousand. So, there you may see the Cits stuck up in the fine gala rooms like calves in a pen, where they are blud till they are quite delicate and tender; then struck on the head with a docket, and consigned to that fruitful Mortality Bill, called The London Gazette, where (not to drop the simile), like calves, they generally cut up for about ten-pence in the pound!"

Reuben—"The fashion! Now is it possible a woman should be so lost to her own felicity, as to lavish on a hireling the cherub smile of instinctive gratitude which beams in the eye of infancy, while nestling on the bosom, at once the fountain of its life, and pillow of its rest! O, my young matrons! in thus estranging your helpless offspring, you foresee not the perdition you cause, you know not the earthly Paradise you abandon."

Trot—"I hate paupers, and endeavour to prevent their being so; and if others thought so, who knows but in time the wretches might be exterminated? Those who are grateful want but the opportunity to be generous."

Hawbuck—"My education in Yorkshire cost mother eleven pounds per year, for Latin, Logic, Pudding, and Leather Breeches."

Charles—"Open a new house in town, and you will raise friends as the French do soldiers, *en masse*."

Mrs. Trot—"Mr. Trot, your conduct proclaims that you belong to the lower House."

Trot—"True, my love, for you know that I furnish the *Supplies*!"

Mrs. Trot—"That's a good joke."

Mrs. Trot—"And I was so young and so beautiful."

Trot—"Ah! that's all over!"

Mrs. Trot—"What! do you want to break my tender thread of life?"

Trot—"Tender thread! damme but it is double twilled!"

Mrs. Trot—(talking of heraldry)—"What's his colour?"

Mrs. Glenroy—"Scarlet, Madam."

Mrs. Trot—"What does he quarter?"

Mrs. Glenroy—"The French, Madam."

Mrs. Trot—"What are his Supporters?"

Mrs. Glenroy—"These arms, Madam."

Mrs. Glenroy—"Its no unusual thing in town, to see two fashionable puppies in a dog-cart; six elegantes in a fish-cart, or a buck of ton in a hearse."

Trot—"I'll relieve her."

Mrs. Trot—"Why?"

Trot—"Is she not in distress? Why ask unnecessary questions? The only way of keeping these miserable wretches away from us, is by keeping misery away from them."

Cosey—"At Muddy Hall, the seat of Alderman Greasy; dull, but rural, all alone in the fields, behind Islington.—But, Trot, how you're

you're altered! once you were as brisk as Bank Stock, and now you're cut down to Short Annuities—but come, I give you joy!

*Trot*—"I'm married.

*Cosey*—"Oh! I beg pardon—Cupid is at a discount!"

*Cosey to Rosalie*—"There's a skin! honest and smooth as a new bank-note."

*Cosey*—"True courage is of too social a nature to lodge in a breast where there is not plenty of good company."

*Cosey*—"Books! What signifies books, except a man has a good cash-book among them?"

*Cosey*—"Egad, I like this chap—One could not hear a much better speech than that in the Common Council—I see Rosalie is his Ornium!"

*Cosey*—"I increased your fund with slices of Loan, bits of Bonus, and Dividend Dumplings!"

*Cosey*—(in the Storm)—"Pray is the firm of this house—I mean, is this house firm?"

*Cosey*—(in Wales)—"Eloped?—Send to Bow-street. Call a coach, and if he won't come, take his number—I'll trounce him."

*Reuben*—"The rising Sun seemed to smile as a reward, for my having done my duty in his absence!"

*Reuben*—"Can a woman lavish upon a hireling the cherub smile of infancy, whilst nestled in that bosom, which forms its sustenance and pillow?"

*Mrs. Glenroy*—"My dress is not fit for nursing.

*Reuben*—"The best in the world—those gew-gaws will delight the child."

*Cosey*.—You're mistaken. Distinctions between right and wrong are not yet so confounded. There is a test that tries the greatest of you; for, at the bottom of that St. James's-street there stands a large old-fashioned brick tenement, where, thanks to its owners! Fashion has always been subjected to the strict control of decorum, and where profligacy has not dared to shew its head!"

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### INTERESTING LAW CASE, RESPECTING VOLUNTEER CORPS.

*Tried at the late Kingston Assizes.*

DREW V. SMITH, ESQ.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, a tradesman, residing at Richmond, against the defendant, for an assault and false imprisonment, to which the defendant had pleaded, that the plaintiff had committed the first assault; and secondly, a justification, inasmuch, that plaintiff, being a serjeant in a volunteer corps, had refused to obey the defendant's orders, as Colonel of such corps, and had conducted himself in an unsoldierlike and impudent manner to defendant, his Commanding Officer.

Mr. Serjeant Best, in a most eloquent address to the Court, stated the case, which he represented of the last importance, not only to the whole of the Volunteers of the United Kingdom, but to the public in general. Some time since, the corps had received orders to attend a general muster before Lord Onslow, the Commanding Officer of the district, and the defendant having expressed a desire

to see a full muster, the plaintiff, although only two days recovered from a fit of sickness, attended.

During the course of the evolutions, the plaintiff received the thanks of the Colonel for his prompt performance and attention to his duty; it happened, however, towards the close of the day, that, from over exertion, he felt himself considerably exhausted, and that in wheeling his company into line, he became so faint and overcome with fatigue, as to be unable to keep up with the company he commanded, upon which the Colonel desired him to "step out." The plaintiff declared he could not, and that he was ill; upon which the defendant said, "then you had better go home." Plaintiff replied, "If that is your pleasure, I will." This gave the Colonel, who, it was stated, was of an irritable disposition, great displeasure, and going up to Serjeant Drew, he informed him he did not choose to be replied to in such impertinent language, and that he would put him under arrest. The Colonel then desired the plaintiff to deliver his halbert and sword; the plaintiff said, "there is my halbert, take it, that belongs to the King; but as the sword is my property, you shall not have it unless you take it by force;" upon which the Colonel seized the plaintiff, and in attempting to wrest his sword a scuffle ensued, in the course of which the Colonel retreated a short distance from the plaintiff, and exclaiming that he would cut him down if he further resisted, drew his sabre, and struck him two violent blows with the flat side. One of these was aimed directly at the plaintiff's head, which, but for the fortunate interposition of the plaintiff's arm, might have deprived the plaintiff of his life, and subjected

the defendant to a charge of murder. After this the defendant got behind the plaintiff, and cutting the sword-belt in two, secured it.—The plaintiff was then marched by a file of men to the parade of the corps, and told by the defendant, if he did not apologise for his ill conduct, he would confine him in the black-hole for that night. The plaintiff, sinking with fatigue and illness, and under the influence of the threats, consented to make an apology. His sword was placed upon the ground, and the Colonel told him he might take it up and depart. The plaintiff, as he took it up, exclaimed, "I thank you for what is my own." Upon which the Colonel said, if he did not hold his tongue he would stuff a handkerchief down his throat; and as the plaintiff left the parade, the Colonel said he was a vagabond, and a disgrace to the cloth he wore.—The plaintiff reached his home, and was confined for several weeks.

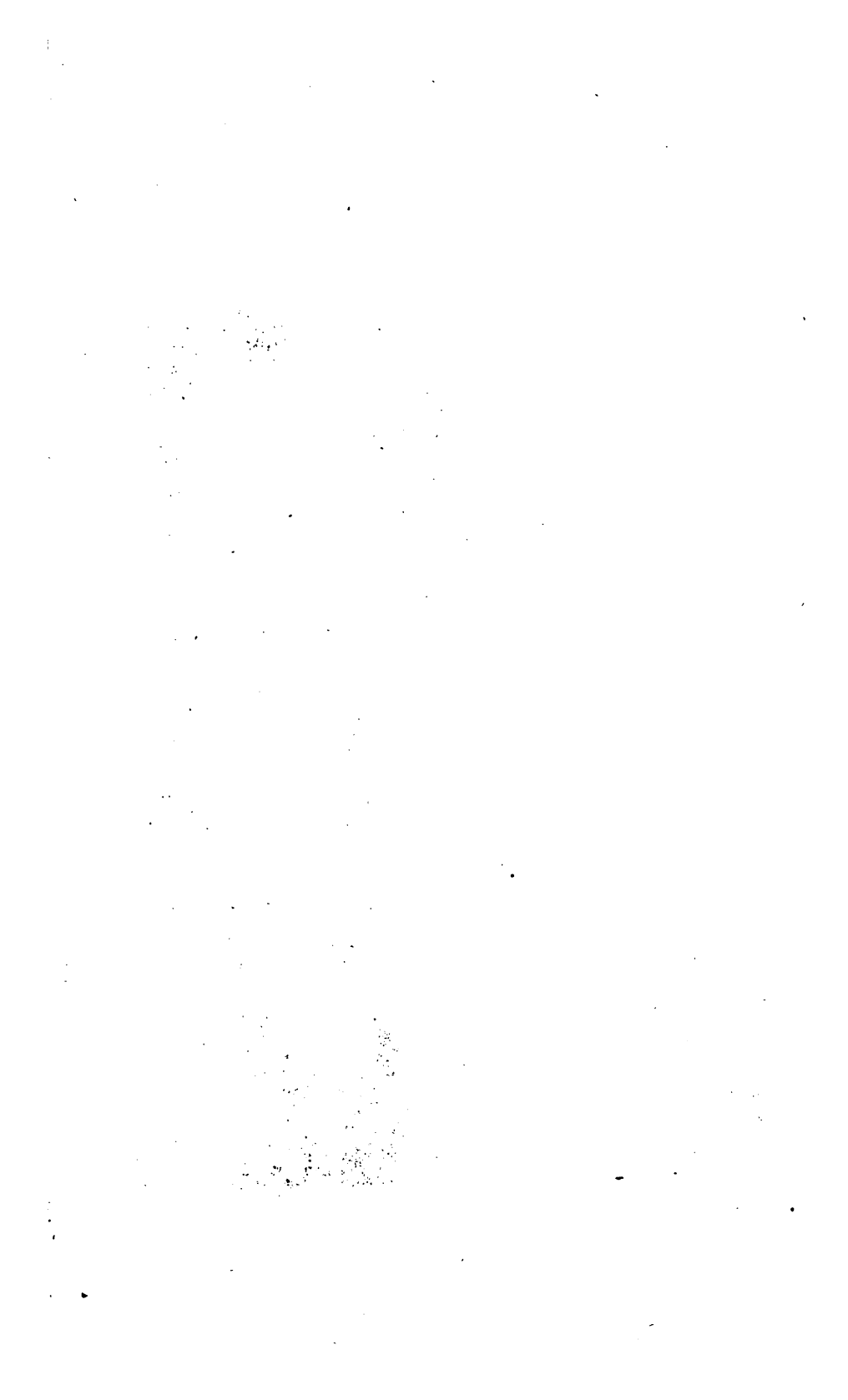
Several privates in the corps proved the case.

Mr. Garrow, in a very able speech, enforced the propriety of a rigid discipline in the Volunteer Corps, and contended that what the Colonel had done he was of necessity compelled to do. The plaintiff and defendant were at issue when the former refused to give up his sword, and that it was absolutely necessary, as an example to the whole corps, that the plaintiff should be made sensible of his improper conduct. He also insisted, that whether Volunteers or Regulars, it was necessary the Commanding Officer should compel obedience, without which the Volunteer Corps would be rather a burden than a service to their country.

Several witnesses, principally officers in the corps, were then called,

for







Tim?

for the purpose of proving the first assault to have been committed by the plaintiff, but it appeared from the whole of their statement, that the plaintiff had only resisted the Colonel, by pushing his hand down when he attempted to take the plaintiff's sword.

The reply of Mr. Serjeant Best, in as animated a speech as we have ever heard, reprobated the conduct of the defendant in the strongest terms; which tended, he said, not only to subvert the volunteer system, but degraded the character of a British Officer. If the spirit of an English subject, who volunteered his services for his King and Country, and to protect those laws to which the plaintiff had that day appealed, was to be broken by such acts of tyranny and oppression, he thought but few would be found to come forward in their defence: he hoped the Jury would confirm that statement by their verdict.

Mr. Justice Heath, after recapitulating the evidence, remarked, that there seemed to be two parties in the regiment, one of the officers, and the other of the privates, which accounted for the slight variation in the evidence. It had been proved by all the witnesses, that the defendant had struck the plaintiff twice with his sword, and that he had been obliged to step back, in order to draw his sword. The Act of Parliament had specifically stated the punishment Commanding Officers of Volunteer Corps were authorised to inflict; namely, to put the offending party into confinement during the time the regiment was under arms: the spirit of men was not to be broken by such degrading conduct as had been shown by the defendant; and that no Commanding Officer, even in a Regiment of Regulars, was to be justified in the act of striking a

private under arms. The laws of the army required the offender should be brought to a Court Martial. The defendant had threatened to send the plaintiff to the black hole for the night, unless he made an apology for his conduct; which he had no right to do, as he could only confine him during the time the corps was under arms. The plaintiff being ill, was induced to comply, and was then suffered to take his sword. His Lordship added, that there were some of the first men of rank and fortune serving as privates in volunteer corps, and if they were to receive such treatment and disgraceful epithets as had been applied to the plaintiff by the defendant, particularly such as "you are a disgrace to the cloth you wear," it would be the means of depressing, instead of exciting, the zeal of individuals, and would ultimately destroy the volunteer system altogether. His Lordship concluded by saying, the Jury would take the whole case into their consideration, and give such reasonable damages as would be the means of correcting such conduct in commanding officers in future.

Verdict for the plaintiff—*Two Hundred Pounds.*

#### TRIM—(AN ETCHING)

BRED at Thorney, in Nottinghamshire, from a beautiful old English Springer, which he much resembles, and whose death has now left the breed in the hands of one family only—a circumstance lamented by Mr. Edwards, in his History of British Dogs, into which work he wished to have introduced Trim, but was unable to obtain a portrait of him; he is now the property of N. G. Nevill, Esq.

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SPORT-

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE stewards and gentlemen of the Jockey Club have unanimously appointed Mr. William Parris to be keeper of the New Rooms at Newmarket, in the room of Mr. Longchamp, lately deceased.

GREAT sport is expected at York Spring Meeting, owing to two great matches, viz. Prince of Wales's Trafalgar against Shuttlecock and Julius Cæsar; Trafalgar gives half a stone to each; to run on the last day.

*Last day of York Spring Meeting, 1807.*—Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for horses, &c. that never won above the value of 50gs, Hunters' Matches and Stakes, or Welter Stakes, excepted. To carry 12st. each; to be rode by gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.

Horses having started, and never won, to be allowed 3lb.

Mr. Richmond's ch. h. Cockspur, by Oberon, bought of Mr. Peverall.

Mr. Mellish's b. g. Languor, by Hubby, bought of Mr. R. Denham.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. Scapefire, brother to Stretch.

Mr. Watt's br. h. Marshal Carouser, by Weasel.

Mr. Tatton Sykes is a subscriber, but did not name.

*Doncaster Races, 1807.*—Mr. Tatton Sykes's b. m. Gratitude, by Shuttle, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. against Lord Monson's br. h. Cleveland, by Overton, 8 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, is likely to be the greatest betting race ever known.—The favourites are, Eaton, Planter, Windle, Scudd, Garforth's Colt, Maida, Paulina, Knowsley, Duke of Clarence, and Lord Dundas.

WE are requested to state, that in running for the 50l. Plate, at Malton, this month, Lady Mary won the third heat by a head; after which, Sir Sampson was drawn, but not owing to its being dark, as it was not then four o'clock, and the Hunters' Plate was run for afterwards, for which there were four heats.

SULTAN, who won the 50l. Plate at Catterick-Bridge, on Wednesday, is the last of the Arabian Selim's get; and it is to be observed, that the only three colts got by the Arabian Selim, out of three different mares, have won the Plate at Catterick-Bridge for the three last years. Sultan won in a very superior style, notwithstanding the weights were much in favour of the four-year olds, the day very bad, and the ground heavy. Sultan's dam was got by Coriander, grandam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Windlestone's dam, by Le Sang.

WE are desired to state, that Smuggler, by Hambletonian, that won the Sweepstakes of 200gs each, beating Podargus, Bronze, and Luck's-All, at Newmarket, on Monday, March 30, is the property of Mr. C. Wilson, who bought him back again of Mr. Mellish.

Mellish, in December last. Smug-gler never was the property of his. R. H. the Prince of Wales, or of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.

MR. W. N. W. Hewett has sold his bay colt, Sud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Highflyer, rising three years old, with his engagements, to Lord Monson, for 2000 guineas.—He is engaged in a Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 23 subscribers, on Thursday in the York August Meeting; and in the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, 41 subscribers, in 1807.—In the Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 21 subscribers, on Monday in the York August Meeting, 1808; and on Saturday, in the same Meeting, he is matched against Mr. Mellish's Bedale, by Star, 8st. 4lb. each; four miles, 200gs, h. ft.—Also at Doncaster, in the same year, he is matched against Mr. Mellish's Harry Long-legs, by Beningbrough, 8st. 4lb. each; four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

MR. Kirby has purchased that beautiful brown horse, Ben Devaynes, by Soldier, out of Hebe's dam; Mr. Timms's black horse, Pluto, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Justice, out of Little Peter's dam; Mr. Harrison's bay horse, True Briton, by St. George, dam by Paymaster, out of an own sister to A-la-Gréque, by Regulus; and Mr. Watt's ches. horse, Navigator, by Ormond, dam by Alexander, (son of Mungo) grandam by Homer, Euryalus, Sampson; also, several thorough blood horses, mares, &c. with many others for hunters, chargers, &c. which set off from his stables without Walmgate Bar, York, on Monday the 13th instant, for Hull, there to be shipped for Russia.

THE following long-pending matches were decided over Warwick Course:—

*Tuesday, March 10.*—Mr. Oakley's ch. h. by Soldier, 12st. rode by Mr. Douglas, beat Mr. Pelham's b. h. by Volunteer, 11st. rode by Mr. Hawkes; four miles, 200gs. Even betting, and 6 to 5 on the chesnut horse. A well-contested race, and won by half a length.

*Thursday.*—Mr. Walford's ch. horse by Glaucus, 11st. 4lb. rode by Mr. Hawkes, beat Mr. Oakley's ch. h. by Soldier, 10st. 4lb. rode by Mr. Douglas; four miles, 100gs. At starting, 4 to 1 on Glaucus, and in running the last mile, even betting between the two. A very fine race; Mr. Oakley's horse made the play, and the race was run within nine minutes. Won by half a neck.

THE Races this month, on Bramham Spenn, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, were numerous attended, to see the sporting match between Mr. Ingilby and Mr. Starky. Unfortunately, the anxious expectation of the public was disappointed, as Mr. Ingilby's cropped horse received an accident while exercising, which totally disabled him from coming upon the ground. Another horse was, however, matched, but so much inferior, that Mr. Starky won easy, and almost distanced his adversary. Some other matches were made, and two very good ones between Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. Treacher, upon their ponies, afforded much amusement. A numerous party of fashionables from Bramham Park honoured the course with their presence, and the day concluded with the greatest hilarity.

WE are informed, that the famous and noted stallion, Hue-and-

Cry, the property of Mr. John Parker, of Helperby, near York, is engaged to trot two miles in six minutes, catch weight, over Hambleton, or York, in the August race-week, for 100gs a side, h. ft.

*Winchester, April 25.*—The Cup given annually by the gentlemen of the H. H. was run for on Worthy Down, on Tuesday last, when the four following horses started:—

Lord Rodney's ch. g. Dart. . . . . 1 1  
Mr. Nune's b. g. Somerset, aged . . . . . 2 2

Captain Villebois's b. m. Fan-ny, 1 year old . . . . . 3 dr

Four horses started for the Sweepstakes, and came in as under:—

Mr. Atkinson's b. g. Streamer, 6 yrs old. . . . . 1

Hon. T. H. Rodney's br. g. Sandwell, aged. . . . . 2

Mr. Kingscott's ch. c. 4 years old . . . . . 3

Mr. Nune's b. g. Gemel, aged. . . . . 4

Mr. Villebois's ch. g. Dealer, aged . . . . . 5

Mr. G. Rickett's b. g. Jacob, aged . . . . . 6

Both races afforded great sport, but more particularly the sweepstakes, which was one of the best run heats ever seen. The four first horses came in so close together, they might have been covered with a sheet.

There was also a poney race, Mr. Lloyd's grey poney against Mr. Wright's black poney, which was well contested, and won by Mr. Wright.

Both the races and the ball were numerous and fashionably attended. Among the company were, Lord Rodney, the Hon. J. H. Rodney, Mr. Poulter and family, Colonel Vicars and the Officers of the Bays, Colonel Ramsay, Mr. Græme, Rev. Mr. Lowth and family, &c.

**TROTTING MATCH.**—The famous trotting match which took place on Monday, the 20th, at Sunbury, between Mr. Marsden's noted Old Phenomenon, and Mr. Bray's black gelding, was a race of considerable interest. The match was for 200 guineas. The bettings exceeded 10,000l. The odds at starting were three to two in favour of Phenomenon, the winner. All the sporting men were present, among whom were noticed Mr. Mellish, Mr. Berkeley Craven, &c.

The young Manchester mare, of celebrity in the sporting world, the property of Mr. Crouch, lately performed a feat of astonishment, for a stake of 100 guineas. She was backed to trot eight miles and a half within half an hour, on the Bath road, which was done within a few seconds of the time allowed, and was supposed to equal any thing of the kind ever heard of.—The mare was a minute over the first quarter in trotting half the distance.

DURING the present month, a match was run, one mile on the Beacon Course, between Mr. John Cornell's brown poney, of Swaffham Bulbeck, and Mr. Win. Edmund's grey poney, of the same place, carrying 10st. each; the race was run in two minutes and five seconds, being won by the former, half a neck. Great jockeyship was displayed between J. Skeil, formerly a jockey, and J. W. a well-known rider.

MONDAY morning, the 6th inst. the race between the Boot-closer and the Soldier was decided in Hyde Park. Bets to a considerable amount were depending. By half past nine o'clock, a vast concourse of people were assembled to witness

ness the race. At ten o'clock the umpires measured the ground, which was one hundred and forty yards. At half past ten the two swift-footed heroes started. The boot-closer had the start for the first fifty yards, when the soldier came up, and kept a-breast with him for the other fifty yards, when he passed him, and kept the lead to the end of the race, beating him a yard and a half. The race was run in thirteen seconds, to the great disappointment of the knowing ones. The friends of the boot-closer, who were to have had a splendid supper in the event of his success, went home in low spirits.

ONE morning, lately, a young man, named Whitlock, undertook, for a wager, of ten guineas, to go on foot from Shoreditch Church to Ponder's End, and back again, in two hours, the whole distance of ground being 17 miles. He started at half past five o'clock, reached Ponder's End at twenty minutes after six, stopped there ten minutes to refresh, and arrived at the starting-post at twenty minutes after seven o'clock, winning the wager by ten minutes. Large sums were depending on the issue.

At the last Leicester Assizes, an action of trespass, commenced by Earl Ferrers against Mr. Randall Lovell, for shooting in his Lordship's preserves, at Thrussington, was tried at *Nisi Prius*; wherein, upon proof of the fact, the plaintiff obtained a verdict; and the Judge (Mr. Baron Graham) gave a certificate under the 8 and 9 W. 3. c. 11, for costs, declaring, that the species of trespass for which the action was brought, notwithstanding the defendant had not been previously warned to keep off the plaintiff's lands, was wilful and ma-

licious, and the plaintiff in consequence entitled to costs, although the damages were under forty shillings.

A WRIT of Enquiry was executed on Saturday, March 28, before a Sheriff's Jury of the county of Norfolk, the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default, to assess the damages in an action of trespass brought by Mr. John Furness, of Swanton Morley, in that county, paper maker, against Lieutenant - Colonel John Potter Hamilton, of Billington, in the same county, for sporting over the plaintiff's farm, in Swanton Morley. The damages were laid at £50. It appeared in evidence, that the defendant had never but once gone on the plaintiff's land after he had received a notice not to trespass thereon, and also that such trespass was not intentionally committed. In consequence, the Jury returned a verdict of 6d. damages only.

A BLACK pointer bitch, which was lost on the Moors, near Maresfield, Sussex, in September last, was discovered towards the end of the present month by a gamekeeper in the service of Miss Shuckburgh Evelyn, on Ashdown Forest, not very far from the spot on which she was missed by her owner, in September. The gamekeeper first found, among the heath, a litter of her puppies, which he watched a considerable time, but no parent making her appearance, he surrounded the cubs with some sticks stuck in the ground, and left them for the evening. Early the next morning, the man visited his soundings, and, as he expected, saw their affectionate mother, the pointer bitch, labouring, with great diligence, to effect a sub-

a subterraneous passage to her little ones. On the man's approach, she wagged her tail, and watched with the greatest apparent anxiety while he removed the fence from her puppies, when she instantly laid down and quietly suckled them. The above animal must have subsisted during the autumn and winter on rabbits and vermin; but 'tis extraordinary that she should have so long secluded herself from the haunts of man, and yet have preserved her gentleness and docility. The bitch was advertised in the *Lewes Journal*, with a guinea reward for her recovery, to be paid by Mr. Sprange, at Tunbridge Wells, on the 15th September last.

A VERY extraordinary anecdote is retained in a private circle in high life, which deserves, from its singularity, to be recorded: A young man of some distinction lost, to an *honourable*, a sum of money, which he could not immediately command. To pay this debt of honour he applied to a *friend*, who observed that he could not advance the *needful* himself, but he would ask a particular friend to accommodate him. This friend, who remained in the back ground, agreed to lend the £400 wanted, provided the borrower would give his bond, for £1000, to be paid at the death of an infirm and near relative. This proposition was agreed to, and when the deed was done, the money was advanced. Since this arrangement, the *winner* and the *lender* turn out to be one and the same person.

THE Newspapers have furnished the two following paragraphs:—

"Amelancholy accident happened in Earl Fitzwilliam's hunt on Friday se'nnight. Whilst the hounds were in chase near Alconbury-hill,

Mr. Hoare, of the University of Cambridge (son of — Hoare, Esq. banker, of London), was thrown by his horse, and kicked so fatally in the forehead, that he survived but a few minutes.

"The paragraph stating that Mr. Hoare was killed by a kick from a horse, when hunting with Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds, is not true. Mr. Hoare received a severe wound on his head, but there is, at present, every fair prospect of his recovery."

PUGILISM.—On Monday the 23d ult. a long-expected pitched battle was fought at Coningsby, Oxfordshire, between Mr. John Swan, of Coningsby inn, and Mr. John Randsley, farmer, of the Haven Bank. Both the combatants were extremely powerful men, and the style of the contest did not disappoint those who had impatiently awaited a display of extraordinary muscular force exerted with more than common skill. After several rounds of fighting, which reduced both parties to such a condition that they could hardly be recognised by their friends, victory was declared on the side of Mr. Swan. The seconds were, for the conqueror, Mr. William Dalton; for Mr. Randsley, Mr. William Bell. It was expected another battle or two would have succeeded the above; but the condition of the combatants at the close was not that which excited the envy of those who had whole skins, and no challenges were given. The conflict arose from a dispute about the transfer of some landed property.

At Hurst, in Bedfordshire, this month, a well-contested battle took place between George Caster, of Bracknell, and J. Blagrave, of Hurst; in which, after 56 rounds of decent fighting, in the course of about



about three quarters of an hour, victory declared for Caster.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.** — “ Elastic Steel Cross Bows, for bolts and bullets, by G. Barwick, gun-maker, No. 6, White-Lion-lane, Norwich. As the diversion of shooting young rooks is become very common, G. B. begs leave to inform those gentlemen who are rook-shooters, that he has at this present under hand, several steel cross bows, and some completely finished, fit for inspection, which he flatters himself are on the most improved plan, and finished in a stile far superior to any yet offered to the public.”

“ Caution to Gamekeepers and others. — “ Whereas I, George Wood, gamekeeper to Earl Jersey, did, yesterday morning, wantonly assault the Reverend William Davison, and did make use of very gross and abusive language, in consequence of which he has commenced a prosecution against me, but has consented to forego it upon condition of my publicly begging his pardon — Now, I do hereby publicly beg his pardon, thank him for his lenity, and promise to be more guarded in my conduct for the time to come. Witness my hand, GEORGE WOOD.—*Heston, Middlesex, March 25, 1807.*”

**INSURING in the Lottery.**—A complaint was lately made at Marlborough-street, by a publican, against a footman in a Nobleman's family in Piccadilly, for withholding from him a piece of lace, valued at £6, which he had won by insuring the first-drawn ticket in the State Lottery. It appeared in evidence, that the footman was a great man in the family among the servants, and had taken insurances at 5s, each, 25 members, and that per-

son who hit on the thousand that produced the first-drawn ticket was to have the prize. The publican, on paying his insurance money, observed, that he had a bad half-guinea, which the footman received of him, as it was in his power to get it off at a card party. The lace was won by the publican, but the footman refused to deliver it up on account of the bad half guinea.—The Magistrate informed the servant that he was liable to six months imprisonment; but liberated him on returning the money to the different subscribers.

THE Police Officers have apprehended W. Lambeth *alias* Bennett, T. Tyson, W. East, and a private in the Horse Guards, on suspicion of horse-stealing. On being examined, one of them turned evidence.

#### FOX-HUNTING.

IN February, at half past two o'clock, Mr. Conyer's fox-hounds found a fox in a small spring near Roydon Town; he went away immediately for Pinicle Covers, across the common fields to Parndon, over the road, and the strong inclosures away to Parndon Common, over to Parndon Woods, then to Epping Long Green, near Rye Hill; there they came to a little check, then hit the scent again down the fine pasture meads to Marls, over the inclosures to Epping Church Wood, away for Epping Bury, then crossed the road to the left away over the strong inclosures to Cole's Earths; he made no stop although he might, but away for the bottom of Wintry Wood near Thorndon Common, over the London road, at which place the stoutness of the horse,

wa

was proved, and there two thirds of the field came to a stand still; then away they went through the lower forest for Coopersale through Tuff Tally's, down the lawns, over the ride into Ongar Park Great Wood, up to the centre tree, down the other quarter of the wood to the bottom; there he gallantly faced the country over Tate-hill away to Stanford Rivers, through Bell-house Springs away to Nightland Covers, and through them without a head, faced the inclosures away for Dorrel's Wood, where the hounds gallantly run into him in the open fields, just before he could reach the cover.

ON Tuesday, March 17th, Captain Vaughan's fox-hounds (of Green Grove, near Cardigan) drew Gloyd Brake, near Norberth, and immediately unkenelled four foxes; the gallant pack stuck to one, which broke cover in capital stile, and running without a check, earthed him in Caneston Wood. It being still early in the morning, they drew Penlan Wood, and soon found he went away for Landisilis, and, after a run of two hours, they killed him in their usual stile.

The country was so uncommonly inclosed, that few could follow the hounds; the real hunters, and those that no bank could stop, were, Captain Vaughan, Robert Phelps, Esq. Captain Brigstock, and Mr. L. Mansel, on a black poney, only twelve hands high.

On Saturday, March 21st, the celebrated pack of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, under the management of that well-known huntsman, Jem Abbey, (who challenges all the world for priority of speed and good condition of his hounds) repaired to covert in Clipsham

Wood, in which there was a most harmonious ring for an hour and a half, the sportsmen expecting every minute bold Reynard to break away; in this they were disappointed, and a bitch-fox only was killed in that covert. From Clipsham Wood the hounds were drawn to Asgencroft Wood, where, in a short time, they unkenelled as game a fox as ever was hunted. He bust away through the Greetham Woods, over Exton Park, by Cottsmore Wood, over Cottsmore and Market Overton Inclosure, by Woodall Head, on to Crown Point, up to Sues-ton Town-side, and was there thrice headed; returned back nearly the same way to Woodall Head, where he came to a check of not more than two minutes, the horses very much blown; the hounds pressing him hard, he found no shelter there, but went away again in a capital stile from the other side the wood, across one of the finest sporting countries in the kingdom (Leicestershire), down by Edmondthorp, between Gunthorp and Womanham, crossed the river (banks full) by Scausby, in a straight line to Waltham Pasture, or Thorns.—It was then getting late, and the scent dying away very fast, and though near death, he was lost, it is supposed in a ploughed field, after one of the sharpest runs ever remembered, which, from the nearest calculation, could not be less than twenty-seven miles across a very strong inclosed country, which was performed in two hours and ten minutes.

The hardest riders were, Charles Manners, Esq. Captain Crawford, Mr. Kintham, and a gentleman from Yaxley Barracks, who were all up with the hounds; several others were very near, but many horses were quite-done up.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

CASSINO—A POEM.

**I** SING Cassino—lift not scornful eyes,  
Nor superciliously my theme despise;  
The tuneful Nine are wont such themes  
to aid—  
Well have been sung, Heart, Diamond,  
Club, and Spade.  
In Pope's gay verse, immortal Ombre  
lives—  
Of Cribbage, Greville just description  
gives;  
Each titled card has had its honour due  
Describ'd in mirthful tales by sprightly  
crew;  
Me, last and least, assist the rules to tell,  
By which Cassino's vot'ries may excel.

All hail! thou new and fashionable  
game,  
Tho' spurn'd by those who scarcely know  
thy name.  
Ye amateurs of Whist, and brainless  
wits,  
Who cry "Cassino! well enough for  
Chits!"  
Here take my gauntlet, or the combat  
yield—  
Cassino's champion calls you to the field;  
My pen here drawn, in vengeance shall  
expose  
The manifesto of Cassino's foes.

Comethen, ye candid youth, who nobly  
aim  
To learn, with minds unprejudic'd, the  
game,  
A strict attention first your guide de-  
mands—  
Be not your head at variance with your  
hands;  
Ill will your time, and quick your coin  
be spent,  
Your head and hands on different sub-  
jects bent.

Think not the light employ beneath your  
care,  
That ev'ry fool knows how to take a pair;  
Let not your senses wander—scorn to hear  
The circle-buzzing, prittle-prattle near;  
Tell not the fair *Bon Mots*, howe'er di-  
verting—  
Cassino's incompatible with flirting.  
To all temptations be your senses barr'd,  
And let attention sit on ev'ry Card;  
Then call retentive mem'ry to your aid—  
Vain is your skill without that thoughtful  
maid:  
With fixed look and undiverted eye,  
Behold the Goddess at your elbow nigh!  
She's left the realms of Whist, and borne  
on air,  
She's come—Cassino more demands her  
care.  
You're now prepar'd for fight—but let  
me pause,  
Ere I attempt to tell Cassino's laws.

Eleven points are in each game con-  
tain'd—  
'Tis mine to shew how best those points  
are gain'd.  
Whoe'er of cards have the majority,  
For their success may score the number  
*three*;  
The *Diamond-ten*, the great Cassino  
nam'd,  
Two points demands, and chief in rank is  
fam'd.  
The *deuce of Spades*, Cassino's younger  
brother,  
By common use, claims *half as much as*  
*l'other*;  
Each *Ace* scores *one*, and thus the num-  
ber four  
Is quickly added to the former score;  
And last the *suit of Spades* puts in its  
claim  
To reckon *one*, and this completes the  
game.

Say, gentle Muse, what could be the  
 pretence  
 To give the suit of Spades pre-emi-  
 nence?  
 Had by the India-Squad the choice been  
 made,  
 No rank had been allotted to the Spade;  
 Diamonds had shone, decreed by Nabob  
 race  
 As first in splendour, so the first in place.  
 If in Cassino, love had any part,  
 Its fond inventor had preferr'd the Heart:  
 And (oh, may Teague not beat my trem-  
 bling Muse)  
 The Clubs a red-hot Irishman would  
 choose.  
 But why should Spades, 'bove all, a value  
 bear?  
 And why their Ace the garter's order  
 wear?  
 Ask ye, why men were pleas'd the Spades  
 to choose?  
 Tell me, why higher pow'rs once chose  
 the Jews?

Four cards each person holds, and four  
 the board,  
 But, ere you play, let each be well ex-  
 plor'd;  
 If to your hand the board present a mate,  
 Unite the pair, and trust the rest to fate;  
 But if a card of might can sweep a band  
 Of cards together, take it from your hand;  
 But in your hand if such poor Jacks  
 abound,  
 That not one Jill on all the board is found,  
 Some card, ill-fated, from the set afford,  
 And place the wretched victim on the  
 board.  
 If of the four, two Aces you possess,  
 (Aces in hand are ever a distress)  
 One quick dismiss, in hopes it soon will  
 come,  
 To meet its partner at its former home.  
 Thus when two brothers, long together  
 bred,  
 At length must part, life's doubtful path  
 to tread,  
 Each hopes again to meet, but hopes in  
 vain;  
 Perhaps they've parted—ne'er to meet  
 again.  
 Three Aces play'd, if you the fourth  
 command,  
 Not for one moment keep it in your hand;  
 If one you hold, be sure that fast you  
 hold,  
 While others still are in, 'twill be too  
 bold:  
 If to hold courtly cards should be your  
 fate,

Know that Cassino is a democrat;  
 And, like Tom Paine, exhorts all subject  
 slaves,  
 "First Kings and Queens dismiss, and  
 high-born Knaves."  
 Except when quite exhausted is the pack,  
 Some courtly-card the dealer must keep  
 back;  
 But, if your hand no royal person grace,  
 A noble Knave as well may fill its place.  
 If all are cards Plebeian, keep the best,  
 Whose larger form may comprehend the  
 rest;  
 Then all the forces that expos'd remain,  
 Are swept in one great whirlwind from  
 the plain.  
 One caution more tho', ere my rules are  
 done—  
 Ne'er leave one card upon the board  
 alone,  
 Lest your quick foe should find a partner  
 meet,  
 And add a counter for the glorious feat.  
 The cards all play'd, learn by my rules to  
 act;  
 The lesser number from the great sub-  
 tract,  
 Then score the product, till the game is  
 won—  
 Thus end my rules, and thus my task is  
 done.

Let me presume, my occupation o'er,  
 Ye candid fair, your favor to implore;  
 And let not critics, though they blame its  
 poet,  
 Condemn Cassino, till they're sure they  
 know it.  
 Long may it flourish in this happy land,  
 Long reign with Whist and Cribbage,  
 hand in hand:  
 And may, in spite of Bonaparte's en-  
 deavour,  
 Great George and great Cassino live for  
 ever.

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#### EULOGIUM ON CARDS.

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*Nunc agitant Chartas, ludens Fortunaque  
 ridet.* ANON.

**B**LEST be the man who first invented  
 Cards;  
 To him what honours due, what great  
 rewards:  
 In ev'ry square his statue should be  
 found—  
 Cards in his hand, his brows with night-  
 shade bound.

Cards

Cards shew the young the various turns  
of fate,  
Of human greatness the uncertain date;  
Teach them the gifts of fortune to de-  
spise,  
That greatest pleasures from profusion rise,  
And tend to make them by experience wise.

The aged ladies, when engag'd in play,  
Dread not the palsy, wrinkles, or decay;  
Grasping the cards unto their latest  
breath,  
They bid defiance to the fears of death;  
No idle chat disturbs the serious game,  
So great their ardour in pursuit of fame!

Cards, like the Tractors ne'er apply'd in  
vain,  
Will cure the gout, or fierce rheumatic  
pain!  
To moaning widows they afford relief,  
To stem the torrent of excessive grief;  
Suppress the heaving sigh, and trickling  
tear,  
When *husbands* die, or *lap-dogs* still more  
dear:  
From ancient virgins, if false lovers rove,  
They sooth the pangs of disappointed  
love;  
But this the joy, to this their labour  
tends,  
To be surrounded by their faithful  
friends.

Prais'd be the gen'rous dames who  
self deny  
From gentle sleep, and balmy rest  
thus fly,  
And venture health for sweet society.

Let timid prudence hence instruction  
take :—  
Seldom converse, and cheerful mirth, for-  
sake;  
Haste to the rout, abjuring selfish ease,  
But know—the noblest pleasure is—to  
please.

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### THE NORFOLK HUNT.

#### A NEW SONG.

*Addressed to Miss Bella Shadwell.*

TO you, fair Ladies of the field,  
We Sportsmen now indite;  
To you our morning pleasures yield,  
And think of you at night.

Tho' *hares* and *foxes* run apace,  
'Tis beauty gives the finest chase.

The morning rose, and with a fog  
Inclos'd the heath all round,  
So thick, we scarce could see a dog  
Ten yards upon the ground:  
Yet we to Elden took our way—  
True Sportsmen never mind the day.

Like Venus (if she was so fair  
As ancient poets feign,  
With coral lips, and golden hair,  
Just rising from the main)  
We saw the lovely BELL appear,  
Nor miss'd the Sun when she was near.

At Elden, on a trail we hit,  
And soon the hare we found,  
When up she started from a pit,  
And stretch'd along the ground.  
Hark forward! all the Sportsmen cried—  
Hark forward! hills and dales replied.

Quite cross the country, and away,  
She fled, the chase in view:  
Our huntsman was the first to say,  
"She ran not, but she flew."  
Whilst Billy Grigson rode and swore,  
"Twas Mother Rogers\* gone before."

With pleasure Smith the chase pur-  
sued,  
Nor wish'd for music then,  
But often as the hare he view'd,  
In raptures he began :—  
"Tell me, ye Gods! if any sounds  
Be half so sweet as t' hear the hounds."

Thus for an hour, in full cry,  
We fleetly skimm'd along,  
Nor thought that Madam was to die,  
Nor we to have a song.  
Says Webb, "though now she runs so  
fast,  
Brave boys! we'll run her down at last."

Kind fate indulg'd an hour more,  
And back she turn'd again;  
Such sport sure ne'er was seen before,  
But all her turns were vain.  
For Bustler, foremost of the pack,  
And Frolic, seiz'd her by the back.

To Thetford, then, our sport being  
done,  
In spirits we repair,  
Where Gardiner a song began,  
In honour of the fair.

\* A reputed witch.

And

And as the merry chorus rise,  
We all to Shadwell turn'd our eyes.

### THE DISASTER.

*An humble Attempt at the Sublime and  
Beautiful.*

**L**AST eve, as my Nancy and I took a  
walk,  
On the road from gay London to sweet  
Somer's-Town,  
We met a fat pundle,  
O'ercome by her bundle,  
Which often had caus'd her to rest and  
sit down.

As we nearer approach'd, and look'd full  
in her face,  
Our love-glowing hearts with soft pity  
inspir'd,  
I could see ev'ry feature  
Of this wearied creature,  
While the Moon brightly shone on the  
traveller tir'd.

I accosted her thus (for I thought it no  
harm)—  
"How far are you going with this  
heavy load?  
How far have you brought it?"  
(I never had thought it)  
She called me a rascal, an impudent  
toad.

In anger I seiz'd her, and shook her  
whole form;  
She plung'd a short dagger deep into  
my breast;  
While my Nancy stood near,  
And all trembling with fear,  
Cried "Murder!" but fainting, for-  
got all the rest.

I sunk on the earth, and my senses soon  
lost;  
Was as white too, no doubt, as the  
dairy-maid's cream;  
But with joy I awoke,  
And laugh'd loud at the joke,  
For believe me, kind friends, it was  
only a dream!!!

April 2, 1807.

C. T.

### AN IRISH TALE.

**A**N ignorant peasant, called *Murdoch*  
*Macmora*,  
To the hills and the bogs sung the charms  
of his *Norah*;  
Swore the fire that consum'd all his peat  
was less cruel  
Than that scorching his heart from the  
eye of his jewel;  
But *Norah*, hard-hearted, repuls'd each  
advance,  
And declar'd she ne'er love him till he  
learn'd to dance.

What could poor Murdoch do, of his com-  
fort bereft?  
He dance! he knew not his right foot  
from his left.  
But Love, mighty Love, who has ancho-  
rets warm'd,  
And so many ways gods and men has  
transform'd,  
In whispers and dreams did his rhet'ric  
so ply,  
That heart-broken Murdoch determin'd  
to try.  
Fond hope led him on to abide the event,  
And fear left him, as he to the bagpiper  
went.

Now tuning his chanter, the bagpiper  
play'd,  
While Murdoch stumpt on, half asham'd,  
half afraid;  
The more he persisted, the worse was his  
plight,  
How the plaguy left foot to find out from  
the right!  
A remedy quickly the piper apply'd;  
A large wisp of straw on the left foot  
was tied.

Which *Soocan* he called, while its un-  
muffled brother  
Was call'd *Gad*, that poor Murdoch  
might know one from t'other.

Now the piper cried out, as he stumpt on  
like mad,  
"Arrah! rise upon *Soocan*, and sink  
upon *Gad*."  
What art, urg'd by love, will not nature  
find out?  
Taught by Cupid and Time, Murdoch  
caper'd about.  
No longer was beautiful *Norah* a fift,  
'Twas the love of her charms that taught  
Murdoch a lilt:  
Till, her whole train of lovers now left in  
the lurch,  
They both, in a lilt, danced together to  
church.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,  
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to  
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT,

FOR MAY, 1807,

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Embellished with—I, An elegant Engraving of Boar Hounds.—II, The Descent of the Heron, a bold Etching.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEELLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FALMOUTH

J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

#### ERRATUM.

Sir Thomas Gascoigne's cher. filly, that ran for the 50l. Plate, at Catterick Bridge, was got by Timothy; out of *Lucy*, by Floqizel, and not out of *Violet*, as stated in our Racing Calendar for last month, page 6.

---

*Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.*



---

THE  
**SPORTING MAGAZINE;**  
FOR MAY, 1867.

---

**MANNHEAL AND PRINCESS,**  
WILD-SWAT HOUNDS OF THE SE-  
COND CLASS;

*Sometimes called the Tiger Dogs.*

nish dogs, termed by Buffon *le petit Danois*; they are also called the Tiger Dog, probably from their being striped like the tiger.

---

**- ROCKET AND LINGO.**

THE following article, though written as if with the pen of the Editor, unquestionably comes from one of the parties interested.

"We are extremely sorry to trouble our readers with any more comments upon the late match between Mr. C. Brown's dog Rocket and Mr. Princep's Lingo, but the statement of Mr. P. in our last number, respecting the performances of his dog (altogether extremely incorrect and unjust) obliges us.

"If Mr. Princep has been led to suppose his dog is as good as Rocket, we have authority to match Rocket against him for any sum of money, to run in a coursing country. The poor excuse he brings forward for his dog being beaten by Streamer is an idle fabrication, and the sporting world are not a little amazed to see the trouble he has taken in his late attempts to deceive them, when he comes forward and tells them his celebrated dog, at least four or five years old, was then dying of the distemper—all old cour-

THESE animals, of which an Engraving by Mr. Cook, from a painting by Mr. Chalons, is here given, were brought from Hesse Cassel two years ago, and presented to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York by Mr. Taylor, who was Ambassador at the Court of Hesse, and brother to Colonel Taylor, Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

There are three classes of these dogs; the first is not quite so high as the second—they are stouter and more set, shorter on their legs, and broader in the chest; they have large heads like the mastiff, and are more powerful (with the appearance of bull-dogs in their form and colour) than the second class.—The Earl of Waldegrave brought over with him one that answered this description; his Lordship hunted them after the wild boar and wolf in Germany.—The third class are quite small and slim, are very lively, and used in general to follow carriages; their colours are, spotted, black and white, and some are tan, with brown spots. There are likewise what are called the small Dä-

pers; and men of common sense, being fully aware of the impossibility of any dog of *that age* being dying of the distemper. We cannot but lament that Mr. Princep has so far misled us, and exposed himself to the censure of the sporting world; but we trust now all his excuses for his dog will be set aside, and that he will come forward as he ought, and accept the challenge offered him.

"We have authority to state, from gentlemen present at the time when Lingo and Rocket ran at Doveridge, that Mr. P.'s account of it is entirely devoid of truth, and that the course was *altogether undecided*."

---

#### SPORTING SUBJECTS, &c.

*In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, this Year.*

**WAGGON-HORSES** frightened at lightning.—J. Ward.

Landscape; cattle and figures.

—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

Cattle.—S. Edwards.

Lion and Lions.—A. E. Spilsbury.

Chess-players, portraits.—J. Northcote, R. A.

A sutler's booth, with a little camp in the distance.—P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.

Portrait of a hunter and groom.—J. Ferneley.

Jupiter presenting Diana with her bow and arrows, the design for the principal compartment in a ceiling executed last year for his Majesty, at Windsor Castle.—J. F. Rigaud, R. A.

Figs.—J. Ward.

Portrait of a gentleman and his horse.—J. Ferneley.

Coursing.—J. Benson, H.

Portrait of a horse, the property of Lord Gwydir.—S. Gilpin, R. A.

Portrait of a favourite dog in the possession of J. Robinson, Esq.—J. Northcote, R. A.

Duncan's horses.—R. B. Davis.

The angler.—J. J. Chalon.

Portraits of horses, painted for Lord Cawdor.—S. Gilpin, R. A.

A stag swimming.—R. Lawrence.

Duncan's horses.—Vide Macbeth.—S. Gilpin, R. A.

Cattle.—J. L. Kemshead.

Ditto, Ditto.

Light dragoons.—J. A. Atkinson.

Leash of tench.—J. Sillett.

Dead game.—J. Sillett.

Portrait of Sir David.—A famous racer.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of Brainworm, a famous racer.—H. B. Chalon.

Portraits of setters, the property of Mr. Lambert.—J. Ferneley.

Portrait of a famous setter.—J. Barenger.

Portraits of famous setters, the property of Miss Crowcher.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a famous setter.—J. Fernely.

Portrait of the celebrated Durham ox.—R. Lawrence.

Portrait of a horse.—J. Emery, H.

Inside of a stable.—D. Thomson.

Portraits of horses at a cover side.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of a terrier, the property of — St. Aubyn, Esq.—J. Ward.

Portrait of Mr. D. Lambert.—B. Marshall.

Portrait of a hunter.—R. B. Davis.

Bobtail, the property of Earl Egremont.—J. Whessell.

Parasol, the property of his Grace the Duke of Grafton.—J. Whessell.

A young lady on horseback.—J. N. Sartorius.

Design

Design for a hunting lodge.—J. Robson.

Stabling about to be erected for G. Osbaldeston, Esq. Hutton Bush-el, Malton, Yorkshire.—P. F. Robinson.

Design for a stable proposed to be built for T. Cholmondeley, Esq. M. P.—J. Williams.

### BIBURY RACES.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Would be extremely obliged to you, if you would inclose these few underwritten lines in your valuable Magazine; and remain, your obedient servant,

*Amator Gloucestriensis.*

On the 15th of June will commence Bibury Races, which have been unusually productive of engagements for future sport. Mr. Mellish has accepted the office of steward, and engaged some of his best horses to run there. Besides the regular stakes, which have been renewed, several matches are made for the different days. It is said that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales intends visiting Cheltenham for the benefit of his health, and most likely he will attend Bibury Races, when the amateurs of the sporting world will have the inexpressible pleasure of seeing a personage, whose illustrious character possesses at once so much personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendent greatness, that it can create no surprize if the pencil of the artist should fall infinitely short of the original it is intended to portray—a representation of the

*second man*, if not the greatest sportsman, in the kingdom, and who may, to the sporting world in general, be held out as a model for imitation. Innately superior to all the arts of affectation and fashionable duplicity, he personally enters into, and happily enjoys, all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a *prostitution* of judgment, or a *degradation* of dignity. Those pleasures are the effusions of a most distinguished philanthropy, and their gratifications (happy for his numerous and national dependants) the palpable promoter of health; that health, however, has lately suffered the dreadful inroads of sickness; but it is hoped that the far-famed county of Gloucester will restore that health, which cannot be too much prized by a grateful nation; and when again the sporting world may indulge the fond hope, that this beloved Prince will again resume those diversions, in which he is fitted to shine with peculiar lustre.

### YORK RACES.

AS we shall not be able to wait for York Races complete, and wishing to give the whole together in our next Month's RACING CALENDAR, we here only state, that

On Saturday, May 23, (match for 1000gs, last mile and half) his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's b. c. Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Watt's b. c. Shuttlecock, by Schedoni, 8st. Six and 7 to 4 on Trafalgar—won easy.

Match for 100gs; two miles.—Mr. Mellish's br. f. by Hambletonian, beat Mr. Wentworth's ch. f. by Ormond. Seven to 4. on Mr. Mellish's

Mellish's filly—a good race, and won by about a neck.

*Monday, May 25.*—A Sweepstakes of 25gs each for all ages, two miles, was won by Lord Fitzwilliam's Sir Paul, by Sir Peter, 8st. beating Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Beningbrough, 6st. 10lb. and five others.—A good race. Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Paul, and 5 to 2 agst Garforth.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. f. by Shuttle, dam by Overton, agst Mr. Lonsdale's colt, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam, 8st. each, 100gs. one mile. Won by the latter.—Two to 1 on the winner—wheasy.

*Tuesday, May 26.*—The Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages; three-yr olds, 6st. four-yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five-yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six-yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.; three and four-yr old fillies allowed 4lb.; four miles—was won by Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Centurion, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, beating Mr. Watt's Evander, by Delphin, 6 yrs old, and six others.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs. each for three-yr olds; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. a mile and three quarters—was won by Mr. Hutton's b. c. by Sir Peter, beating Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Beningbrough, and 5 others.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-yr old fillies, 8st. 3lb. the last mile and half—was won by Sir T. Gascoigne's chestnut, by Timothy, out of Violet, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Rutina, sister to Sir Paul, and six others.

---

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1887.

<b>T</b> ENBURY .....	June 2
Beverley .....	3
Ascot Heath .....	9
Newton .....	10

Bibury .....	June 15
Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....	22
Bridgenorth .....	25
Nantwich .....	30
Stockbridge .....	July 1
Ipswich .....	7
Newmarket .....	13
Blandford .....	22
Knutsford .....	28
Newbury .....	August 11
Reading .....	18
Egham .....	28
Doncaster .....	Sept. 21
Newmarket First October .....	28
Newmarket Second .....	Oct. 12
Richmond .....	13
Northallerton .....	21
Newmarket Houghton Meeting .....	26

---

#### SAGACITY OF A DOG.

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE two following anecdotes I know to be facts: if you think them worthy of a place in your Magazine, I am happy in having informed you of them.

X. Y. Z.

The Sagacity of a Dog was, perhaps, never more conspicuous than in the following instance:—Lieutenant James, of the Norfolk Regiment, (commiated by Colonel Hobberd during the late war) was quartered at Musselburgh. Dining out one day at Edinburgh, and coming home late in the evening, he rested himself on a large stone on the sands, where he very shortly fell asleep. Fortunately for Lieutenant S. he had with him a little cur, between a spaniel and a terrier. The tide was coming in very fast—the little creature saw his master's danger, and set off to the mess-room.

front of the regiment; about a mile distant. On his arrival, he shewed signs of distress and eagerness, and caught several of the Officers by their dress. The singularity of the scene induced two or three of them to get up, upon which the little fellow appeared quite delighted, and kept running before them, and every now and then turning to see if they followed. The Officers' curiosity being raised to the highest pitch, followed little Moggy (that being the creature's name) to the very spot where Lieutenant James was asleep: the tide was just come up to his feet, and as in the course of a few minutes it would have been several feet high, he must have been inevitably drowned.—Upon being awoke, and told how he was preserved, his sensations are easier to be conceived than described.

Moggy was ever after a member of the mess, and in high favour both with Officers and men, having saved the life of a gentleman beloved by the whole corps.

---

### A CYPRIAN HUNTING MATCH.

---

*From the first Volume of the Abbe Mariti's Travels through Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine.*

IN this place I had the pleasure of seeing a Cyprian hunting-match, a spectacle very common in the island; for, as I have already remarked, the Cypriots are remarkably fond of hunting. A sportsman here seldom goes out alone to pursue a feeble animal, with his fusée and a couple of dogs.

The Cypriots love exercise; but they wish to enliven these excursions with mirth and jollity; they therefore go out in large parties,

mounted on horses, and accompanied by whole packs of dogs. The hunting-match at which I was present was none of the least brilliant, as it was that of the Governor.

Having arrived at a spacious plain, interspersed with clumps of mulberry trees, some ruins, and thick bushes, the sportsmen began to form a ring, in order to inclose the enemy. The barrier consisted of guards on horseback, with dogs placed in the intervals. The ladies of the greatest distinction in Nicotia, with a multitude of other people, stood upon a little hill, which I ascended also; and from that eminence I enjoyed the amusement, without sharing in the fatigue. The governor and his suite were posted in different parts of the plain, and, as soon as the appointed moment arrived, the hunt was opened with the sound of musical instruments. Part of the dogs were then let loose; which, ranging through the bushes and underwood, sprung a great number of rails, partridges, and woodcocks.

The Governor began the sport, by bringing down one of these birds; his suite followed his example; and the winged tribe, into whatever quarter they flew, were sure of meeting with instant death. I was struck with the tranquillity of the stationary dogs, for, notwithstanding the instinct by which they were spurred on, not one of them quitted his post; but the rest ran about in pursuit of the game, and the plain was cleared in an instant. The scene was now changed: a hare started up from a bush; the dogs pursued; and while the former made a thousand turnings in order to escape, she every where found an enemy. She, however, often defeated the greyhounds; and I admired, in such cases, the sagacity of these animals; which, disdain-  
the

the assistance of those that were young and inexperienced, consequently liable to be deceived, waited until some of the cunning old ones opened the way for them; and the whole plain was soon in motion.

During this scene, the beauty of the season, and the cheerfulness by which I was surrounded, the barking of the dogs, repeated a thousand times by the echoes of the hills, the cries of the hunters, and the sound of the horns, exalted my imagination, and kept me, as I may say, in a kind of enchantment. When the poor animal was just ready to become a prey to its enemies, the governor rushed forwards; and throwing a stick, which he held in his hand, before the dogs, they all stopped, and not one of them ventured to pass this signal. One of those swift greyhounds, of which I have spoken in the first chapter, being then let loose, pursued the hare; and having come up with it, carried it back, and jumping up on the neck of the governor's horse, placed it before him. The governor took it in his arms; and, delivering it to one of his officers, gave him orders, if it continued alive, to shut it up in his park, where he maintains a great many prisoners of the same kind. I admired, above all, the discipline of the dogs and the humanity of the governor, who thought it his duty to preserve an animal which had afforded him so much pleasure.

## A BOARDING SCHOOL ELOPEMENT.

A Gentleman of Ireland, who is above the rank of a commoner, having taken to his protection a young female of the Cyprian class, to whom he became attached,

found means, through the agency of a friend, to place her, during an unexpected absence in England, at a female school of notoriety, in a town not 100 miles from Dublin.

—Whether the friend knew her real situation or not, does not appear, but it is certain she was placed in this respectable seminary as a Miss S——, whose father had made an immense fortune in the East Indies, and was returning home to settle with this his only daughter. She was received at the school with great attention, and her habiliments and appointments, it may easily be presumed, had more of fashion and elegance than either her manners or her education.

The arrival of the *Nabob's* daughter was soon a matter of notoriety, and odes, sonnets, and acrostics flew about as plentifully as her father's rupees and pagodas. One lover, the son of a well-known attorney, sent in his proposals, and was rejected. — A second gentleman, more successful, prevailed on the beautiful Miss S——, and a young lady her school fellow, to elope; and immediately on their arrival in Dublin, they were firmly and fondly united in the bonds of Hymen. In a few days, a male relation of the young lady who accompanied the lovers, encountered the trio in the streets, and a most distressing explanation took place. The confidant has been sent home, the husband declared off! — the bride, however, insists on a maintenance suitable to the rank and condition of her husband, for which purpose a legal suit is said to be in preparation; the proprietor of the boarding-school threatens her action for the injury done her establishment, which the original aggressor parries, by a hint that there were more parties privy to the matrimonial project than the three fugitives!

PED,

PEDIGREES

OF THE

WINNING HORSES, &c.

THAT RAN IN 1806.

*An Alphabetical Account of the Number of Prizes won by each Horse, &c. was given in our Magazine for December last, page 126.*

**A**CHILLES, Mr. Ladbroke's, by Young Woodpecker; dam, (Trinidad's dam) by Mercury; grandam, (Old Gold and Grey Trentham's dam) by King Herod, out of Young Hagg, by Skin, Crab, &c.

**AGINCOURT**, Mr. Forth's, by John Bull, out of Anna, (own sister to Dido) by Eclipse, Speculator, Blank, Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second.

**ALBION**, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by John Bull; dam, Trumpetta; (Receiver's dam) by Trumpator, out of Peggy, (own sister to Postmaster) by King Herod, Snap.

**AMATEUR**, Mr. Pantou's, own brother to Ralphina, by Buzzard; dam by Dungannon; grandam, Heinel, by Squirrel, out of Principessa, by Blank.

**ARTICHOKE**, Mr. C. W. Wynne's, by Don Quixote; dam by Dungannon, out of Lady Teazle, (own sister to Sir Peter Teazle) by Highflyer.

**ASFORDBY**, Mr. Wentworth Bayley's, by Oberon, or Cavenish; dam, (Witchcraft's dam) by Alfred, out of Wonderful's dam, by Dainty-Davy.

**ATLAS**, Mr. Ackers', by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Bab, by Bourdeaux, out of Speranza, (own sister to Saltram) by Eclipse.

**AYLESBY**, Mr. Butterfield's, by Airmator; dam by Delpini; grandam, (own sister to Quando) by

Vol. XXX. No 176.

Tandem, out of Luna, (the dam of Mr. S. Croft's Cardinal Puff, &c.) by King Herod.

**BAGATELLE**, Lord F. Bentinck's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Trifle, by Justice, out of Cypher, (Huncamunca and Glumdalca's dam) by Squirrel.

**BANKER**, Duke of Hamilton's, by Benningbrough; dam, Young Rosaletta, by Walcut; Rosetta, by Nabob; Rosetta, by Squirrel, out of Rose, by Blank.

**BARABBAS**, Mr. Cave Browne's, own brother to Maidstone, by Benningbrough, out of Lardella, by Young Marsk.

**BARBAROSSA**, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Mulespinner, (Cockspinner and Eliza's dam) by Guildford, out of Jemima, (own sister to Mexico) by Snap.

**BARONET**, Mr. W. Walker's, own brother to Brough, Sir John; and Lady Brough, by Stride; dam by Drone; grandam by Young Marsk, out of Ferret, by a brother to Silvio, Regulus, &c.

**BAROUCHE**, Mr. S. S. Prime's, by Overton, out of Mary-Ann, the dam of Sir William Gerard's Young Chariot, &c.

**BASSANTIO**, Mr. Biggs's, by Sky-scraper; dam, Portia, by Volunteer, out of an own sister to Florizel, Bourdeaux, &c.

**BEDALE**, Mr. Mellish's, by Star; dam by Stride; grandam, (Rosedon's dam) by Drone, out of Contessina, the dam of Sir Harry Dimsdale, &c.

**BESSY CARR**, Mr. Clowes', by Stamford; dam by Young Marsk, out of Overton's dam, by King Herod, &c.

**BLOWEN**, Lord Foley's, by Buzzard; dam by Pot8o's, out of Maid of All-Work, by Highflyer.

1 BOUNCE,

- BOUNCE**, Mr. Hotham's, by Traveller.—See List of Stallions in our Magazine for March, vol. xxix, page 288.
- BRAFFERTON**, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, (Priscilla's dam) by Alfred.
- BRAINWORM**, Mr. Arthur's, by Buzzard; dam by Skyscraper; grandam, Isabel, by Woodpecker; Squirrel, out of Ancaster Nancy, by Blank.
- BRONZE**, Hon. B. Craven's, own sister to Piccadilly, Castrel, Selim, &c. by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, out of an own sister to the dam of Eagle, &c.
- BROTHER** to **VIVALDI**, Major Wilson's, by Woodpecker; dam, (Paulo's dam) by Mercury, out of Cytherea, (own sister to Drone) by King Herod, Blank.
- BUCEPHALUS**, Lord Wilton's, by Alexander, out of Brunette.
- BUSTARD**, Lord Sackville's, by Buzzard; dam, Gipsy, (Lady Sarah's dam) by Trumpator; grandam, (Aimwell and Aimator's dam) by King Herod, out of Postmaster's dam, by Snap.
- BUSTARD**, (Young) Mr. T. Norton's, by Lord Derby's Bustard, (son of Woodpecker;) dam by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam by Engineer; Mr. Newcombe's Arabian, out of Lord Rockingham's Lisette, by Regulus.
- CALEB QUOT'EM**, Lord Montgomery's, bought of Lord Fitzwilliam, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Diamond; grandam, Desdemona, by Marsk, out of Young Hagg, the dam of Laburnum, Tiffany, &c.
- CANDIDATE**, Sir Joseph Mawbey's, by Guildford; dam, Miss Slamerkin, (Woodcot's dam) by Alexander; grandam by King Herod.
- CAPIAS**, Mr. C. Dundas's, by Overton; dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty, by Silvio.
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT**, Lord Egremont's, by Gohanna; dam, Colibri, (Mirror's dam) by Woodpecker; grandam, Camilla, (Catherine's dam) by Trentham; Coquette, (Driver's dam) by Mr. Compton's Barb, out of Regulus's only sister, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian.
- CARDINAL PUFF**, Mr. S. Croft's, by Cardinal; dam, Luna, (Quando, Hornpipe, and Time-keeper's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine, (own sister to Eclipse) by Marsk.
- CENTURION**, Mr. Wentworth's, by Beningbrough; dam, (own sister to Old Tax) by Highflyer, out of Plaything, by Match'em, Regulus; Mr. Hutton's Spot, Fox-Cub, &c.
- CERBERUS**, Lord Egremont's, by Gohanna; dam, (Raginer's dam) by King Herod, out of Desdemona, the grandam of Caleb Quot'em, &c.
- CHARIOT**, (Young) Sir William Gerard's, by Chariot; dam, Mary Ann, (Ashton and Barouche's dam) by Sir Peter Teazle, grandam by Young Marsk, Match'em, Tarquin, &c.
- CHARMER**, Hon. George Watson's, by Whiskey; dam, Bonny-Kate, (Rapture's dam) by Volunteer; grandam, Gossamer, by King Herod, out of Ruth, (own sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank, Regulus, &c.
- CHESNUT COLT**, Lord Lowther's, by Buzzard; dam, Spinetta, (Rumbo and Noyeau's dam) by Trumpator, out of Peggy, (own sister to Postmaster) by King Herod, Snap.—Sold to Lord Jersey.
- CLASHER**,



**CLASHER**, Sir John Shelley's, bought of Mr. Sitwell, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Hyale, (Buttercup and Clinker's dam) by Phenomenon, out of Rally, the dam of Lord Foley's Pypylina, &c.

**CLERMONT**, Lord Sackville's, own brother to Mr. Andrew's Fathom, by Trumpator, out of Young Noisette, by Conductor.

**CLEVELAND**, Lord Monson's, bought of Mr. George Hutton, by Overton; dam, Charmer, (Hugh Lupus and Saxoni's dam) by Phenomenon, Fitzhered, Young Cade, Regulus, Snake.

**COCKSPINNER**, Mr. James Eyre's, by Moorcock, out of Mulespinner, the dam of Barbarossa, &c.

**COCOLOBO**, Mr. Sitwell's, by Moorcock; dam, (St. George's) dam, and own sister to Soldier, by Eclipse.

**COMRADE**, Mr. Mellish's, by Stamford; dam, (Companion's dam) by Lurcher; grandam, (own sister to Captain Tart and Miss Cheesecake) by Phlegon, Merlin, Regulus.

**CRAMLINGTON**, Mr R. Storey's, by Pipator; dam, (bought at Mr. Bullock's sale) by Volunteer.

**CRAZY**, Duke of Hamilton's, own sister to Archibald, (which was sold to Mr. William Smalley, in 1805, and is now a Stallion in America) by Walnut; dam, Bay Javelin, (Crafty's dam) by Javelin, out of Young Flora, (own sister to Spadille) by Highflyer.

**CRICKETER**, Mr. Emden's, by Young Woodpecker; dam, (own sister to Marianna) by Mufti, out of Maria, (Surprise and Smuggler's grandam) by Telemachus.

**CURRYCOMB**, Mr. Blandford's, by Buzzard; dam, Iris, by

Brush; grandam by King Herod, Goldfinder, Regulus, Fox, &c.

**CZAR PETER**, Mr. Mellish's, own brother to Little Peter, Petrowitz, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Xenia, (Chaise-and-One's dam) by Challenger; grandam, Xantippe, (John Bull's dam, also own sister to Alexander, Poor Soldier, Don Quixote, &c.) by Eclipse, out of Grecian-Princess, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester.

**THE DEAN**, Mr. J. Lonsdale's, by Pipator; dam, Serpent, by Paymaster; grandam by Le Sang, out of Teucer's dam, by Snip, Goliath, Partner, Mr. Wilkinson's Turk.

**DECEIT**, (alias Ariadne) Mr. Jones's, by Young Eclipse; dam by Highflyer.

**DECEIVER**, Lord Stawell's, own brother to Ringtail and Pantina, by Buzzard; dam, (Thrush's dam) by Trentham, out of Cytherea, (own sister to Droege) by King Herod.

**DICK ANDREWS**, Lord Sackville's, by Joe Andrews.—See the List of Stallions in our Mag. for March, vol. xxix, page 289.

**DIDAPPER**, Mr. William Hutchinson's, by Overton; dam, Mary, (Silvio's dam) by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty, by Mr. Hutton's Silvio.

**DODONA**, Duke of Grafton's, by Waxy; dam, Drab, by Highflyer, out of Hebe, (Dare-Devil's dam) by Chrysolite.

**DOUBTFUL**, Mr. Artley's, own brother to Diogenes, by Ormond; dam, Miss Hamilton, by Highflyer; grandam, Columbine, by Eclipse, out of Joan, (own sister to Careless) by Regulus.

**DOUBTFUL**, Mr. Faulkner's, own brother to Washington, by

Constitution; dam, (Stately's dam) by Amaranthus; grandam by Silvio, out of Daphne, by Regulus.

**DREADNOUGHT**, Hon. George Watson's, by Buzzard; dam, (Desperate and Tournament's dam) by Alfred; grandam by King Herod, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.

**DRUM-MAJOR**, Sir Thomas Gascoigne's, by Delpini; dam by Weathercock; grandam, Cora, (Timothy's dam) by Match'em.--Sold to Mr. C. Wilson, and called Confederate.

**DUCAT**, Mr. J. Douglas's, by Coriander; dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Elfleda, (own sister to Columbus) by Alfred.

**ENCHANTER**, Lord Sackville's, by Potso's; dam, (Allegretta's dam) by Woodpecker, out of Camilla, the dam of Colibri, Catherine, &c.

**ENTERPRISE**, Mr. Howorth's, by John Bull; dam, Stargazer, by Highflyer, out of Miss West, the dam of Quiz, &c.

**EPSOM-LASS**, (late Orange-Girl) Mr. J. Croft's, own sister to Sir John Shelley's Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle.

**EVANDER**, Mr. Watt's, by Delpini; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon, out of Faith, the dam of Marcia, Vesta, &c.

**EUNUCH**, Mr. E. Butler's, by Pegasus, out of Pickpocket's dam.

**FATHOM**, Mr. Andrew's, own brother to Lord Sackville's Clermont, by Trumpator, out of Young Noisette, by Conductor.

**FEATHERLEGS**, Captain J. Hawke's, own brother to Zoffoys, by Moorcock; dam by Alexander, out of Kiss-my-Lady, by Highflyer.

**FLIGHTY**, Mr. R. Goodisson's,

by Traveller; dam, (own sister to Fidget, Bustler, and Eager) by Florizel; grandam by Match'em, out of Sweetbriar's sister, by Syphon.

**FORESTER**, Duke of Grafton's, by Grouse, out of Rattle, (own sister to Rally) by Trumpator.

**FORTUNA**, Mr. Brandling's, bought of Mr. Fenton; by Benningbrough; dam, Cecilia, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Termagant, the grandam of Sir Paul, Paulina, &c.

**FREDERICK**, Mr. Hurst's, by Whiskey; dam, Trull, by Precipitate, out of Newmarket's dam, by Highflyer.

**FRICASSEE**, (late The Chicken) General Grosvenor's, by Moorcock; dam by Coriander.

**FYLDENER**, Mr. Clifton's, own brother to Sir Oliver, Josephina, and Alexander the First, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, by Diomed; grandam, Ambrosia, by Woodpecker, out of Ruth, (own sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank, Regulus.

**GARLAND**, Mr. Andrew's, by Volunteer; dam, Florella, by Justice, out of Flyer, by Sweetbriar, Squirrel.

**GLORY**, Hon. C. Wyndham's, own sister to Honor, by Coriander; dam, Fairy, by Highflyer; grandam, Fairy Queen, by Young Cade, out of Mr. Routh's Blackeyes, by Crab.

**GRAFFHAM**, Lord Sackville's, by Buzzard, out of Dart and Ossian's dam, by Highflyer.

**GRATITUDE**, Mr. Wentworth Bayley's, by Shuttle; dam, (Streamer's dam) by Walnut; grandam by Ruler, Match'em, out of an own sister to Prophet, by Regulus.—Sold to Mr. Tatton Sykes.

**GRAZIER**, Duke of Hamilton's, bought

- bought of Lord Derby; by Sir Peter Teazle, out of an own sister to Aimator, by Trumpator.
- GREEN DRAGON**, Mr. Bullock's, by St. George; dam (L'Abbé's dam) by Paymaster; grandam, (Gratitude's great grandam) by Match'em.
- GREGSONIA**, Mr. Lonsdale's, by Archer; dam by Magog.—Sold to Mr. Mellish.
- GREY COLT**, Mr. Garforth's, by Hambletonian, out of Faith, the dam of Marcia, Vesta, &c.
- GUIDO**, Mr. C. Dundas's, by Pencil, dam by Justice.
- GUIDO**, Mr. Hodges's, by Transit; dam, Betty Brampton, by Spear, out of Thalia, (own sister to Euphrosyne) by Highflyer, Sweetbriar, &c.
- HAPHAZARD**, Lord Darlington's, by Sir Peter Teazle.—See List of Stallions in our Mag. for March, vol. xxix. p. 290.
- HASTY**, Duke of Hamilton's, by Walnut; dam, Brown Javelin, by Javelin, out of Young Maiden, (own sister to Walnut) by Highflyer.
- HAVE-AT-EM**, General Grosvenor's, by Hambletonian; dam (Blue-Devil and Sky-Blue's dam, also own sister to Honest John) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of an own sister to Windlestone, by Magnet.
- HAWK**, Mr. Forth's, own brother to Sprite, by Buzzard; dam, Sylph, by Saltram, out of Sting (own sister to Florizel and Bourdeaux), by King Herod.
- HEBE**, Mr. Charles Smith's, by Overton; dam (Ben Devaynes, Fair Forester, and Phlebotomist's dam) by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Maid of Ely, by Tandem, out of Harlot, by King Herod, Snap, &c.
- HEDLEY**, Mr. Mellish's, bought of Lord Egremont; own brother to Golumpas, by Gohanna; dam, Catherine, (Slipper's dam, and own sister to Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort, &c.) by Woodpecker, Camilla, by Trentham, &c.
- HEDLEY**, Mr. Wrixon's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Maria, by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, by Match'em, &c.
- HEELTAP**, Mr. Kellermann's, by Waxy; dam by Bourdeaux.
- HESSLE**, Colonel King's, by Delpini; dam by Garrick, out of Benningbrough's dam, by King Herod, &c.
- HIPPOMENES**, Mr. Fermor's, by Pegasus; dam by Flying Gib; grandam (own sister to Star) by Highflyer; Snap, out of Riddle, (own sister to Maiden, Purity, &c.) by Match'em, &c.
- HIPSWELL-LASS**, Mr. S. Duncombe's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam (Violet, Primrose, Lady Cow, and Welch-Rabbit's dam) by Drone, out of Lardella, the dam of Maidstone, Barabbas, &c.
- HONESTY**, Mr. Howorth's, by Overton; dam, Heiress, (Well-enough and Young Hopeful's dam) by Highflyer; grandam by Young Cade, Sampson, Tartar.
- HONEYSUCKLE**, Mr. Morland's, by Oscar, out of Melissa (own sister to Tuneful), by Trumpator.
- HONOR**, Hon. George Watson's, own sister to Glory, by Coriander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer.
- HOUGHTON-LASS**, Sir John Shelley's, own sister to Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Alexina, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, (the dam of Maidstone, Barabbas, &c.) by Young Marsk.
- JASPER**, Sir John Shelley's, bought of Lord Grosvenor, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Celia, (Gauntlet's dam) by Volunteer; grandam

- grandam by Highflyer; out of Giantess, by Match'em, &c.
- JERBOA**, Mr. Mellish's, bought of Lord Egremont; by Gohanna, out of Camilla, the dam of Colibri, Catherine, &c.
- INTEGRITY**, Mr. Nalton's, brother to Truth, by Totteridge; dam by Falcon; grandam (Paynator, Chippenham, and Miss Fury's dam) by Marc Antony, out of Signora, by Snap.
- JOAN OF ARC**, Mr. Goodall's, by Hambletonian; dam, called the Duke of Norfolk's Roan Mare, by Phlegon; grandam, Myrtilia, by Marsk, out of Mr. C. Blake's Grey Cade Mare.
- JOSEPHINA**, Mr. Clifton's, own sister to Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed.
- IRONSIDES**, Captain Weir's, by Young Pumpkin; dam by Bourdeaux.
- JUMPER**, Lord Stawell's, by Worth; dam, Patience, by King Herod, out of Promise, by Snap.
- JUNIUS**, Mr. R. Jones's, by Buzzard; dam (Virgin's dam) by Potso's, out of Editha, by King Herod, &c.
- KNEE-BUCKLE**, Lord Foley's, by Zachariah; dam by Fortitude, out of Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel.—Sold to Mr. Beechey.
- KNIGHT-ERRANT**, Lord Grosvenor's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Peggy Bull, (own sister to John Bull) by Fortitude, out of Xantippe, by Eclipse.
- LADY BIRD** (late Eliza), Mr. Fisher's, own sister to Cockspinner, by Moorcock.
- LADY MARY**, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, bought of Lord Belhaven; by Beningsbrough; dam (Sunderland and Patrocles' dam) by Highflyer; grandam by Marsk.
- LADY SARAH**, Mr. Wilson's, own sister to Bostard, by Buzzard.—Sold to Mr. Emden, and called Patience.
- LANGTON**, Mr. Howorth's, by Precipitate; dam (Alonzo's dam, and own sister to Escape) by Highflyer; grandam by Squirrel, out of an own sister to Sir James Lowther's Babram, by Babram.
- LATITAT**, Mr. Emden's, by Waxy; dam (own sister to Magic) by Volunteer, out of Marcella, the grandam of Pavilion, &c.
- LAVINIA**, Mr. Birchall's, by Pipator; dam (Dick Andrews's dam) by Highflyer; grandam by Cardinal Puff, Tatler, Snip, &c.
- LAURA**, Mr. Cave Browne's, by Pegasus; dam, Orange-Squeezer, (Allegranti, Farmer, and Ploughboy's dam) by Highflyer, out of Mopsqueezer, by Match'em, &c.
- LAURA**, Mr. Kirby's, by Traveler; dam, Yarico, (Lismahago's dam) by King Fergus, out of Atalanta, the grandam of Marcia, Vesta, &c.
- LEICESTERSHIRE-LASS**, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's, by Young Imperator; dam by Alexander.
- LEMON-PEEL**, Sir Thomas Gascoigne's, by Precipitate; dam, Golden Locks, (own sister to Lenox, &c.) by Delpini, out of Violet, by Shark, &c.
- LEVIATHAN**, (late Voter) Mr. C. Burgh's, by Pegasus, out of Gawkey, by Highflyer.
- LITTLE PEGGY**, Hon. G. Herbert's, by Buzzard; dam by Tandem; grandam by Eclipse, out of Abigail (own sister to Calash), by King Herod, Teresa, by Match'em, &c.
- LITTLE PETER**, Lord Foley's, own

own brother to Czar Peter, Peterowitz, &c.—Sold to Mr. Hunter, of Dublin.

**LITTLE SALLY**, Mr. C. Wilson's, by Buzzard, out of Totterella, the dam of Pavilion, &c.

**LISMAHAGO**, Mr. Tate's, by Asia, out of Yarrow, the dam of Mr. Kirby's Laura, &c.

**LORD MAYOR**, Mr. W. Lake's, by Gouty; dam by Precipitate, out of Active, by Woodpecker, &c.

**LUCK'S-ALL**, Mr. Mellish's, own brother to Hit-or-Miss, by Stamford; dam, Marchioness, by Archer; grandam, Miss Cogden, (Stourton, Carmarthen, and Miss Welham's dam) by Phenomenon, out of Baron Nile's dam, by Young Marsk, &c.

**LYDIA**, Sir Charles Bunbury's, own sister to Eleanor, Julia, Leonardo, &c. by Whiskey; dam, Young Giantess, (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed; grandam, Giantess, by Match'em, out of Molly Longlegs, by Babram.

**LYNCEUS**, Mr. W. Lake's, by Buzzard; dam, Rose, by Sweetbriar, out of Jemima, (Mule-spinner's dam, own sister to Mexico) by Snap, &c.

*To be continued.*

## ANTIENT DIVERTISEMENTS

AT

KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE.

IN 1572, in her progress to Warwick, we find Queen Elizabeth paying a short visit here to her favourite; but her capital visit was in 1575, on which Leicester exerted his whole magnificence, in a manner so splendid, says Bishop

Hurd (Dialogues Moral and Political, p. 128), as to claim a remembrance even in the annals of our country. Accounts of it were given at the time in two very scarce and curious tracts, which have been reprinted in "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses;" one by Laneham, and the other by George Gascoigne: the latter entitled, "The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle."

At the Queen's first entrance, which appears to have been by what is called the Gallery Tower, a floating island was disclosed upon the pool, glittering with torches, on which sat the Lady of the Lake, attended by two nymphs, who addressed her Majesty in verse with an historical account of the antiquity and owners of the castle; and the speech was closed with the sound of cornets, and other instruments of loud music.

Within the base-court was erected a stately bridge, twenty feet wide and seventy long, over which the Queen was to pass; and on each side stood columns, with presents upon them to her Majesty, from the gods. Silvanus offered a cage of wild-fowl, and Pomona divers sorts of fruits; Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine; Neptune presented sea-fish; Mars the habiliments of war; and Phæbus all kinds of musical instruments.

During the rest of her stay, a variety of sports and shows were daily exhibited. In the chase was a savage man with satyrs; there were bear-baitings and fire-works, Italian tumblers, and a country bride-ale, running at the quintin, and morrice-dancing. And, that no sort of diversion might be omitted, hither came the Coventry men, and acted the ancient play, so long used in their city, called Hocks-Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes

Dances in the reign of King Edward; which proved so agreeable to her Majesty, that she ordered them a brace of bucks, and five marks in money to defray the charges of the feast.

There were besides, on the pool, a Triton on a mermaid, eighteen feet long, and Arion upon a dolphin.

To grace the entertainment, the Queen here knighted Sir Thomas Cecil, eldest son to the Lord Treasurer; Sir Henry Cobham, brother to the Lord Cobham; Sir Francis Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Tresham. An estimate may be formed of the expence from the quantity of ordinary beer that was drank on the occasion, amounting to 320 hogsheads. [See the Life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, 1727, p. 92, Dugd. Warw. &c.]—The Queen staid here nineteen days; during which time, besides the expences of the recreations, the castle appears to have been still further furnished with artillery and ammunition from some of the royal arsenals. The former, it is particularly said by Strype, was never carried back. Here also Elizabeth touched nine persons for the evil. The verses, plays, and pageants, were devised by the most ingenious writers of the time.

It was in particular allusion to the scenes here depicted, that Mr. Warton, in describing the great features in the poetry of the age, observes, that "the books of antiquity being familiarised to the great, every thing was tinctured with ancient history and mythology. The heathen gods, although discountenanced by the Calvinists, on a suspicion of their tending to cherish and revive a spirit of idolatry, came into general vogue. When the Queen paraded through a coun-

try town, almost every peasant was a pantheon. When she paid a visit to any of her nobility, at entering the hall she was saluted by the Penates, and conducted to her privy chamber by Mercury. Even the pastry cooks were expert mythologists. —At dinner, select transformations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were exhibited in confectionary; and the splendid icing of an immense historic plum-cake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood-nymphs, who peeped from every bowyer; and the footmen gambled over the lawns in the figure of satyrs. —I speak it, (says Mr. Warton,) without designing to insinuate any unfavourable suspicions, but it seems difficult to say why Elizabeth's virginity should have been made the theme of perpetual and excessive panegyric; nor does it immediately appear, that there is less merit or glory in a married than a maiden queen. Yet the next morning, after sleeping in a room hung with the tapestry of the voyage of Eneas, when her majesty hunted in the park, she was met by Diana, who, pronouncing our royal prude to be the brightest paragon of unspotted chastity, invited her to groves free from the intrusions of Acteon."

Lord Leicester continued to make Kenilworth an occasional residence till his death; when, by an inventory taken the 14th day of November, 1588, his goods and chattels in the castle amounted to 2684*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* Having no issue by his wife, he bequeathed the castle to his brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and in reversion to Sir Robert Dudley,

ley, who was by some thought to have been his legitimate son. Sir Robert Dudley, offending King James by not returning from his travels when summoned, his possessions at Kenilworth were seized, by virtue of the statute of fugitives, to the King's use.

In the survey which was made on the occasion, the walls of the castle are represented to have been 15 feet in thickness; the park-ground to contain 789 acres, and the pool to cover 111. The circuit of the castle, manors, parks, and chase, is rated at from 19 to 20 miles; and the value of the whole at £.88,554. 15s.

Not long after this, the agents of Prince Henry agreed to give Sir Robert 14,500*l.* for his right in the castle and its appendages. Of this, 3000*l.* alone were paid—but into the hand of a merchant, who broke, so that no money ever reached Sir Robert Dudley.

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### OF THE BAYA, OR INDIAN CROSS-BEAK.

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BY ATHAR ALI KHAN, OF DELHI.

*From the second Volume of the Asiatic  
Researches.*

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**T**HIS extraordinary little bird, called Baya in Hindu, Berbera in Sanscrit, Babui in the dialect of Bengal, Cibu in Persian, and Tena-wit in Arabic, from his remarkably pendant nest, is rather larger than a sparrow, with yellow-brown plumage, a yellowish head and feet, a light-coloured breast, and a conic beak very thick in proportion to his body. This bird is exceedingly common in Hindustan: he is as-

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tonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young were hatched, but not averse, like many other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master.

In a state of nature, he generally builds his nest on the highest tree that he can find, especially on the palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet; he makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a large bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downwards to secure it from birds of prey. His nest usually consists of two or three chambers; and it is the popular belief that he lights them with fire-flies, which he catches alive at night and confines with moist clay, or with cow-dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but, as their light could be of little service to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing, that his master points out to him: it is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that, if a house or any other place be shewn to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a proper signal being made. One instance of its docility I can myself mention with confidence, having often been an eye witness of it: the young Hindu women at Benares, and in

K other

other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called ticas, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye-brows; and, when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training Bayas, to give them a sign which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to the lovers.

The Baya feeds naturally on grasshoppers and other insects, but will subsist, when tame, on pulse macerated in water. His flesh is warm and drying, of easy digestion, and recommended in medical books as a solvent of stone in the bladder or kidneys; but of that virtue there is no sufficient proof. The female lays many beautiful eggs, resembling large pearls; the white of them, when they are boiled, is transparent, and the flavour of them is exquisitely delicate. When many Bayas are assembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than singing; their want of musical talents is, however, amply supplied by their wonderful sagacity, in which they are not excelled by any feathered inhabitants of the forest.

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### THE WILD WHITE MAN OF JAMAICA.

To the Editors of the *Royal Jamaica Gazette*.

GENTLEMEN,

I Request you will have the goodness to insert the following extraordinary occurrence: it may possibly lead to some important disco-

very. With great respect, I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,  
W. W.

*Greenwich-park, St. Ann's,  
Jan. 22.*

A few days ago, it was mentioned to me, in the shape of complaint, that there was a wild white man resident in the woods of this property, who had interrupted the negroes in working their provision-grounds, &c. Upon enquiry, I found his residence in the woods had not been a secret; but some late outrages which he committed, prompted the sufferers to complain. It appeared that he occasionally molested the women, but always ran from the men.

Upon this information, I sent out a party, with a guide, who knew his haunts. The party divided, with a view to surround his hut; and, in the deepest recesses of the woods, they saw him sitting on the point of a rock; he fled, but, after a short pursuit, was overtaken, and brought hither. He was naked, save the scanty remains of a doublet; his beard had attained the utmost point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his skin was discoloured with filth; and, altogether, he exhibited the most humiliating object that monkish debasement could furnish.

When first taken, he affected dumbness, but afterwards I obtained from him the following particulars:—His name is Charles Martin, is an Italian, born at Florence; thinks he has been two or three years in the woods; he entered them at Port Maria, thirty miles distant from this place; in that time never saw a white face or human habitation; had enjoyed perfect



perfect health. When he was asked, why he had abandoned society? he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his hands, as if in the act of adoration. When a cordial was given to him, he was cautioned not to drink much, as excess would kill him; he replied, "death to me is welcome." He was clothed, fed, and encouraged, and the writer of this retired to recommend him as a fit object for the hospital. In a minute afterwards, he was told the wild man had escaped. It seems he had watched for an opportunity of being unobserved, when he seized his victuals, and ran with amazing celerity towards the woods. The dogs were alarmed, and pursued him; as they approached, he threw down pieces of meat to stay them. When he found his efforts to escape unavailing, he stopped suddenly, and ran to his pursuers. When he was expostulated with on his want of confidence, after the kind treatment he had met with, he shook his head, sighed deeply, and said, "man is my enemy; I am afraid!" His intellects appear to be sound, although he speaks with great reluctance; he is well made, has blue eyes, and is in stature about five feet eight inches.

His hut is fashioned much like an Indian wigwam, and he has contrived a subterraneous kitchen, with great ingenuity; his habitation was surrounded with springs to catch birds, one of which he had prepared for his breakfast. He had displayed talents in fabricating divers sorts of baskets; but what is strange, no iron, nor even a knife, was found in his possession.

*(From the same.)*

GENTLEMEN—Perhaps the following additional particulars of Charles Martin, the wild white

man, mentioned in your paper of the 1st instant, may be interesting to some of your readers.

When retaken, as stated in the former communication, he was sent to the hospital, where he occupied a room, was kindly treated, and indulged with an extra allowance of food; but his habits are so incorrigibly savage, that what civilised man considers comfort, is to him intolerable inspidity. On the night of the 2d instant, he made his escape through a small aperture in the wall of the room in which he was confined: he left not a vestige by which to trace his flight. A fortnight afterwards he was found by accident, in the centre of a cane piece, about half a mile from the Hospital, surrounded with cane trash, the refuse of his subsistence. He had divested himself of the incumbrance of dress, and had, for fourteen days, been exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which is here peculiarly severe at this season of the year: his appearance was squalid and emaciated; and although a nudity, he appeared before numbers of people unabashed; and with an unblushing composure of countenance, which evinces that the sense of shame in him is entirely abolished. He was re-conducted to his old quarters, and asked in what manner he lived? he answered, that he had never moved more than a few yards from the spot he first occupied; that he ate two canes daily; that he slept well, although unsheltered, and nightly exposed to "the peltings of the pitiless storm;" and that he felt himself happy, because he was safe. The writer of this account asked him, were he permitted his liberty, whether he would abide in the court of the Hospital? he said he would make no promise. When

he was questioned, why he had deserted the comforts of society to submit to the privations of a savage and solitary life? he eagerly replied, that the very sight of mankind gave him pain. He persists, that his name is Charles Martin; that he was born at Nice, in Piedmont (not at Florence, as before stated); that he was educated at Caen, in Normandy; that of the former place his father is a wine-merchant; and that himself kept a store at Port-au-Prince, in St. Domingo, some years ago. He writes a legible hand, and speaks Norman French with great fluency. His understanding on general subjects is unimpaired; but he is possessed of a notion that he is reserved for some ignominious death; and neither the encouragement nor the kindness he has received, have been able to eradicate this impression, which seems to be indelible.

I understand the former account of this miserable self-devoted outcast was treated by some as fabulous; if there be still sceptics, they may have their doubts removed, by application to, Gentlemen, your humble servant,  
WM. WATSON.

*St. Ann's Bay,  
February 26, 1805.*

P. S. On re-examining the hut, his former habitation in the woods, around it were growing thirteen Alicada Pear Plants; from the size of the largest it was inferred, that his residence there must have exceeded two years. He appears to have forgotten the lapse of time.

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### A NEW MILITARY GAME.

A Scheme or contrivance has lately been invented by that well-known and ingenious artist, John

Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. (to whom the public are indebted for a valuable publication on "Marine Architecture," and for that useful work, the "Biographia Navalis") for the purpose of combining amusement with military improvement.

The rules and principles of the game (for such it is) are founded on the opinions and actual practice of the best informed officers, as well as of the best writers on military science. It is intended to disseminate, as widely as possible, the elements of military operations in every varied branch. It possesses the power of accommodating itself to the narrowed information possessed by a young Subaltern in the army, or extending itself so as to contribute to the amusement, and perhaps improvement, of the General, whose professional knowledge and extensive abilities shall have qualified him to assume the command of an army capable of deciding the fate of nations.

The publication, which may soon be expected, will comprise the military map of a country, neatly engraved, size 19 inches by 24; a neat mahogany box, containing upwards of 100 small figures, bearing different denominations, from which are formed the two corps or armies, according to the value given to the different pieces by agreement between the players, and which are to be manœuvred on the map according to the established rules and principles of the game.

With the above will be given an octavo volume, containing the rules and regulations of the game, familiarly explained: to which will be added, for the better information of the younger part of the army—First, a few geometrical problems,  
essentially

essentially necessary, to the art of reconnoitring, or posting a body of men in any given direction; together with a table, drawn from actual practice and experience, of the time required to execute such purposes.—Secondly, a short explanation of the different purposes to which the nineteen (commonly called Dundas's) manœuvres, are applicable; their several uses; and also a table, drawn from actual experience, of the time necessary to perform each.—Thirdly, tables, shewing the time required to march through a given space, under every different case that careful reflexion can suggest; as for instance, through a woody, inclosed, open, level, or mountainous country; of the time necessary to pass a morass, river, forest, wood, or defile; of the time required to throw up temporary and field works, for the better protection of a vulnerable part, or for the annoyance of an antagonist; of the difference between a common and a forced march, and also between that of the *élite* and main body of the army: the march of the artillery, heavy and light, the baggage and camp-equipage of every description. In few words, as the principles and regulations of the game rest entirely on the time required to perform every operation, no care nor pains have been spared to procure every possible accurate information on this subject.

Those who imagine the functions of a good officer confined to the mechanical operation of drilling a battalion, or taking the most especial care that the operations of a parade or field-day shall be elegantly performed, are most grievously mistaken. It certainly is not assuming too much to say, that more study and abilities are requisite to

the formation of an officer, properly qualified to be entrusted with the interest of his country in the hour of danger, than can be found in the whole concentrated knowledge and abilities of Westminster Hall, in a complete philosopher, or an able statesman. The smallest point, therefore, that shall tend to the furtherance and acquisition of this knowledge, must, even by the most uncandid, be deemed a grand desideratum. Under this confidence, the foregoing invention is humbly submitted to the opinion of the army in general, with less apprehension than it otherwise probably would have been.

Your's,

A VOLUNTEER.

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## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

### BENGAL SPOTTED DEER.

**THE** Bengal Spotted Deer were, perhaps, first brought from thence in the year 1742, by the late Captain Gough, though since imported by others.

This beautiful breed mixing with the fallow and other deer, has since occasioned that great and elegant variety now to be seen in the different parks of this kingdom, and in none more remarkable than in the Earl of Clarendon's, at the Grove, Herts. It has been often remarked, by a curious observer of these animals, that in his memory, and previous to the introduction of this oriental kind, it was rare to see, in any of our parks, other than the common fallow and the blackish brown deer.

FEAST

## FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &amp;c.

A Quidnunc once making a vehemently political speech, frequently, in the course of it, spoke of his forefathers, and their noble deeds. "Four Fathers!" exclaimed an Irishman standing by;—"faith, but it is extremely fortunate for the gentleman that he has so many fathers to talk about; for my own part, I had but *one*, and he was an honest potatoe merchant in the county of Connaught."

MUNDEN, complaining to a theatrical friend of the recent loss of his purse from his dressing-room, his friend began to soliloquise from Shakspeare—

"He who steals my purse, steals trash;  
"Tis something, nothing"—

"Nothing! Sir," interrupted Munden; "by G—but mine had ten pounds in it."

A GENTLEMAN, at the first performance of a new after-piece, taken from the almost exhausted storehouse of Mother Bunch's Tales, remarked, to a person near him, that it was astonishing any one could be found foolish enough to applaud such ridiculous stuff.—  
"Why," replied the other, "it certainly is apparently astonishing; but you should consider, Sir, all those who clap their hands most probably had orders so to do."

A NEWSPAPER Editor, in describing a late Procession, says, that "there were *nine* horsemen, *two* and *two*." How the odd man was disposed of in this arrangement, does not appear.

RULES of a Country Club.—  
Rules to be observed by the *Marble Club*, held monthly, at the sign of the World's End, Leatherhead, Surrey:—

1st Rule.—That there shall be no more members admitted into the room than it can hold!

2d.—Resolved, that this amicable Society shall have two anniversary dinners every year.

3d.—Resolved, if any member has more sense than another, he is to be kicked out of company.

4th.—Resolved, that any man who cannot tell his right hand from his left, after being asked three times, shall be denied the honours and privileges of this society.

5th.—Resolved, that no member of this society shall presume to eat garlick, unless it can be proved that he likes it better than any other vegetable.

6th.—Resolved, that no member shall marry until he comes to the years of discretion; and as that is a desperate hope, it is recommended to all to live bachelors.

7th.—Resolved, if any curate, being a member, builds a church out of his private pay, he is to be branded as the outcast of policy, and sent handcuffed to his diocesan.

8th.—Resolved, that every man who is more ugly than his neighbour, shall pay a fine of three-pence, to be expended in tobacco, unless his wife swears that he is a better man than he appears to be.

9th.—Resolved, that every member who has two ideas, shall be obliged to give one to his neighbour.

To

To set off an equestrian for Hyde Park, he must now be provided with a poney hogged and cropped; thus mounted, and accoutred with a pair of spurs twelve inches long, he is the thing, and all Rotten Row will proclaim his celebrity.

A MARGATE Advertisement, by an Ass-lender, whose donkies are alternately employed by Ladies and Smugglers:—

"Asses here to be let for all purposes right,  
To bear *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night."

#### A SHORT STORY.

I Heard a Judge his tipstaff call,  
And say, "Sir, I desire  
You go forthwith and search the hall,  
And send me in my *crier*."  
"And search, my Lord, in vain, I may,"  
The tipstaff gravely said;  
"The *crier* cannot *cry* to day,  
Because his wife is dead!"

A DEALER in tea and sugar being lately accused of an assault, the Magistrate, who is a bit of a punster, observed, that though he had seldom heard of a grosser offence than the present case, still he saw many reasons to recommend that severe advantage should not be taken of the *lump*.

THE Manager of a Provincial Theatre lately addressed the following letter to a friend:—

"Dear Will—I hear that a Young *Roscus* has just sprung up in your neighbourhood—I wish you would *inclose* him by next post."

A COUPLE were united in hymeneal bands lately, at Grantham, who had each but one leg. This

sort of infirmity happily does not affect the *legality* of the ceremony. The *timbertoe*d pair limped home in quick glee, and enjoyed the pleasures of a merry *hop* in the eve.

ONE Phillips died, a short time since, at Wells, while ringing a peal in the belfry. Little dreamt he it was his own *knell*.

A CORRESPONDENT observes, that as Bonaparte has put the *Jews* in a state of requisition for the army, the honest part of the community in this country will have no objection to the *host of Pharo* being sent from the city to the seat of war.

THERE is in the west of the county of Cork, a clergyman, who has been pastor of the parish in which he resides for the last thirty-five years, during which period he has seen *six* Bishops fill the Diocesan Chair; *four* Rectors presented to the living; the Church *fallen into ruins*; and his entire original congregation in their graves, one excepted!

AN old Irish beggar-man, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by this question—"How many years have you been dumb?" To which he answered, "Five years, last St. John's Eve, please your honour."

A PUBLICAN, who was examined respecting the late Westminster Election, was asked, whether a Committee sat at his house? The man answered, with great *naïveté*, "that there was one man who attended daily for several hours; but whether his name was *Committee* or not, he could not tell."

A PRO-

A PROVINCIAL Paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. Goose to a Miss Flock. The *gendering* gossips predict from this union a plentiful supply of *goslings*.

The following singular pharmacopœan bill was delivered the other day to the executors of a gentleman lately deceased, at a small town in the neighbourhood of Eutopia:—

A great number of jour-  
nics .....  
A great quantity of me-  
dicine .....  
A great quantity of musk,  
which cost me some  
pounds .....  
Performing the operation,  
and dressing the wound  
daily .....  
Money due upon a for-  
mer account .....  
The whole of my time,  
day and night, occu-  
pied in personal attend-  
ance upon Mr. H. in  
the beginning of his ill-  
ness, causing great fa-  
tigue both in body and  
mind, and also causing  
the entire neglect of  
all my other business  
Making together the  
small sum of £.29 15 0

A PUNSTER hearing that Sheriff Miles had lately received the honour of Knighthood, observed; that it was natural to expect *long days* at this time of the year; but that to make a *night of Miles* was an extension quite out of season.

THE historical mistakes of painters are often extremely ridiculous. In his account of the collection of pictures at the Castle of Ambras, in the Tyrol, Keyser has noticed several of these:—In the adoration

of the Wise Men of the East, by Holwein, the babe Jesus has a rosary in his hand; and about the necks of the three Kings hang the splendid insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece. In another picture, which represents Christ breaking bread at Emmaus, two disciples are habited as pilgrims, and one of them has a chaplet; the Imperial arms of the spread eagles are displayed on the hangings of the room; the bread on the table is as thick as a common household loaf; the drinking vessels are glass chalices; and the waiter has a hat and feather. This last was done by Titian.—The same author relates the following whimsical instance of superstition, which occurred as late as the middle of the eighteenth century:—It is customary for pilgrims who visit the holy sepulchre, to have figures of several kinds as it were *etched* on their skin with a needle; and the parts being afterwards rubbed over with gunpowder, the marks become indelible. Professor Erneman, of Upsal, asserts, that he saw a zealous papist who had the images of all the twelve apostles scratched on his body, and among them the traitor Judas on his posteriors; but the many lacerations occasioned such a fever, that his ridiculous devotion had well nigh cost him his life.

AN Elegy upon a Lady, who had been twice married, and left thirteen children, in an Irish Paper, begins thus—"Adieu, sweet Maid."

AMONG all the *Patents* that have been granted in this or any other country, nothing goes beyond a sign-board in the neighbourhood of London, where an ingenious gardener designates himself a dealer in *Patent vegetables*.

ERITARD

**EPITAPH** on the Clerk of a Lottery Office, who was celebrated for his arithmetical knowledge and accurate information respecting the funds, lotteries, finance, &c.

**In Memory of.**

A faithful Servant of a kind and benevolent Master.

Placed in a humble station,  
He *Added* the strictest sobriety to  
inflexible honesty,  
Allowing no *Subtraction* from his vigilance  
and care,  
But *Dividing* with his master all his  
anxious thoughts,  
Although he thereby *Multiplied* his own.  
He always made his own *Sum*  
a *Stock* of intelligence,  
A *Fund* of information, to others.  
He *Consolidated* his mind by fortitude,  
And *Reduced* every calamity by patience.  
Whether things were better or worse,  
he constantly looked upwards;  
And with that serenity which marked  
him truly wise,  
He was not to be raised by a *Fraction*, nor  
depressed with a shade.  
As it was his master's *Interest*, so he  
made it his *Account*  
To satisfy all, and to render to every one  
his due.  
Though surrounded by the advocates  
of *Chance*,  
He never despised the dispensations of  
*Providence*,  
Valuing the hits of *Fortune* as unexpected  
*Prizes*.  
No *Blank* would he ever suffer in  
his mind,  
But was ever full of gladdening hope  
and cheerful expectation  
That he should, on the great *Settling Day*,  
Either *First* or *Last*, be *Drawn* from  
the grave,  
To receive the reward of a good and faithful  
servant.

A NOBLE Prussian Lady, in the habit of giving a portion of 4l. to poor females in her neighbourhood, as an encouragement to their getting husbands, was, waited on one morning, by a good-looking girl, accompanied by her intended husband, an ugly, little, deformed dwarf. The lady expressed her

astonishment at her not having got a better spouse.—“ Lord, Madam, (said the girl) what can a body expect for *twenty dollars*?”

THE Naked Truth, a political Anecdote.—However our young ladies may have been censured for the exposure of their charms, a very slight glance at the female portraits by Rubens and Vandyke; the “*sleepy-eyed*” beauties of Lely, in the gallery at Hampton Court; or the brilliant Churchills, and their satellites, that formed the gallery of the Kit Cat—will shew us, that the ladies who adorned the latter period of the seventeenth century, were, at least, *equally liberal*. It is not, however, meant to quote the whole of those fair ones as examples. The great grandmothers and grandmothers of the present race of *Eveites*, come nearer to the point of time to which we mean to direct our speculation; and those, we learn from the suggestions of the Spectator and other periodical papers, had it once in contemplation to annihilate our linen and silk manufactories, by the discovery of the NAKED TRUTH, or, in other words, totally denuding.

The Naked Truth then became a popular phrase, applicable to many *treating* ladies, but which, at length, seems to have been fixed upon one in particular, that was much more famous for her beauty than for her virtue, who is said to have carried this liberal fashion with respect to her *upper works*, almost as far as it could be carried, and who, by this mode of *half-dress*, obtained the exclusive right to the appellation of the NAKED TRUTH.

This lady was, one evening, in an upper box at one of the theatres, when, toward the middle of the play,

L

play,

play, a statesman, equally elegant and eminent, came in from dinner, and, perhaps, what the moderns call a *little flustered*.

The attractions of the Naked Truth seemed to him irresistible; and, consequently, after some short conversation, the lady could not bear the heat of the house, and the gallant was unquestionably bound to hand her to her carriage.

This circumstance, somehow or other, got to the ears of Sir Robert Walpole, who hinted to the gentleman his knowledge of it in the following manner:—

In a debate upon some estimates, the statesman alluded to, who was in opposition, attacked the Minister, with equal asperity and eloquence, upon the prodigality of the expenditure, and levelled his ridicule at the accounts, which, he endeavoured to shew, were in numerous instances incorrect. He therefore moved for a Committee to inspect those garbled documents: "before a Committee," said he, "the *whole truth* must be discovered."

At this unfortunate moment the Minister rose, and observed, that the discovery of *truth* was always desirable, either in the Parliament or in any other house; and as he thought that the business could not be in better hands than those of the honourable gentleman, he should only request a small verbal amendment to the motion; namely, that instead of the *whole truth*, the discovery might include the NAKED TRUTH.

It is a fact, that a first-rate comic actor lately made a raffle for one of his benefit *Pit Tickets* at a public house at Kentish Town, at 6d. each person, limiting the number to eight. He got seven sub-

scriptions, and taking the *eightth* himself, the raffle commenced.— Fortune favoured the actor, and he won the ticket himself; upon which he put the ticket and 3s. 6d. in his pocket, promising the *bumkins* another raffle on the following night.

—  
An artist advertises, in a Provincial Paper, that "he teaches *French* and *fencing* after the true Parisian accent."

—  
BY consumption, brought on thro' irregular life,  
To the grave Jack draws near, that suppressor of strife;  
But, stung by his conscience, no comfort can find,  
At last thinks a priest will give ease to his mind.  
Old Gravity comes; gives a shrug and a nod;  
Makes a pray'r, and concludes with this adage, not odd,  
"*Flesh and blood* cannot enter the kingdom of God."  
"Thank you, Doctor," cries Jack, "you may leave me alone;  
Heaven's mercy be prais'd, I am but *skin and bone*."

—  
A CERTAIN composer at Vienna, named Bohdomowitsch, has lately announced the execution of a great musical piece, under the title of *Klopstock's Battle of Hermann*.— This production, according to the advertisement, must be truly prodigious. Several thousands of persons will be required for its representation, and the Theatre is to be an open country, with woods, meadows, &c. The most curious part, however, will consist in an interlude from modern times, in which a great number of cannon and small arms will form the base.

—  
A NEW Yorkshire Bite upon Suffolk Cheese.—A short time since, a person, who said he had been



been wrecked off the Yorkshire coast, went to the Three Kings Inn, Fornham, Suffolk, where, having remained near a fortnight, and living very profusely, he found no difficulty in getting the landlord to recommend him to a good and expeditious tailor; and in consequence application was made to Mr. Pettitt, of Westgate-street, Bury, who completed the order to the perfect satisfaction of his employer, and the latter requested his bill for the same, which was promptly produced; but after pretending to retire to his bed-room to fetch the money, he carefully slipped out at the back door, and with his new clothes, together with a great coat (left by some person in the care of the hostess), he took his leave of that part of the country, leaving the tailor his old clothes, and the landlord no more remuneration for his entertainment than the consolation of having to make good the loss of the great coat, valued at two guineas! During his stay he had written many letters, and in one of them inclosed a draft for money, which was purposely exposed, in order to deceive "mine host."

**THE Black Ewe; a true Tale.**—Some time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the road-side, preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect:—"Well, Shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and, I dare say, have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy." "Why, Sir," re-

plied the Shepherd, "'tis true I have not troubles like your's; and I could do well enough was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder, amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill, or sell her; but he won't, though she is the plague of my life; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to get my dinner, but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her; so that I have many a weary step after them. There! you see she's off, and they are all after her!" "Ah, friend!" said the gentleman to the shepherd before he started, "I see every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him, as well as I!"—The reader can make the application.

**A TALKING Dog.**—In the History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, there is the following relation of a talking dog, near Zeitz, in Misnia:—"It is a countryman's dog, of a very common shape, and of a moderate size. A young child heard it utter some sounds which he thought resembled some German words, and upon this took it into his head to teach it to speak. The master, who had nothing better to do, spared no time nor pains, and luckily the pupil had such dispositions as it would be difficult to find in any other. At length, after some years, the dog could pronounce about thirty words; of this number are, *tea, coffee, chocolate, assembly*, words that are current in all modern languages. It is to be observed, that the dog was three years old when he was put to school. He talks only by echo, that is, after his master has pronounced a word; and he seems to pronounce it by constraint, and

against his inclination, although not beaten."

#### A PAIR OF IMPROMPTUS.

—AN acting Author, fame has said,  
Is now completely undone ;  
His feeble offspring all are dead—  
They've had their "*Day in London.*"

IF blossoms blow in early Spring,  
In spite of Nature's cold complexion,  
They die beneath the season's sting—  
The *Cherry* cannot reach perfection.

MR. SHERIDAN, when upon the hustings, at the Westminster Election, was vociferously assailed by a man, who charged Mr. S. with having injured him, and added, that he had injured many of his neighbours likewise. "Well, my friend," replied Mr. Sheridan, "if that be the case, you certainly have no right to complain, as you have had neighbour's fare!"

A CERTAIN dashing Beau, well known as a general contractor for loans, was making application to a gentleman, named *Fife*, for a contract. The gentleman, celebrated for his immense wealth and close-fistedness, replied:—"Sir, you may attempt to *play* on me, but not a *Note* shall you draw forth."

THE Onslow Ghost.—The Welsh-pool postman to Shrewsbury, who travels over Onslow-hill in "the dead waist and middle of the night," has for some time past related, that a goblin makes its appearance,

"In shapes so horrid, that it might  
"E'en put the Devil himself to flight."

Sometimes it appears like a ball of fire, and perching upon the back of the horse, rides behind the man to a considerable distance, who devoutly believes he has got Old Nick at his elbow. The turnpike-keep-

ers and cottagers in the neighbourhood of course attest the truth of the story, and even affix some few additional embellishments of terror. But what is really surprising, many respectable individuals have so far countenanced the idle tale, as to visit the spot, in order to find out whether it be a "spirit of health or goblin damn'd." His *ghostship*, however, has not condescended to satisfy such impertinent curiosity, and they have been compelled to return to their pilgrimage, through the mire, at midnight, smiling at each other's credulity. It is said, that the terror excited is so general, that servants and others refuse to travel the road towards evening.

MUSICAL Phenomenon.—A gentleman of musical science and taste, upon whose veracity the utmost reliance can be placed, has furnished the following very curious particulars of a circumstance, to which he himself, as well as many people of the highest respectability, have at various times been a witness:—

"It is no less singular than true, that a gentleman of fortune in the West of England can actually sing a duet; and, what is truly astonishing, he can reverse an octave, ascending in one *clef*, and descending in another, at the same moment. He sings the treble and bass of Stevens's beautiful glee of *Sigh no more Ladies*, in a very correct manner; it must be observed, that he does not articulate the words; but at one and the same time produces two distinct sounds, which he can vary at pleasure, and which resemble an oboe and a bassoon."

This gentleman can give no explanation of the manner by which he produces two distinct sounds; it was by accident he discovered that he possessed so singular a faculty.

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

it is different from ventriloquism, and he thinks cannot be attained by imitation, or any artificial management of the organs of speech.

AT Beerhaven, lately died, at the age of 111, Mr. O'Sullivan.—It is added, that he is much lamented by 216 nephews and nieces. If this family be not of high rank or remarkable opulence, they are certainly distinguished for their good breeding!

A DUBLIN Paper says—"In order to reach the right road to some Boroughs, it is necessary the Irish Candidates should pass through Golden-square, and the English ones through Bond-street."

THE Steward of Wicklow Races, in his Advertisement, states, that "all horses are to qualify by affidavit; that the winning horse is to pay one guinea for scales and straw; and that no scrub will be allowed to qualify."

CALEB Quot'em eclipsed.—There is a resident in a sea-port, in South Wales, who "deserves well of his country," inasmuch as he actually performs the various duties of the following thirteen offices, with great regularity, and to the satisfaction of all who have occasion to transact business with him. *Imprimis*, he is clerk to the Collector of the Customs; ditto of the Excise; ditto to the Magistrates of the district.—In addition to these, he is parish-clerk for the English service; ditto for the Welsh service. He is likewise clerk to the coach-office; ditto for the packets. He also keeps a lodging-house, is a notary public, an auctioneer, collector of the King's taxes, ditto of the parochial taxes, and sexton!!!—

Caleb was only *quot'em*—this multifarious being is *factotum*.

A GENTLEMAN, describing a person who often visited him for the sole purpose of having a long gossip, called him Mr. J——, the *stay-maker*.

SINGULAR Instance of Longevity in a Family.—There are at present living, in the parish of Loudon, county of Ayr, four brothers and a sister, of the name of Campbell, who are all cotters or vassals under the Countess of Loudon and Moira, whose ages, when put together amount to three hundred and eighty-six! It is likewise singular, that the whole of them have ever been distinguished and marked in the parish as people of quiet and peaceable tempers, and of an honest and upright character.

THE fine collection of foreign birds and rarities, bequeathed by the late Dr. Hunter to the Society at Glasgow, are nearly destroyed for want of repair. They will remain at the British Museum, according to the Will of the Doctor, until the expiration of twenty-six years from his death, when they are to be sent to Scotland. Application has been made to the legates, to allow a very ingenious artist 20l. per year to keep them in order, but the proposition has not been acceded to.

THE Church not infallible.—The Responses to the Litany, set by Mr. Samuel Wesley, were erroneously announced for performance on last Christmas-day; but this happening on a Thursday, when the Litany is never sung, very many amateurs of Church Music were disappointed.

BIOGRA-

BIOGRAPHICAL AND SPORTING  
ANECDOTES

OF THE FAMOUS

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

Continued from page 81.

**MR.** Lambert's apartments had more the air of a place of fashionable resort than of an exhibition, and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town, from his own country, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which, he has declared, is too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion, though it is but natural to suppose that, among the number of those who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus, one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to Mr. Lambert's attendant, that he would not take off his hat even if the King were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Mr. Lambert, he immediately replied, as the stranger entered the room, "Then, by G—, Sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gen-

tlemen who honour me with their company."

Many of the visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him they had come from Guernsey, on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as Mr. Lambert had been described to be by one of their neighbours, who had seen him, adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage.—A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Among the many visitors, great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled in any other country. Among others, the celebrated Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski, was not the least interesting. The Count having made a fortune by exhibiting his person, has retired to Durham to enjoy the fruit of his economy. Though now in his seventy-second year, he still possesses all the gracefulness and vivacity by which he was formerly characterised. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the Count's memory, that

that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly, before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the same face, twenty years ago, in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body.—This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man, seemed to realise the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, particularly when John Lambert rose, for the purpose of affording the Count a full view of his prodigious dimensions.

The many characters that introduced themselves to Mr. Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enables him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, almost close to Mr. Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau—"To be bored with a quizzing glass"—was the reply.

A person was one day very rudely solicitous to know the cost of one of his coats. "Indeed, Sir," answered Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price; but I can put you in a method of obtaining the information you want.—If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking a number of

impertinent questions; Mr. Lambert looked him sternly in the face, but without making any reply. A lady now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed, that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen.—"I can assure you, Sir," answered Mr. Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness, all those whose behaviour convinces that they are gentlemen." "I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer, that I am no gentleman?"—"That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question of a similar tendency. Irritated by these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Mr. Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger—"You came into this room by the door; but"—"You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way."—"Begone this instant," thundered Lambert, "or by God I'll throw you into Piccadilly." No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, where, we believe, his success was fully equal to his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Lambert returned, in September, 1806, to his native town.

We shall now proceed to state what we have been able to collect relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of life, laid the foundation

tion of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Mr. Lambert scarcely knows what it is to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributes towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differs in no respect from that of other people; he eats with moderation, and of one dish at a time. He never drinks any other beverage than water; and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. One of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality, is possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. Lambert—He has a fine, powerful, and melodious voice. It is a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Mr. Lambert's height is five feet eleven inches; three yards four inches round the body; one yard and one inch round the leg; and weighs fifty stone, four pounds!

He never felt any pain in his progress towards his present bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he was bulky, he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It is evident to all those who are now acquainted with him, that he has no oppression on his lungs, from fat or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside has expressed his opinion, that his life is as good as that of any other healthy man. He conceives himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, can go up and down stairs without inconvenience, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, can stoop without trouble to write.

Mr. Lambert sleeps less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He

is never inclined to drowsiness, either after dinner or in any other part of the day; and such is the vivacity of his disposition, that he is always the last person to retire to rest, which he never does before one o'clock. He sleeps without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration is so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snores; and what is not a little extraordinary, he can awake within five minutes of any time he pleases.—All the secretions are carried on in him with the same facility as in any other person.

We have already adverted to Mr. Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter. Till within these five years, he was extremely active in all sports of the field, and though he is now prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still breeds cocks, setters, and pointers, which he has brought to as great, or perhaps greater perfection, than any other sporting character of the present day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which animals of his breeding are held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersal's, at the following prices:—Peg, a black setter bitch, 41gs; Punch, a setter dog, 26gs; Brush, ditto, 17gs; Bob, ditto, 20gs; Bounce, ditto, 22gs; Sam, ditto, 26gs; Bell, ditto, 32gs.—Charlotte, a pointer bitch, 22gs; Lucy, ditto, 12gs.—Total, 218 guineas.—Mr. Mellish was the purchaser

partaker of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Mr. Lambert has a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it is to racing. He was fond of riding himself before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it is his opinion, founded on experience, that the more blood, and the better a horse was bred, the better it carried him.

During his residence in London, Mr. Lambert finds himself in no wise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to attribute to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning, such as he has felt on his recovery from inflammatory attacks, which are the only kind of indisposition he ever remembers to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he has enjoyed has not been the result of any unusual exertion on his part, as he has in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing.—As a proof of this, the following fact is related from his own lips:—Before his increasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be; and he put them on again next morning, though they were, perhaps, so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor: notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold.—On one of these occasions, he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond: knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing

each other as much as possible, Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked in his clothes, up to his chin, into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off his shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all, for lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion.

Mr. Lambert, in the early part of March last, came again to London, and has continued ever since to exhibit himself at No. 4, in Leicester-square, where he sees company from ten to four.

Mr. Lambert cannot fail to be to every spectator an object of surprise and wonder; but to the man of science, and especially to the medical practitioner, his peculiarities must be uncommonly interesting. It is impossible to behold his excessive corpulence, without being astonished that he was not long ago suffocated by such an accumulation of substance. The perfect and uninterrupted health which he has enjoyed in his progress to his present dimensions, and which he still continues to enjoy, is likewise a remarkable trait in the history of Mr. Lambert.

While these, and other points of equal singularity, afford abundant room for speculation to the philosopher, the moralist will delight to investigate the qualities of that mind which animates such a prodigious body. Shrewd and intelli-

M

gent,

gent, Mr. Lambert has improved his natural talents by reading and observation. In company, he is lively and agreeable; the general information he possesses, and the numerous anecdotes treasured up in a memory uncommonly retentive, render his society extremely pleasant and instructive. His readiness at repartee, his superiority in characteristic description, and the humorous sallies in which he often indulges, give life, vivacity, and interest, to his conversation. With respect to humanity, temperance, and liberality of sentiment, Mr. Lambert may be held up as a model worthy of general imitation.

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### TOSSING UP FOR A MARE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,  
SEPT. 29.

*Whitcomb v. Vaughan.*

**MR.** Serjeant Clayton shewed cause against a Rule, obtained in this case on the first day of term, to set aside the verdict, and enter a nonsuit. The plaintiff lost his mare, worth 35gs, by tossing up a half-penny with the defendant, and afterward brought his action on the statute of Queen Anne, which enacts, that any person losing above ten pounds at cards, dice, or other game of chances, may recover the same within three months, and obtain costs of suit, as in an action of debt.—At the trial, the plaintiff obtained a verdict. The ground for a nonsuit was, that the plaintiff had not brought his action within the time specified in the Act of Parliament; and after the arguments of Counsel had been heard on both sides, the Court were of opinion that a nonsuit ought to be entered.

### ADVERTISING MONEY LENDERS, AND THE HUNTER.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 11.

**THIS** was the last day of term, and the only thing worth reporting was a motion made by Mr. Garrow, to set aside the judgment obtained under a warrant of attorney, and to stay the levy in the hands of the Sheriff.

It was a case wherein a lady of the name of Betsey Bell was the plaintiff. Mr. Garrow, on behalf of the defendant, moved for a Rule to set aside the judgment against his client, and also to stay the money levied under execution in the hands of the Sheriff.

The Learned Counsel said, that this was one of the cases in which some of the practices of the advertising money-lenders were particularly conspicuous. The defendant being somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, and in need of some temporary assistance, unfortunately met with one of these money-lending advertisements in a daily paper; he applied to the place where it referred to, and there found the business was entirely transacted by ladies: there was the lady clerk, the lady bookkeeper, the lady money-lender, &c. It appeared from the affidavits, that a tradesman in the City, wishing to obtain a temporary supply of money, and being lured by the terms held out in the public advertisement, repaired to a house in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square, where he hoped to obtain an accommodation on advantageous terms. He was introduced to a lady, who proposed that he should draw bills, and she would get them negotiated. He was, however, to take, as part of the consideration



consideration, a capital hunter, a horse that had hunted with the King's hounds, and that the son of the Archbishop of York had offered 150 guineas for; but it should be put in, as a great favour, at 120 guineas. The party consented, the bills were drawn, and, as a collateral security, he gave a warrant of attorney, confessing judgment to the amount of the sum to be raised. When the hunter came home, said the Learned Counsel, the outside and inside value of him, disposing of his bones to make ivory black, his hide to the currier, and his flesh to the dogs, was not more than £3; the very same animal the son of the Archbishop was represented as having offered 150 guineas for. But the whole was a delusion, and the tradesman presently found himself swindled. He would have gladly sustained a loss of £30. or £40. to have got his bills back again, but that was refused. The first bill became due, and it was paid; the second was dishonoured, and the money-lender, on advantageous terms, entered up judgment on the warrant of attorney. It was therefore to set aside that judgment, and to stay proceedings, that the present motion was made.

The Court granted a Rule to shew cause.

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### HORSE PAINTING.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, MAY 15.

*Reinagle v. Ramus.*

**T**HIS was an action brought to recover the sum of twenty-five guineas, the value of two paintings

of the portraits of three favourite horses, belonging to the defendant.

The plaintiff was a young artist, and had been invited to spend some time at the defendant's, a gentleman of property and respectability, residing at Fulham, where he was employed, among other things, to paint these portraits of the defendant's horses, but had never received any compensation for his trouble.

Mr. Ward, a celebrated artist in this line, upon examination of the pictures produced in Court, thought 25 guineas a very reasonable sum to charge for them.

On the part of the defendant, Mr. Parke observed, that if the plaintiff in this cause could succeed, there must be an end to all hospitality or courtesy towards persons of this description. The defendant's son, between whom and the plaintiff a great intimacy had subsisted, invited the plaintiff to his father's house, to assist him in finishing a painting he was then about. The defendant received him, and treated him in the most hospitable manner; and, in the course of a visit of seven months, during which time he was used with the utmost friendship and hospitality, he happened to paint these two pictures for his amusement, and as a compliment to Mr. Ramus. He also painted a room for the defendant, for which it was stipulated he should receive six guineas, instead of which, the defendant most liberally gave him a ten-pound note; and, after living at his house for seven months, he now brought this action, to recover that which it was contended was never ordered.

Lord Ellenborough thought, that when a person so received an hospitable invitation to spend a few months at the house of a gentleman,

man, in this way, it was a most ungracious return to bring him into a Court of Justice for such hospitality. In the course of his life he had met repeated instances, where artists and persons of taste were invited to gentlemen's country seats, without the slightest idea of being paid for their labours. He recollected the instance of Madame Mara being at the house of a Noble Earl, whom he should not name, where he had the pleasure of an invitation, and nobody ever dreamt that she was to be paid for her singing. In short, it was a common custom for Noblemen and Gentlemen to invite artists, and persons of that description, to spend a term at their houses, but it was never supposed they were to be paid for it. As there was no proof that the defendant had at all employed the plaintiff to paint these horses, the Jury could only find a verdict for the defendant, provided they thought he had given no instructions about the matter.—Verdict for the defendant.

## DESCENT OF THE HERON.

THE Descent of the Heron, one of the embellishments for this month's Magazine, is a bold etching, taken from a picture painted by the celebrated Teniers, and is now in the grand gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

The Heron is a fishing bird, and the most ancient for sport of any bird upon record. Naturalists have distinguished three principal species of them, and these are, the Large Grey Heron, the Small Grey Heron (also called the Bihoreau), and the White Heron. The Large Grey Heron is that which is most com-

monly met with, and best known among the hunters of this bird.—On the summit of the head, which is white, is a long crest of black feathers, which hang down at the back part of the head; the breast is white, and all below a beautiful grey, bordering on a pearl. The beak is about six inches long, of a green colour, somewhat approaching to yellow; its legs and feet are also greenish: it measures five feet round the body, and four feet in length from the point of the bill to the extremity of the claws; and the neck is about sixteen or seventeen inches in length.

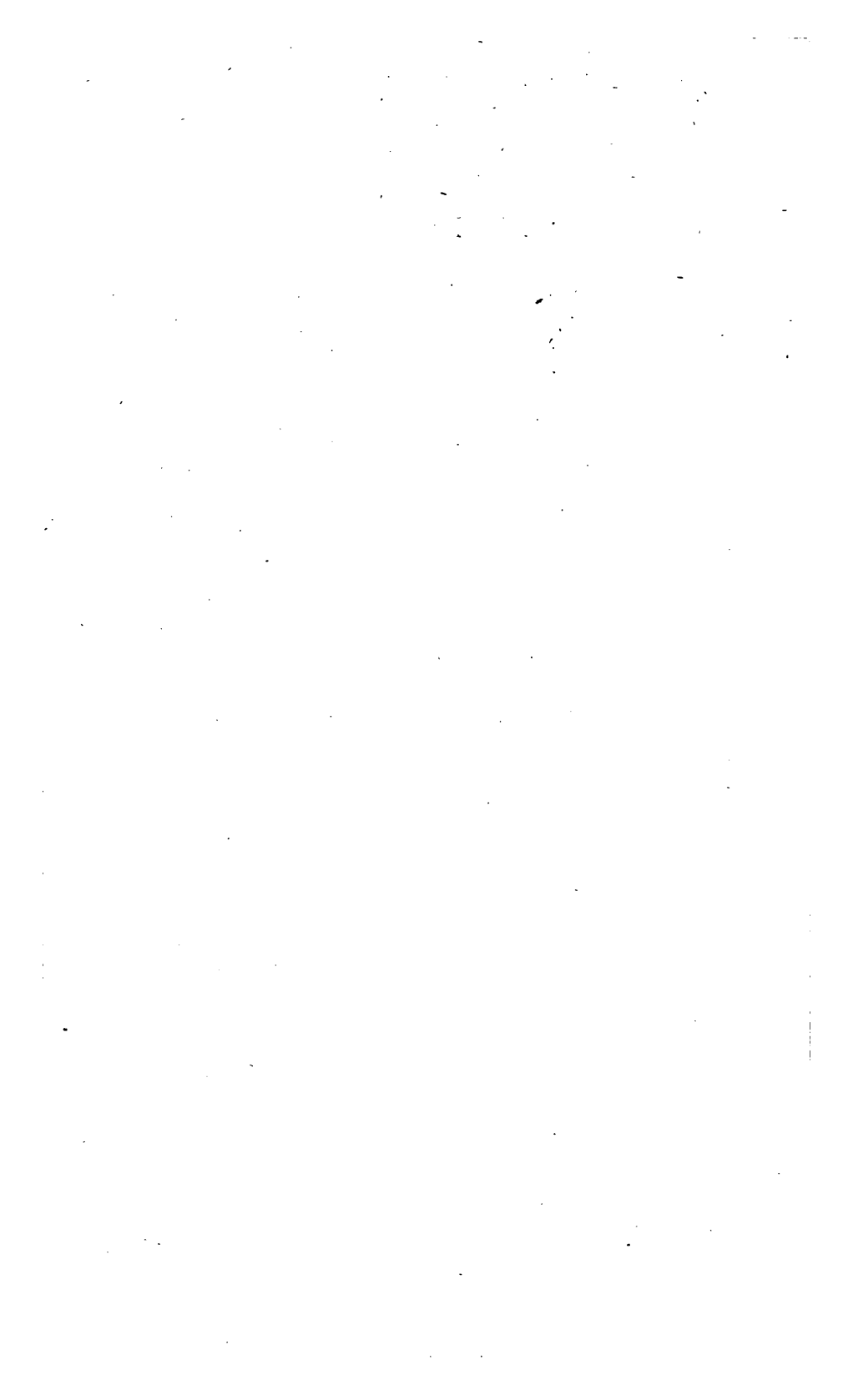
The Heron perches and builds its nest on very large high trees; there is no bird in the creation that takes a more lofty flight; it soars infinitely above the clouds, more especially when it seeks to escape from birds intent upon its destruction; for which reason the chase of the Heron is esteemed the most difficult, and affords to the hunters more pleasure and delight than any other bird of sport: there is such action, such ardour, such pain and exertion, in the rapid and various movements of the Heron and the Falcons, that no one can express the delightful sensations communicated so well as the hunters themselves. Our countryman, Somerville, has, indeed, nearly described the effect Heron-hunting has upon all those who behold it:—

“The vulgar and the great,  
Equally happy now, with freedom share  
The common joy. The shepherd-boy  
forgets  
His bleating coveys: the lab'ring hind lets  
fall  
His grain updown—in transport lost, he  
robs  
Th' expecting furrow; and, in wild-a-  
maze,  
The gazing village point their eyes to  
Heav'n.”

When

*Descent of the Spirit Don Probins*





When the Falcons attack the Heron, it is generally high in the air; should he take towards the earth, the hunters loose upon him (*un hochpied*) to make him remount; after this (*un attombisseur*); and after all (*un teneur*) they even fire with guns at him, to accelerate his flight upwards, and to give new spirit to the chase.

It is said the Heron, when very lofty, rests in a kind of *see-saw* motion. In his highest flight he will turn himself, by the agility of his wings, into any attitude necessary for his defence; and when descending, he resembles the fiercest of the birds of prey, darting with impetuosity on the object of his vengeance. The Falcon is the great-object of his hatred; he pursues it when he can with success, and having once struck it with his talons, brings it to the earth; where—

“ See, alas!

The Falconer in despair—his favorite bird

Dead at his feet! As of his dearest friend,  
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge;  
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage:

Nor wants he long the means—the Heron,  
fatigu'd,  
Borne down by numbers, yields.”

It is a general opinion, that falconry was a sport unknown to the ancients. It was an invention of some of the northern nations, and by those barbarians introduced into Germany and France. It was much esteemed and practised under Charlemagne in the year 800, that King having had a superb and magnificent equipage for this diversion. The Kings of France, since the time of Clovis, took vast pleasure in falconry; each of them had great officers appointed to superintend the royal delight: but the Prince who pur-

sued it most, and acquired the highest reputation, was Louis the Thirteenth, who, under D'Esperron, carried the Heron-chase to its grandest point of perfection, and who, it is said, found in the words, “ *Louis trixieme Roi de France et Navarre*,” this anagram:—

— Roi tres rare,  
Esternee Dieu de la fauconnerie.

Hern-hawking was considered a prime sport among our own nobility and gentry even at a very early period.

“ Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!  
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws.  
Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear  
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,  
With gold and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.”

But, like many other pleasures, the sport was carried to such an excess by our fathers, and particularly by those who could not bear its charges, that the guardians of public morals were forced to censure the pursuit, and to lay upon it a strong restraint. In the reign of Henry VIII. Camden tells us that Richard Pace, Secretary to that Prince, met, one morning early, with two young noblemen, going abroad with their hawks on their arms, and these he reproved, for shewing a greater attention to their field sports than to the affairs of the state; to which one of them made answer—“ It is enough for noble men's sons to wind their horns and carry their hawks fair, and leave study and learning to the children of meaner men:”—To which the honest Secretary made this reply—“ If that be the case, my young Lords, the sons of ordinary men must be advanced to the high offices of the state, for his Majesty has

has too much wisdom to make a falconer his prime minister."

In the more sober reign of Elizabeth, this sport began rapidly to decline, and towards the close of the life of her successor, was but little heard of in England.

Early in the last century, a grand effort was made to bring Heron-hawking once more into fashion; many gentlemen began to breed their game birds, and had their falconers from Germany; but the charms of the race-horse had so engrossed the minds of our sporting gentry, that every attempt was fruitless, and the Hawk and the Heron were at once lost, perhaps for ever, and we shall no more behold the well-bred Falcon,

"Aspiring high, then sink at once, and  
rove;

"In trackless mazes, thro' the troubled  
sky."

N.

### CONTESTED HARMONIOUS RINGING.

THE inhabitants of Spitalfields have had their attention drawn, to hear a contest of change-ringing for six weeks, by the two Societies of Change-Ringers, the Junior and Senior Cumberland Youths; each Society making their weekly attempts, the Juniors on Mondays, and the Seniors on Saturdays.

The Junior Society took the lead, and rung 5086 changes of that intricate and harmonious peal of Steadman Grandsire Cinques, on Monday, the 15th of December, 1806, in the time of three hours and fifty-five minutes, by twelve men, and was composed and con-

ducted by Mr. John Noonan, an eminent boot-maker, who rung the treble.

And on Saturday, the 20th December, 1806, the Senior Society of Cumberland Youths ascended the steeple of Christ Church, Spitalfields, and rang on the peal of twelve bells, in four hours and fifty-five minutes, an abstract of a peal of Steadman Grandsire Cinques, containing 6334 changes, which was composed and conducted by Mr. George Gross, a silk and velvet weaver, who rung the treble.—This peal was performed by twelve men only, notwithstanding the tenor is 44cwt. bell metal.

This contest ended harmoniously, the Junior Society being highly delighted by ringing the first peal in that method on these bells; and the Senior Society equally so, by ringing the greatest number of changes on them in that intricate and harmonious composition.—The above was the greatest contest ever known in the art of critical change ringing. The whole peal on twelve bells contains 479,001,600 changes.

On Thursday, the 5th of March, 1807, a select eight of the Society of College Youths, London, paid a visit to Battersea, on the Thames, and rang a good and complete peal of Bob Major, containing 5040 changes, at St. Mary's Church, in the quick time of three hours and five minutes; conducted by Mr. Charles Barber, who rang the 7th.

On Sunday, the 8th of March, the Society of Junior Cumberland Youths of London, rang the first peal on the new and harmonious peal of ten bells at St. Dunstan's Church, Stepney, containing 5039 changes of Grandsire Caters, in the quick time of three hours and nineteen minutes; conducted by Mr. John Noonan, who rang the treble.

ble. Weight of the tenor, 31cwt. 1qr. 7lb.

On Monday, the 9th of March, ten of the Society of Senior Cumberland Youths, of London, met at the tower of St. Dunstan's Church, Stepney, and in three hours and forty-three minutes, slow time, completely brought round a peal of Grandsire Caters, composed of 5057 changes, to the general satisfaction of the numerous hearers; conducted by Mr. George Gross, who rang the treble bell.

And again on Friday, the 13th of March, a complete select ten of the Senior Society of Cumberland Youths, of London, a second time paid a visit to the Gothic tower of St. Dunstan's Church, Stepney, and rang a true and complete peal of Oxford Treble Bob Royal, in the slow time of three hours and fifty-five minutes; which was conducted by Mr. George Gross, who rang the treble.

#### *Contested Harmonious Ringing in Yorkshire.*

On Easter Monday, March 30, 1807, was opened, at Keighley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, a peal of bells, augmented from six to eight, by Messrs. Thomas Mears and Son, bell-founders, Whitechapel, London, and hung by Mr. Edward Simmons, which are universally allowed to be as fine toned as any in the county of York.

The bells were opened by six select ringers from Leeds, and two of Keighley, who completed a fine peal of new Treble Bob, consisting of 5088 changes, in the quick time of three hours and seven minutes; composed and conducted by Mr. Joseph Tebbs, innkeeper, of Leeds, who rang the tenor.

The youths from St. John's, Wakefield, next took the ropes in

hand, and rang a peal of Oxford Treble Bob Major, consisting of 5280 changes, in the quick time of three hours and nineteen minutes; which was conducted by Mr. William Woodhead, woollen manufacturer, who rang the 7th.

The Society from Halifax concluded the day, by ringing a peal of New Treble Bob, composed of 5120 changes, which was completed in the medium time of three hours and twenty-one minutes, and was conducted by Mr. James Hudson, woollen manufacturer, who rang the fourth.

Tuesday morning was ushered in by the company of change-ringers from Sowerby, with ringing a peal of Mr. John Holt's Grandsire Tripples, consisting of 5040 changes, in the unusually quick time of two hours and 53 minutes; conducted by Mr. Nicholas White, who rang the treble.

The Bradford Society concluded this opening, by attempting a peal of Grandsire Tripples, and rang well upwards of 4000 changes; but, by a mistake of one of the performers, the peal was lost, or they would not have been the last in sharing the honours with the rest of their brother ringers.

A subscription was opened by the gentlemen of Keighley, who very handsomely rewarded the societies of change-ringers that attended on the occasion, according to merit; and the whole was conducted, and finally closed on Tuesday evening, with the greatest harmony and decorum.

On Sunday, March 22, 1807, a select and complete ten of the Honourable Society of College Youths paid a visit to their favourite village of Fulham, on the Thames; they ascended the Gothic tower of All Saints

Saints Church, and rang, on that pretty peal of ten bells, a true and complete peal of Oxford Treble Bob Royal, containing 5200 changes, which was completely brought round in the quick time of three hours and twenty-seven minutes, to the honour of the performers, giving general satisfaction to that and the surrounding village hearers.

On Easter Monday, March 30, the Union Society of Change Ringers at Gravesend, on the Thames, rang, at their parish church, a true and complete peal of Oxford Treble Bob Major, composed of 8160 changes, which was completed in the quick time of five hours and seven minutes, to the general satisfaction of the numerous hearers who assembled on the occasion.

On Easter Thursday, April 2, the Society of Surrey Youths rang a complete peal of Grandsire Caters, composed of 5111 changes, which was brought round in three hours and thirty minutes, upon the

five and musical peal of ten bells, at St. Magnus Church, the foot of London Bridge: performed by the following; viz.

Mr. George Harris	....	<i>Treble</i>
Mr. Christopher Hunt	.....	2
Mr. Thomas Ockford	.....	3
Mr. Joseph Ladley	.....	4
Mr. Daniel Dearing	.....	5
Mr. John Davis	.....	6
Mr. Thomas Clarke	.....	7
Mr. John Palmer	.....	8
Mr. Robert Muggridge	....	9
Mr. Thomas Michael	....	<i>Tenor</i>

N. B. The peal was conducted by Mr. Robert Muggridge.

On the 5th day of November, 1787, the St. Peter's Youths, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, rang a good peal of Cambridge Surprise, at St. Peter's Church, in that town, containing 6048 changes, in the time of four hours and eighteen minutes. This was the first peal rung in the country, in the Cambridge Surprise method.

## STALLIONS TO COVER IN THE YEAR 1807.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 29.)

Age. Colour.		Prices of Covering.	
		Gs. s. d.	
5 Ches.	<b>HYACINTHUS</b> , at Selby, near York.—By Benningbrough; dam, Cuddy Moddy, by Rockingham, out of Middlesex (own sister to Sir Peter Teazle's dam) by Snap, Regulus .....	5	5 0
5 Br.	<b>MILO</b> , at Knowsley, near Prescott, Lancashire.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Wren (Eustatia, Bellissima, and Agonistes' dam) by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, the dam of Sir Peter Teazle, &c. ....	2	5 0
5 Br.	<b>MUSTACHIO</b> , at Rufford-Hall, near Ormskirk, Lancashire.—By Whiskey; dam by Pharamond; grandam, Celia, (Shipton and Tickle Toby's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine (own sister to Eclipse) by Marsk, Regulus .....	3	5 0



**ADELSPITHA; OR, THE FRUITS OF A  
SINGLE ERROR—a Tragedy.**

*Drury Lane.*

**THIS** Drama, written by M. G. Lewis, Esq. was represented for the benefit of Mrs. Powell. Of the performance, it is impossible to speak with too much praise. Mrs. Powell, who was the heroine of the piece, never appeared to greater advantage. Her remorse, her love for her husband, and the contending passions which the consciousness of present virtue, and the wish to conceal past frailty, produce, were portrayed with a most impressive effect. She was well supported by Elliston in Lothaire, and Raymond, who was the Emperor of Byzantium. Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons also performed the parts of Guiscard and Ima with great success. The audience was genteel and numerous, but the House was not so full as we should have wished to see it on the benefit of so meritorious an actress.

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**PETER THE GREAT;  
OR,  
THE WOODEN WALLS.**

*Covent Garden.*

**THIS** Opera is from the pen of Mr. Cherry. Peter the Great, and his minister, La Fort, after having visited and worked as shipcarpenters in England, France, &c. under the disguised names of Pedro and Alexis, are returned to Muscovy, and still continue their labour in one of the Northern ports, under Mauritz, a shipwright, who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of Pedro,

conceives the highest opinion of him, and is resolved to marry him to his daughter Paulina, and make him his successor; but Pedro, acquainted with the loves of Michael (a young soldier) and Paulina, declines the promised favour of his employer, and avows his passion for Catharine, the niece of Mauritz. Disappointed, but not displeased, Mauritz gives his consent, and, through the intercession of Pedro, promises to ratify the marriage of Michael and Paulina. In deviating from the historic facts, Catharine is here represented, not as a follower of a camp, but, as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an ancient custom, is presented with the rural crown, annually bestowed on the most deserving female. During the absence of Peter, the reins of government are placed in the hands of Menzikoff, who alone is acquainted with the place of the Emperor's retreat: when the Boyards, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul play on the part of Menzikoff, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless, in six days, the Emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort, Menzikoff is permitted to go in search of his royal master; and arrives just at the moment when Peter is about to espouse Catharine. The Emperor (still unknown to Catharine, but as the humble Pedro) hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to Menzikoff; leaving Catharine in the utmost despair.—Menzikoff returns; relieves the anxiety of Catharine, announces the Emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master.—Peter now appears in all his splendour, when Catharine, yielding to the

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dictates

dictates of love, rather than to those of ambition, gives her hand to the Emperor, who bestows that of Paulina upon Michael.—The under-plot is sustained by Olmutz, Sparrowitz, Old Petrowitz, Michael, Mauritz, Paulina, Genevieve, &c. and the piece concludes with a civil and military spectacle.

The music, for variety and happy adaptation to the expression of the passions it accompanies, does honour to the taste and science of Mr. Jouve; and many of the *Airs* (almost all of which were encored) bid fair to become favourites. The performers exerted themselves very successfully in their respective parts, particularly Mrs. C. Kemble, Ingleton, Munden, Miss Bolton, and Bellamy. The Piece was announced for a second representation without opposition.

at some loss how to conduct his cause; but, he supposed him to be like many other gentlemen, who took the words of others for the soundness of their horses; he understood, however, that he should be able to prove there was no warranty, and that he should be entitled to a verdict. The defendant's groom was called for this purpose; but, upon his examination, although he had denied giving any warranty, he admitted that he told the gentleman the horse was sound.

Lord Ellenborough said, that these words amounted to no less than an express warranty, and the Jury accordingly found a Verdict for the Plaintiff.

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#### CRIM. CON.

*Before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury.*

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#### WARRANTY OF A HORSE.

IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,  
MAY 23.

*Kent, Esq. v. Best, Esq.*

THIS was an action upon a warranty of a horse. The parties were both gentlemen of fortune, and the plaintiff had purchased the horse in question for 42 guineas, upon the warranty of the defendant's groom; but, after having him a very short time, he found him to be unsound, of a disorder evidently contracted previous to the sale. He accordingly returned the horse, and demanded his money back, but it was refused, on the grounds of no warranty.

The Attorney-General, for the defendant, observed, that his client being then out of town, he was

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 20,

Railston, Esq. v. Bedingfield, Esq.

THIS was an action to recover damages of the defendant, for having had criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Garrow opened the case with great brevity. Every thing, he said, that could be urged with respect to the injury of which he had to complain, in a moral sense, had been so repeatedly and so eloquently urged by Lord Erskine, when an Advocate in that Court, and the nature of the wrong was so indelibly fixed on the minds of the public by that great man, that he feared he should only weaken the impression his eloquence had made, were he to attempt a repetition of his arguments. He should therefore proceed

proceed at once to state the facts contained in his brief.

The plaintiff, he said, was a merchant at Wolverhampton, and his wife, whose maiden name was Brown, was the daughter of a very respectable man in the same town. The families had been on terms of the closest intimacy; the lady was virtuously bred, was particularly *religious*, and the marriage was one of the purest affection. It took place in the month of October, 1805, and they lived affectionately and happy till the autumn of the following year, when the delicate state of Mrs. Railston's health rendered sea-bathing necessary, and a trip to Aberystwith, a watering-place in South Wales, was proposed. Miss Brown, the unmarried sister of Mrs. Railston, was to be of the party, and the plaintiff was to join them after they had been there a short time. The ladies quitted Wolverhampton, and arrived safe at Aberystwith.

One evening, the 25th of September, the ladies had joined the promenade on the public walks, when the defendant, who is a Colonel in the army, and a married man with a family, introduced himself to their company, and joined them in conversation. The next evening he again met them, and the same civilities and polite attentions passed; but, on the third evening, the party, with the addition of a gentleman named Edwards, a friend of Colonel Bedingfield's, quitted the public promenade, and strolled into the fields. After walking some time, the night shut in, and Mr. Edwards suddenly missed his friend, and Miss Brown her sister. They returned home immediately, but the defendant and Mrs. Railston staid out till after ten o'clock. Six days after, the 3d of October, the

plaintiff being expected to arrive at Aberystwith on the 4th, Mrs. Railston eloped with the defendant, and proceeded as far as the Devil's Bridge, about twelve miles from Aberystwith, where the defendant told the landlord of the inn to deny him, if any one asked for him. It so happened, that the plaintiff arrived at Aberystwith twenty-four hours sooner than he was expected, and having learnt from Miss Brown the unfortunate news of his wife's elopement, and of his own probable disgrace, he set off in pursuit of her. The Colonel, before he had repaired to bed, had desired his servant to keep watch, and as he was acquainted with the whole affair, to give speedy notice of a pursuit, if any should take place.

About two o'clock the servant waked the defendant, and told him the plaintiff was on the road, and approaching the inn. The plaintiff presently after arrived, and the family were disturbed. The landlord at first denied that Colonel Bedingfield was in his house, but having got from the plaintiff a promise that he would behave with temperance, he confessed that the Colonel was at the inn, sleeping with a lady. The plaintiff immediately sent a note to the defendant, and an answer was returned. The defendant had quitted the chamber where Mrs. Railston was sleeping, and the plaintiff went in. A most distressing scene ensued; both parties wept bitterly. The plaintiff staid about a quarter of an hour, and then departed for his home in the greatest agony of mind. Mrs. Railston again joined the adulterer. They left the inn together, and have lived with each other ever since.—The learned Counsel called several witnesses to prove the terms of affection on which the plaintiff

and his wife lived, and Miss Brown, to prove the several interviews with the defendant at Aberystwith. The adultery was also clearly made out by the servant maid at the inn at the Devil's Bridge, and indeed it was proved that they had lived as man and wife at different places in South Wales, where they went subsequently to reside.

Sir Vicary Gibbs addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant, and though he did not dispute the adulterous intercourse, he said, the facility with which the lady had surrendered up herself, must prove what sort of comfort the plaintiff had been deprived of, in having once possessed the affections of such a woman, and go greatly in mitigation of damages.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the facility of the wife's consent was no answer to the wrong intended, and accomplished by the defendant. He had taken advantage of that facility to do an irreparable injury; the plaintiff had lost the affections of his wife for ever, he had been deprived of domestic comfort and conjugal enjoyment—and the Jury would compensate his loss, as far as money could compensate so serious an injury, by giving him such reasonable damages as the case, under all its circumstances, demanded.

The Jury retired for half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—damages *One Thousand Pounds!*

#### POWER OF THE SWORD-FISH.

THE following curious account of the surprising power of the sword-fish, we extract from Barrow's Voyage to Cochin China:—

"There are instances, still more

extraordinary than the salmon-leaps of the astonishing power which the muscles of fishes are capable of exerting; so very extraordinary indeed, that were they not authenticated in such a manner as not to leave the possibility of a doubt, they would certainly be considered as the inventions of voyagers. Ships' sides of thick oak plank have been completely perforated by the snout of the sword-fish, not of the common species the *Xiphias gladius*, of which we struck one at the entrance of Porta-Praya Bay, but another, or at least a variety, of greater dimensions, being sometimes from 20 to 30 feet in length, and distinguished by a large spotted black fin, and by the rounded extremity of the snout or bony proboscis. Van Schouten, of Horns, in his very entertaining voyage round the world, about the beginning of the 17th century, states that "a great fish, or a sea-monster, having a horn like a common elephant's tooth, not hollow but full, struck the ship with such great strength that it entered into three planks of the ship, two of green and one of oaken wood, and into a rib, where it turned upward, to their great good fortune." In the year 1801, a Danish ship came into the Cape of Good Hope, in consequence of springing a leak off the Brazil Coast. On examination, it was found that she had been struck by a sword-fish, the snout of which had penetrated the bottom, where it still remained, having snapped close on the exterior side of the vessel. In the same year, a small English ship came into Table Bay, having received, in the Southern Atlantic, a stroke from a sword-fish, which buried part of the bony snout so deep in the stern-post as to impede the action of the rudder.

These

These two facts consist with my own knowledge, which, together with the piece of plank from the bottom of an East-Indiaman, now in the British Museum, transfixed by the sword of this fish, may satisfy the doubts of the most sceptical on a subject which was known to the ancients perhaps more than 2000 years ago, as it is mentioned by Pliny to be a fact indisputably established long before his time."

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### IRISH EPISTLE

FROM

BARNEY O'BOTHERHAM.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,

**T**HE within-written letter, just received from an Irish tenant, appearing to contain some small share of originality, I have thought fit to inclose it for your perusal.—Sir Murtoogh, a gay young man, and consequently inattentive to his estate, is the landlord.—I am, Sir, &c.

OBSERVATOR.

"May it please your Honour's Honour—I am a poor Irish bog-trotter, dwelling in the county of Roscommon, with a sick wife and a parcel o' hungry childre, and not one little potatoe to put in their mouths at all at all. Here we all be, please your honour, in a dirty, wet cabin, wife, childer, pig, and my own self, as the Devil found sixpence, all in a lump. Sir Murtoogh, his honour, is always a big way off, and his honour's man\* won't grant me a lease, and he is after raising the rent, though he knows I can't pay it, and we must

all be turned out when he plases. My own brother, by St. Patrick, he was more lucky; he *did* get a lease, but the cratur must out wi' his house and his own self when his honour's man plased, and so becace he forgot one day to send duty ducks†, and by mistake ate them his own self, Sir Murtoogh sent for the cratur, when he was after thatching his hut a bit, and so, please your honour's honour, the rain fell in, and the childer died. 'Bad luck to you, Sir Murtoogh,' says he. —'You may dig your 'tatoes yourself, you dirty spalpeen! It's better to be kilt than to be starved; I'll be after both'ring your gig.' And so he went off to the White Boys‡. But poor Teddy was caught, and they made him dance upon nothing|| for being a rebel.

And some of their honours in England be after giving big heaps o' money to them foreign folk; but we Irish lads, are not thought of at all at all. We ha' pigs—but his honour's man takes 'em for rent; we ha' cows—but his honour's man milks 'em; and we ha' ducks—but his honour's man keeps 'em for duty. And will not your honour's honour be after saying, that the poor bogtrotters of the county of Roscommon must ate as well as their honours. And if they'll be plased to think of us the next time, we'll not be after going off to the French, when they come here again; but, 'with a sprig of shalalah, and shamrock go green,' we'll give them a *bating*, till they jump down their own throats, and plague us no more.—Your humble servant, as 'in duty bound,

"BARNEY O'BOTHERHAM."

\* In many parts of Ireland, the stewards, in their masters' absence, rule with unlimited authority.

† A sort of tithe, which in many instances is highly oppressive.

‡ A gang, that some time since raised great disturbances in the interior of Ireland.

|| Hanging him, literally.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

**GOODWOOD** Races commenced, as usual, this month, but, owing to the absence of his Grace of Richmond, the company was by no means so numerous on the course as have distinguished it on former occasions. Two carriages and four, one of which was the Earl of Egremont's, were the only equipages present.

*Lewes, Sussex, May 4, 1807.*—Last Thursday, Mr. Archer, Adjutant of the South Lewes Volunteers, and recruiting officer here, was placed in great peril, by the ungovernable spirit of his horse, which he had no sooner mounted on the Castle Bank, than he started off with him at full speed, directing his furious course through the gateway, across the street, and down Market-lane (a descending rugged path) to the bottom, where he forced the rail, at the drain, and went down the declivity into the road, and fell, but very fortunately without doing any material hurt to himself or rider.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, a similar accident happened to a boy, named Griffiths, and commonly called Wilkes, who being mounted on a spirited mare, belonging to Mr. Edwards, of Plumpton, was, like Mr. Archer, carried at full speed, from the Castle-bank to the bottom of Market-lane, and hence over the drain, across the road below, into Colonel Newton's ditch, and most miraculously, without receiving the least injury. Griffiths, who was reputed a comi-

cal boy, as the mare passed the Old Market-House, on being told by the spectators to sit fast, fearlessly answered, "that I will, if she runs to Hell." He kept his word. He was afterwards a drummer in the 2d Guards, and, we believe, is still in the ranks of the same regiment.

A **BROOD** of young woodcocks, three parts grown, and ten or twelve in number, has been discovered, in Yardley Chase, Northamptonshire, the property of the Earl of Northampton.

**CRICKET.**—On Monday, the 18th, commenced playing, in Lord's Ground, the grand match between five Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club and six Players, against eleven of the County of Middlesex, for 500gs a side, which was decided in favour of the county by forty-eight runs.

**TUESDAY**, the 5th, the gentlemen of the H. H. C. held their annual meeting on Soberton Down, in the county of Hants, when the Cup, given by the Members, was won by Mr Dillon's bay mare, at two heats.—The Farmers' Cup, given by Mr. Powlett to the Gentlemen Farmers within the Hunt, was won by Mr. Fleet's horse Charlton, beating six others in an easy canter. The sudden fall of rain, so much wished for, not only prevented many rustic sports intended for the amusement of the company, but likewise checked that display of female beauty which annually

usually exhibits itself on Soberton Down.

**BILL of Fare at Wentworth-house on the 4th of May, 1807,** being the birth-day of Lord Viscount Milton, when his Lordship came of age:—Two oxen roasted whole, 237 st. and 12 sheep roasted, 83st. 8lb. given to the populace; 1 ox, 99st.; 2 Scotch bullocks, 130st.; 14 sheep, 94st. 6lb.; 3 lambs, 3st. 7lb.; 3 calves, 22st. 2lb.; 10 hams, 54 fowls, 240 bushels of wheat for bread, 555 eggs, 30 dishes of roast beef, 26 ditto of boiled beef, 30 ditto of roast mutton, 22 ditto of boiled mutton, 7 ditto of lamb, 10 ditto of hams, 6 ditto of calves-head hash, 18 ditto of fowls, 12 ditto of veal, 12 pigeon pies, 40 mutton pies, 75 puddings, 72 hogsheads of ale, 6 ditto of small beer, 473 bottles of wine, 23 gallons of rum, 18 gallons of brandy, and 38 gallons of rum shrub. There were 330 tables, and 853 seats in the house; and about 1000 people dined and regaled themselves plentifully.

ONE day last month, a young man of Ingleby, near Lincoln, named James Boole, aged 21, shepherd to Mr. William Simpson, was riding a mule in a close, to make the animal more tractable. After plunging about for a short time, they both fell; the man was dismounted, and the mule ran through a deep pond, and got out on the other side. The rider, being irritated, caught the mule, and brought him again into the close, where he mounted a second time, when the animal galloped full speed into the pond, and the young man was drowned. The mule got out.

An inquest was taken by Mr. Jackson, of Lakenham, on the 12th

of May, at Loddon, upon William Gall, aged 79 years, who was killed by the goring of a running bull, in a close in which he was at work. The Jury, after having remonstrated very earnestly with the proprietor of the bull, in a manner much to their credit as jurors, and upon his promising that the bull should be directly fattened for the butcher, mitigated the fine to 2l. 12s. 6d. An eminent surgeon, who had attended the patient, declared in the presence of the jurors, that he knew of four instances of persons being destroyed by vicious bulls. It is to be hoped this will make persons very cautious who have bulls that are any ways vicious.

LATELY, the proprietor of a stallion received a kick from the animal, whilst shewing him in the streets of Birmingham, which fractured his skull dreadfully.—The Commissioners of the streets determined, in consequence, that no stallion shall be shewn in the public streets in future; a regulation that is highly proper for every town—as an additional proof of it, a woman received so violent a kick from a stallion, in Nottingham market-place, that she died in a few minutes.

CAPTAIN M——, in a pugilistic *rencontre* a short time ago, in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square, received some severe wounds in his face, one of which has divided his upper lip. The conqueror carried away the Captain's clothes as the spoils of his victory.

FOX-HUNTING.—On Saturday, the 25th, Lord Petre's fox-hounds threw off at Laindon Hills, in Essex, and found a fox at Bush Leighs Wood, which went off in high stile, for Vange, Fobbing, and Corringham, making for Stanford-le-Hope, and

and Horndon; then returning for Stanford-le-Hope, away for Mucking, and trying all the earths in Hanging Hills, and Hoford Woods; now taking the marshes, thence away for East and West Tilbury, and crossing Shadwell Street churchyard, the dogs running breast high for two hours and fifty minutes, when they came to a check for a few minutes, by reynard lurking about the ditches, and taking refuge in a chalk-pit. Being roused from his hiding-place, he went off in full view, with the sharpest burst, for twenty minutes, ever experienced by the oldest sportsman, when the hounds ran into him, and reynard fell a victim to his staunch pursuers by Hangman's Wood, near Gray's Thurrock; he making 35 brace of foxes killed, this season, by his Lordship's hounds.

**DEER-HUNTING.**—The hounds belonging to the Officers of the 14th regiment of Light Dragoons, quartered at Dorchester Barracks, had lately a famous day. They turned out a deer to a large field of sporting men, collected from all parts of the neighbourhood, at eleven o'clock, on Monkton-Down. He went off in good stile, immediately crossing the Weymouth road, ran strait to Upway Ewe Leazes, on towards Blagdon; turned to the right, over Martin's Town Ewe Leazes, ran down to Ashton farm-house, where he was headed by some people at work; he then ran up through the old entrenchments of Maiden Castle, from whence he made towards the race-ground, where he was again headed by some people at plough, back through the old ramparts, seeming to bid defiance to his pursuers; but he had soon the whole pack at his haunches, from whence he broke away

over the open fields to Haringstone Farm, and from thence up to Mr. Damer's plantations, where they again had him in view across the open country of Fordington Fields, and ran him into a garden at the back of the town of Dorchester, where he was taken, and safely conveyed home in a cart to the Barracks, after as fine a run, of one hour and twenty minutes, as ever was witnessed.

**EMBEZZLEMENT.**—At the Public Office, Bow-street, on Thursday, the 21st, Charles Barnard, a groom to Mr. Fawkes, of Great George-street, Westminster, was charged with embezzling six guineas of his master's property.—Earl Craven said, that on the 23d of March last he bought a horse from the prisoner, for the sum of eighty guineas, for which he gave a draft upon his banker, and delivered it to his groom to take to Mr. Fawkes; and that he afterwards received a receipt from Mr. Fawkes's groom for 80gs, signed by himself.—Edw. Fawkes, jun. Esq. said, that he commissioned the prisoner to sell a horse for him for 80gs, that his groom returned and told him he could only get 74gs for it, but did not say from whom; he in consequence desired him to sell it for that sum; and in the evening the prisoner brought him Bank-notes to the amount of 74 guineas, and informed him, that Earl Craven was the purchaser. Some suspicion, however, arising, Mr. Fawkes said he would write to the Earl of Craven to learn the particulars. The prisoner replied, as he got the money he asked for his horse, he could have nothing more to do with it, and that it would ruin him and Earl Craven's groom. He was committed for trial.

POETRY.



## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## WESTMINSTER RACES.

AN ELECTION SONG, DEDICATED TO  
THE JOCKEY CLUB.

*Sung at Mr. Sheridan's Dinner at the  
Crown and Anchor.*

*Tune, Madam Fig's Gals.*

COME, who's for a list of the horses  
That all ran at different places,  
But now, to make up for their losses,  
Have started at Westminster Races?  
Their qualities all you shall hear,  
Their pedigrees I'll sing besides, sir,  
The weight that each horse he can bear,  
Names and colours of all their riders.  
Rum tiiddle de ride.

The first is a horse that's well known  
On the turf, as a staunch bit of blood,  
sir;  
At the Races last held in this town,  
A dead heat he ran with Sam Hood,  
sir;  
O'er the Parliament course he has run  
Much above twenty years, hard enough,  
sir;  
At Stafford six Plates he has won,  
And rode always in stout Blue and  
Buff, sir.

It is but a few months ago,  
That Sherry he won the King's Plate,  
sir;  
He then had but little to do,  
But he train'd with the horses of State,  
sir;  
His favourite Rider he died—  
The next, while in running a heat, sir,  
Plump against a stone wall he must ride,  
Which threw him clean out of his scat,  
sir.

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The next is a fine bony horse,  
He was got by the famous Sir Francis,  
But slowly will go o'er the course,  
For he's had a sly kick on the haunches;  
At Middlesex often he's tried—  
He's a horse full of mettle and spunk,  
sir;  
But is restive and roughish to ride,  
Being train'd by a vicious old Monk,  
sir.

The one who's rode in a red cap,  
And jacket of dark blue and gold, sir;  
He at Honiton got a hard rap,  
And for a few thousands was sold, sir.  
Now here he has set off at speed,  
But its likely he'll soon meet a check,  
sir,  
For Sir Francis's sides they'll make bleed,  
And he'll run him hard in neck and  
neck, sir.

The next, 'mongst this contest and strife,  
Can't gallop at all, as they say, sir,  
For he's liv'd upon grains all his life,  
And has all the time work'd in a dray,  
sir.  
The Government jockies declare,  
With their whips they'll lay into his  
skin, sir—  
They may whip, spur, and flog, but I'll  
swear  
That they never can get him to win,  
sir.

The last is a little Scotch Poney,  
A Devil to kick and to neigh, sir,  
But having run out of his money,  
I think next he had best run away,  
sir.  
But this Poney's not warranted sound,  
Broken kneed, so he can't run about,  
sir;  
'Twill be some time before he gets  
round,  
So we'll fire him, and then turn him  
out, sir!

## THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas  
Lent,  
An honest Ostler to confession went,  
And there of sins a long extended score,  
Of various shape and size, he mumbled  
o'er;  
Till, having clear'd his conscience of the  
stuff,  
(For any med'rate conscience quite  
enough)  
He ceas'd.—"What more?" the re-  
verend Father cried—  
"No more!" th' unburden'd penitent re-  
plied.  
"But," said the artful priest, "yet un-  
reveal'd  
There lurks one darling vice within you,  
though conceal'd:—  
Did you, in all your various modes of  
cheating,  
Ne'er grease the horses' teeth, to spoil  
their casing?"  
"Never!" cried Crop—So then, to close  
each strain,  
He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.  
Some months from hence, sad stings of  
conscience feeling,  
Crop, at confession, again was kneeling;  
When lo! at ev'ry step his conscience  
easing,  
Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and  
greasing.  
"Santa Maria!" cried th' astonish'd  
priest—  
"How much your sins have with your  
days increas'd!  
When last I saw you, you deny'd all this."  
"True," said the Ostler, "very true, it  
is;  
And also true, that, till that blessed time,  
I never, Father, heard of such a crime!"

## LINES ON HUNTING.

*Written after returning from the Chase, at  
the end of April.*

THEIR pleasures, reluctantly, Sports-  
men now yield,  
And lose, for a time, the delights of the  
field—  
Sly Reynard, now fearless, may roam for  
his prey,  
Lord Petre's staunch hounds clos'd their  
season to-day—  
And their promise of fame, at least, is  
fulfill'd.

For seventy foxes this winter they've  
kill'd;  
Whilst, free as the air from restraint or  
control,  
The fox-hunter gave to the chase his  
whole soul:  
Saw pleasure expanding each generous  
breast,  
And Sportsmen who gave to the sport a  
new zest;  
Heard the bounds joyous arash, the horn's  
tuneful call,  
By echo repeated round THORNDON'S  
proud hall;  
And there, when the charms of the chase  
are all o'er,  
Hospitality opens her lib'ral door:  
There magnificence reigns, their beauty  
resides,  
Urbanity pleases, and pleasure presides.

A.

## SLY REYNARD.

*Extracted from the new Operatic Drama of*  
PETER THE GREAT, OR, THE  
WOODEN WALLS.

AIR—(MAURITZ.)

SLY Reynard sneak'd out from a farmer's  
hen-roost,  
Where a young one he'd just been a  
picking:  
Half strangled he look'd, for he cou'd not  
get loose  
A bone, from his throat, of the chicken.  
O Reynard! sly Reynard the Fox!

He twist'd his jaw, and his eyes roll'd  
about,  
Like a cat in a quincey he creak'd too!  
"Will no good-natur'd bird," he cried,  
"take the bone out?"  
(Twas a flock of poor geese that he spoke  
to.)  
O Reynard! sly Reynard the Fox!

"I'll befriend ye for ever," cries Rey-  
nard the Fox,  
"From the weazle, cat, badger, and  
ferret;  
He that pulls the bone out, that distorts  
my poor chops,  
Is a goose I'll reward for his merit!"  
O Reynard! sly Reynard the Fox!

A gander

A gander advanc'd, once the pride of the flocks—  
No friend of his fate could remind him—  
He thrust his poor beak down the throat—  
Of the fox!  
But he left his poor head there behind him!  
O Reynard! sly Reynard the Fox!

(From the same.)

DUO—(MICHAEL AND LE FORT.)

Michael.

WHEN in the deepest dusk of night,  
No twinkling star illumines the sky,  
To check the bounding antler's flight,  
The busy poachers couching lie!

Le Fort.

Now o'er the grassy bed  
The 'tangling net is spread.

Both.

And as he seeks his destin'd mate,  
The snare his efforts foil,  
He struggles in the toil,  
And falls a victim to his fate.

ALLEGRO—A LA CHASSE.

Both.

But if the sportsman's hand shou'd set him free,  
And give the trembler life and liberty,  
Again he joins the dappled train,  
And scuds along the verdant plain.

## SUNDAY NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

*Hou! pœtas; heu! priaco fides!*

WHEREVER num'rous parties meet,  
From Portland to St. James's-street;  
Or sharpers prey upon the silly,  
From Charing Cross to Piccadilly,  
To all the world Clarinda's known,  
The life, the centre of the ton:  
To th' idle, profligate, or gay,  
Her house is open night and day;  
Where, Vice and Folly in a league,  
They loiter, gamble, or intrigue.  
"Come all as well come"—all are wel-  
come;  
(If they will play) let imps from Hell  
come;  
For be it known, to fill her rout,  
Fifty hundred cards are sent about.

On that blest day which man and beast,  
By Heav'n's command, devote to rest,  
These furies hold their horrid rites,  
Like witches, on the Sunday nights;—  
Open for Vice a public school,  
T' allure the young from Virtue's rule;  
Divert the old till their last breath,  
From thinking on th' approach of death;  
Till, unawares, this thoughtless band  
Die with four honours in their hand!

## THE WHITSUN WAKE.

E'EN now my heart beats high, for now  
I hear

The village bells ring merrily.—  
From breast to breast the heartfelt glad-  
ness bounds,

While floating murmurs die upon the air.  
It is the long-look'd pastime now begun;  
Aye! there they are upon the level green,  
Maiden and rustic, deck'd in best attire,  
And ushering in the Whitsun Holidays.  
Now waves the mazy dance fantastic,

while,  
Encircled by a gaping crowd of boys,  
The merry piper stands, and, capering,  
plays—

Or, careless of his half-learn'd tune,  
Obliquely looks, t' behold his fav'rite  
lass

Pair'd with another.—Haply, smiling too,  
The aged ploughman now forgets his  
team;

And, though to join the skipping throng  
too old,  
Laughs to see others laugh, he knows  
not why—

Or, if in graver mood, looks wond'rous  
wise,

And tells his hoyden daughters, as they  
pass,  
"Hold, maidens, hold! no whispering in  
the dance."

All, all is life and soothing jollity:  
That king of sports is there, the mounte-  
bank,

With antic tricks; or, with no sparing  
hand,

Dealing around some nostrum fam'd,  
alike

Specific in all pains and malâdies.  
There, too, the village matrons, gaily  
trimm'd

With lace and tucker, handed down se-  
cure

Through a long line of prudent ancestors.  
Worn but at marriage gay, or yearly  
wake—

Musing,

Musing, the mothers look o'er all the  
 plains,  
 While oft a cheerful smile unbends their  
 brows;  
 The days departed start again to life,  
 And all the scenes of childhood re-appear,  
 Faint, but more tranquil—like the chang-  
 ing scene  
 To him who sleeps at noon, and wakes at  
 eve.

Children of innocence! sport on in  
 peace!  
 Enjoy the fair, but fleeting morn-of life;  
 And may no tempest spoil your Holiday!

### IMITATION OF A LATIN ODE,

BY WALTER DE MAPES,

*Archdeacon of Oxford in the Eleventh  
 Century.*

I'LL in a tavern end my days, 'midst  
 boon companions merry,  
 Place at my lips a lusty flask, replete with  
 sparkling sherry,  
 That angels hov'ring round may cry,  
 when I lie dead as door-nail,  
 "Rise, genial Deacon, rise and drink of  
 the well of life eternal."

'Tis wine the fading lamp of life renews  
 with fire celestial,  
 And elevates the raptur'd sense above this  
 globe terrestrial;  
 Be mine the grape's pure juice, unmix'd  
 with any base ingredient,  
 Water to heretics I leave, sound church-  
 men have no need on't.

Various implements belong to ev'ry occu-  
 pation;  
 Give me a haunch of venison—and a fig  
 for inspiration!  
 Verses and odes without good cheer I ne-  
 ver could indite 'em—  
 Sure he who meagre days devis'd is d—d  
 ad infinitum!

When I exhaust the bowl profound, and  
 gen'rous liquor swallow,  
 Bright as the bev'rage I imbibe, the gen'-  
 rous numbers follow;  
 Your sneaking water-drinkers all, I utterly  
 condemn 'em—  
 He that would like Homer write must  
 drink like Agamemnon.

Myst'ries and prophetic truths, I never  
 could unfold 'em  
 Without a flagon of good wine, and a slice  
 of cold ham;  
 But when I've drain'd my liquor out, and  
 ate what's in the dish up,  
 Tho' I am but an archdeacon, I preach  
 like an archbishop.

### THE FATHER'S CONSOLATION TO HIS CHILD,

*On the unfavourable Fate of her Lottery  
 Chance.*

FORTUNE has shewn, my dearest Peg,  
 Her usual slipp'ry prank,  
 Has broke thy promis'd golden egg—  
 Thy Ticket proves a Blank.

If this mischance but teach thy scone  
 To scorn such bubbles frail,  
 As made the giddy Milk-maid once  
 O'erturn her precious pail;

Teach thee on SELF alone to rest,  
 On virtuous means, and wise,  
 Hereafter with this *Blank* be blest,  
 And prove indeed a *Prize*.

### A PARODY OF SHAKSPEARE.

BETWEEN th' election for a rotten bo-  
 rough,  
 And the first canvass, all the interim is  
 Like a black ant-hill stirr'd, or Bedlam-  
 loos'd :—  
 Favours, treats, promises, bribes, threats,  
 mobs, riots,  
 Are all in use, as rival instruments  
 For votes and int'rest; and each petty ale-  
 house,  
 Like to a little hell, becomes one place  
 Of uproar, fighting, and equality.

*Julius Cæsar, A. ii. S. 1.*

### THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE FOR STUDY.

MY garden neat  
 Has got a seat  
 That's hid from ev'ry eye, Sir;  
 There, day and night,  
 I read and write,  
 And *nobody's* the witness,

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,  
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to  
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1807.

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Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of the Duke of Grafton,

II, Adjutants, an Etching.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall;  
J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;  
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The *Philosophical Sportsman* came rather too late for insertion this month: we are happy to hear again from our old facetious correspondent, A. B. and shall certainly pay the earliest attention to his favours.

J. M. L., J. J. B., &c. will find some of their communications in the Feast of Wit, &c.

Several pieces in arrears shall appear in our next.

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Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

---





*J. Hoppner Esq. R.A. Pin.*

*H.R. Cook Sculp.*

*The Most Noble Augustus Henry*  
**DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G. &c. &c. &c.**

*Published July 1<sup>st</sup> 1807, by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.*



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THE  
**SPORTING MAGAZINE;**  
FOR JUNE, 1807.

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**THE DUKE OF GRAFTON;**  
A SPORTING CHARACTER.

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**I**N this place is given the Portrait of the venerable Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, who was born in the year 1735:

His Grace having been a sporting man for the best part of his life, that part of his character more immediately applicable to our Miscellany will be given in a future Number. At present we have only to say, that permission to copy the plate (which was taken from the original picture), together with the engraving, have been attended with no inconsiderable expence to the proprietor: he nevertheless flatters himself of meeting with the most ample reward in the approbation of the numerous readers of the **SPORTING MAGAZINE.**

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**AQUATIC SPORTS.**

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**O**N Tuesday, the 23d of June, an elegant Silver Cup was rowed for by six of the best cutters on the river, manned by gentlemen who sustain and row them at their own expence, and for their own pleasure. The agreement was made in this way—that the cutters should be rowed, not by their own hands, but

by those of the others, on the fair ground, that they knew the trim of their own galleys so well, that it would be a fairer point to have those who belonged to one galley to row another than row their own. In this way they started from the Widow Smith's, at Milbank, on the flow of the tide, to the Swan at Chelsea, and returned down again, four rowing each cutter. Six galleys started, but victory was soon declared in favour of three of them, the Diana, the Northumberland, and the Venus funny. On drifting down, the Diana took the lead and kept it—was followed by the Northumberland, which was backed by the Venus. They came in in that order, and the Judges gave the cup (a most elegant one) to the Captain of the Diana: it was a well-contested race with those three galleys, and afforded much amusement.

A great number of boats were on the river, pleasure boats as well as others, and it afforded a pretty aquatic spectacle.

---

**O**N Thursday, the 25th, the long-depending Sailing Match, for fifty guineas, between Campbell Allan, of the Sally, and Captain Gardner, of the Victory, both of Horselydown, took place. They started from Cuckold's Point to Erith and back, which was won by the Sally.

The match was one of the sharpest contended ever remembered on the Thames; bets at starting were ten to five on the Victory. When they arrived at Erith, they were as high as ten to one; but just before they were off Greenwich, on the return, the odds were in favour of the Sally, which increased as she came up the river, and beat the Victory by about a cable's length.

#### ASTLEY'S WHERRY.

On Thursday, the 25th instant, the Wherry given by the Proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, was rowed for by six Watermen, three from below bridge, and three from above; to row with sculls. The following were the competitors:—

Thomas Duffin, Lambeth.  
John Oldfield, Hungerford.  
Abraham Lock, Stangate.  
John Evans, Tower.  
Edw. Cross, Battle Bridge.  
Daniel Shaw, Horselydown.

The first heat commenced at five o'clock, when they started, went up large on the stream, with the tide up, round to a boat off Cumberland Gardens, returned down the South shore, through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, rowing round the beacon of the Lambeth Water-Works, and returned up through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge.

Lock came in ..... First  
Oldfield ..... Second  
Evans ..... Third.

These three started for the second heat, and heading on just in the same line of direction, went up again, and returned back exactly in the same order. Lock won the wherry, Oldfield the second prize, and Evans the third. The whole was a spectacle highly gratifying to

a great number of persons assembled on the occasion.

There was another match of the same description for a Subscription Wherry, from the King's Stairs at Greenwich, round a boat moored off the Red House, and back again, by six youths, who had served their apprenticeships at Deptford and Greenwich. It was well contested, and at length won by a Deptford lad. A great number of boats were on the river, and the day being so very fine, the show was an excellent one.

#### SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE'S STUD.

THE Stud of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's late hunting establishment, was sold at Tattersall's at the following prices:

	Gs.		Gs.
Buffalo .....	310	Speculation ..	260
Dragon .....	360	Clipsham ....	240
Black Dick ...	210	Dean Swift ...	140
Crusade .....	195	Harlequih ....	47
Dungannon ..	310	Doctor .....	210
Ticket .....	130	Bruiser .....	135
Recruit .....	155	Verjuice .....	90
Osmyn .....	171	Marsden .....	125
Carlisle .....	110	Pitch .....	75
Comrade .....	140	Tinker .....	80
Magpie .....	85	Pilot .....	300
Pegasus .....	85	Admiral .....	70
Brass .....	65	Fortune .....	52
Prospero .....	115	Revenge .....	120

28 Horses.—Total 4495gs.

Buffalo was bought by the Prince of Wales, Dragon and Dungannon by Capt. Vyse, Ticket and Osmyn by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Speculation by Lord Jersey, Clipsham by Lord Middleton, Doctor by Lord Oxford, Bruiser by the Hon. Mr. Capel, and Pilot by Lord Yarmouth.

COCKING.

## COCKING.

## YORK SPRING MEETING.

**T**HE Main of Cocks fought between the Earl of Mexborough (Gilliver, feeder) and Sir F. Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) for 20gs a battle, and 400gs the main.

GILLIVER. M. B.	THOMPSON. M. B.
Monday, ... 1 1	3 2
Tuesday, ... 3 1	2 1
Wednesday, ... 4 3	1 0
Thursday, ... 4 2	1 1
Friday, ... 2 2	3 1

14 9

10 5

## MANCHESTER.

In the Race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart. and R. G. Hopwood, Esq. which was a drawn one.

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

<b>STOCKBRIDGE</b> .....	July 1
Ludlow .....	2
Ipswich .....	7
Knighton .....	7
Newmarket .....	13
Preston .....	14
Winchester .....	14
Salisbury .....	22
Ormskirk .....	22
Knutsford .....	28
Blandford .....	28
Totness .....	28
Oxford .....	28
Edinburgh .....	August 3
Nottingham .....	4
Huntingdon .....	4
Chelmsford .....	4
Newbury .....	4
Worcester .....	4
Newcastle, Staffordshire .....	5
Exeter .....	6

Southampton .....	August 10
Reading .....	18
Egham .....	25
Lincoln .....	Sept. 9
Kingscote .....	16
Leicester .....	
Doncaster .....	21
Newmarket First October .....	28
Newmarket Second .....	Oct. 12
Richmond .....	13
Northallerton .....	21
Newmarket Houghton Meeting .....	26

## MR. HAWKE AND MR. MELLISH.

## NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

**A** Duel took place, on Monday morning, the 1st of June, a few miles from York, between Mr. Mellish, of that county, and the Hon. Martin Hawke, in which Mr. Mellish was wounded; but, it is understood, not dangerously.—Sir Thomas Gascoyne's son was second to Mr. Hawke, and Mr. Lee to Mr. Mellish.

If we may form an opinion of the above duel between Mr. Hawke and Mr. Mellish, from the following dialogue, which is positively said to have passed on their taking the ground, though the combatants might have been so far impelled by what is falsely called a regard to the punctilios of honour, as to be determined to go through with the affair, there does not appear to be any thing of malignity, or even irascibility, in their demeanour towards each other.

"Mr. M.—Take care of yourself, Hawke, for by G— I shall hit you."

"Mr. H.—I will, my lad? and let me recommend you to take care of your own cannister!"

The

The seconds, on hearing this, agreed that they should not take aim, but fire by signal, which was done; when Mr Mellish missed, and Mr. Hawke's shot took effect, by passing round the rim of his opponent's belly, and then shattering the bone of his left arm; on which Mr. Mellish exclaimed, "Hawke, you have *winged* me! Lend me your neckcloth to tie up the broken *pinion*!" which was immediately complied with, and the arm being bound up, they both returned in the same chaise, as good friends as ever!

---

#### MR. MELLISH'S STATEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

Parlington Park, near Ferry-  
bridge, July 18, 1807.

"SIR—Observing in some Paper of the 11th of this month, an account of the affair between the Honourable Martin Hawke and myself, I have to inform you, that on coming to the ground, I certainly stated to Mr. Hawke, that I did not intend our meeting to end in child's play, but should hit him if I could. The remainder of your statement, however, not being correct, I shall beg the favour of you to insert this letter in your next.—I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"HENRY FRANCIS MELLISH,  
Capt. 10th Lt. Drs."

Our readers will themselves judge of Mr. Mellish's communication, as far as relates to his sentiments about "*child's play*," and to "*hit Mr. Hawke if he could*."

One of our correspondents is rather severe upon Mr. M. He observes on the awkwardness of the conclusion of the letter, and its want of information:—

"Mr. M. says—'The remainder of your statement, however, not being correct, I shall beg the favour of you to insert this letter in your next.' Well, and what is the inserting of this letter in your next to do? Is it to shew in what way the statement is not correct; or is it merely to serve as a prelude to the important communication, that Mr. M. is the Printer's most obedient, &c.?"

The letter, we must confess, finishes in a very bald manner, and can only remark, that when gentlemen write any thing for the public eye, they should be a little particular in handling the subject, and in the choice of words for doing it.

---

#### BLENHEIM PARVA,

NEAR FINSBURY SQUARE.

MR. Hull lately opened a Repository for the Sale of Horses and Carriages, at the above place, where a great number of gentlemen attended, whom he addressed as follows:—

"Gentlemen,

"It is now four years since I first embarked in this trade, in Chiswell-street: but having unfortunately started with a partner who did not go over the course in a way that was satisfactory to me or the public, I thought it prudent to pull up within the distance, and let him go alone to the ending-post."

"Having purchased these premises, and taken my son into partnership, our utmost exertions shall be used to conduct the horse-trade upon a plan that will, we hope, insure us the custom and confidence of both seller and buyer, and which can only be accomplished by acting with

with the most strict integrity and impartiality to both. By pursuing this system, we trust we shall be enabled completely to do away an impression which has been made on the public mind, extremely injurious to a trade of this description, in consequence of the trick and jockeyship that, we are sorry to say, have, no doubt, been too frequently and too successfully practised.

---

### THE VOLUNTEER CONFLICT.

NORWICH, JUNE 13.

THE King's Birth-day was celebrated throughout this county with the accustomed demonstrations of joy. An incident, however, occurred, which, in its consequences, threw a great damp on the festivity of many of his Majesty's liege subjects.

In a certain market-town of this county, there are two respectable Volunteer corps—one of cavalry, the other of infantry. A dispute unfortunately arose between these corps, on a point of *precedence*, which, after much altercation, was decided in favour of the cavalry. The corps went through their evolutions, and fired in honour of the day; they, however, did not think proper to dine together, but retired to separate houses.

In the evening, according to annual custom, the town engine was brought out, and played in the market-place by the usual persons, amongst whom are several of the infantry corps. Now, it so happened that the windows of the Inn, where the *Chevaliers* were taking their wine after dinner, stood most

invitingly open; the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and the *Engineers*, watching their opportunity, poured in such streams of muddy water, as in a short time cleared the table of decanters and glasses, and (as Major Sturgeon, in the play, says) "threw the whole line into confusion."—Indignant at this attack, the troopers left the room, "by ones, by twos, by threes," and proceeding to the stables, mounted their horses, with a determination of taking ample vengeance on their assailants. Having formed line, they advanced to the charge; the infantry at the engine stood firm as a rock, and when the troop came within a few yards of them, they threw in such a liquid "volley to the front," as made the cavalry on their right and left backwards wheel, and finally to retreat, covered with every thing but glory. The horsemen, notwithstanding this repulse, soon after rallied again, and changing their mode of attack, divided their forces, fell upon the *Engineers* in every direction, and drove them into the middle of the stagnant pool, from whence they had drawn their ammunition, and means of annoyance.

---

### A SMART WALK FOR A WIFE.

SOME few days ago, a man went from Dallington to Hellingly, to be married; but not being provided with a certificate of the banns having been regularly published, the Minister was under the necessity of postponing the wedding till the following day, not thinking it possible that the man could return in time, so great a distance, on foot,

for

for the performance of the ceremony sooner. He was, however, determined to make the attempt, and after pulling off his hat, and committing it to the care of his intended bride, started from the church-yard, at full speed, and returned to Hellingly twenty minutes before twelve, completing a distance of nearly twenty miles in exactly two hours and thirty-five minutes, to the great joy of the betrothed damsel, who anxiously waited his arrival, which had no sooner taken place, than a congratulatory salute was exchanged, when the fond couple repaired to the hymeneal altar, and were made happy. The bridegroom is small of stature, about 25 years of age, and of course wholly unprepared for such a pedestrian enterprise.

## MORE SAGACITY

IN THE  
CANINE RACE.

A Provincial Paper relates, that a Shepherd lately, on his return home a little top-heavy, slipped into a deep dyke, which the late rains had filled with water; with great difficulty he got his head to the bank, but was unable to extricate himself further. The shepherd's dog, observing the calamitous situation of his master, ran to the door of the cottage, about two closes distant, and after howling and scratching some time, drew his mistress to the spot, where she found 'sober Tummas,' very coolly hiccoughing with his chin just above water. With great difficulty, she dragged him from his perilous situation.

## PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Match for fifty guineas took place on Tuesday, the 23d, on Finchley Common, between Mess. Moreton and Collison, celebrated shots, which afforded unusual diversion. Moreton went on the ground to shoot with a Mr. Wells

for one hundred guineas, play or pay. Mr. Wells had met with an accident, and Moreton received forfeit.—The match having been made with Collison, the shots were decided as follow:—

### MORETON.

#### SHOTS.

1. Hit, and fell out of bounds. . .
2. Missed . . . . .
3. Killed . . . . .
4. Killed . . . . .
5. Hit . . . . .
6. Fell out of bounds . . . . .
7. Killed . . . . .
8. Killed . . . . .
9. Killed . . . . .
10. Killed . . . . .
11. Killed . . . . .

The match, it will be seen, was well contested; as Collison's success depended on killing the last bird.

### COLLISON.

#### SHOTS.

1. Killed . . . . .
2. Killed . . . . .
3. Killed . . . . .
4. Killed . . . . .
5. Killed . . . . .
6. Hit . . . . .
7. Killed . . . . .
8. Killed . . . . .
9. Missed . . . . .
10. Hit . . . . .
11. Killed . . . . .

There were several minor matches, which concluded the sports of the day.

FEAST

## FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &amp;c.

THREE village toss-pots agreed to try who could tell the greatest lie, for a stake made up by some of the company. The two first that tried, told most *twanging* ones; but, the third, who was known to be the most notorious liar in the village, despairing of inventing a lie equal to their's, exclaimed, "I shall not try to exceed you in lying, for it is well known *I never told a lie in my life!*"—It scarcely need be added, that he gained the stake.

DURING the late election, when the weather was very wet, and consequently the streets extremely muddy, a person known to have received a bribe, told his friend he had a fall near the hustings, saying his foot slipped, and he fell *clean* down.—"Then I presume," said his friend, "you got up *dirty*."

DURING the late contest for Westminster, a person, who was always anxious to know the state of the poll, put the following question to a wag:—"Pray, Sir, who's got a *head* to day?" He replied, "Why, thank God, *I have*, for one, and if you *had not*, you would be unable to ask so foolish a question."

A young lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart*." "Indeed!" said she; "well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

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LATELY died, at Woodbridge, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs. Gall, widow.—No doubt she is *bitterly*, mourned by her friends.

A wag, on hearing that the Turks fired at our fleet with stone balls, remarked, that our tars would like, playing at *marbles* with them very well.

THE phrase of candidates *starting* for the representation of boroughs and counties, is, no doubt, taken from Newmarket; with this difference, that he who carries most *weight* is sure of the *race*.

THE Rector of a good fat living, during the late general election, addressed a letter to his parish clerk, in which he *commanded* him to vote for a candidate who was well known to be a Court hireling. Honest *Stave* answered the mandatory epistle in these words:—"Your Reverence is appointed to preach the Gospel, and I to raise psalms to the glory of God. The God whom we serve, made man *free*; it cannot be for his glory to make him a slave.—You should not, then, preach such doctrine. But do as you will, you must not have my *amen* to any thing I am not-assured is orthodox."

JUVENILE SENATOR.—The celebrated Lord Falkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave Member objected to his *youth*, and said, "He looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*."—The young Lord replied with great quickness, "Then

Q

I am

I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up."

that city, to let on lease, for the term of nine thousand nine hundred years!

THE frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill*, is not a little alarming to a stranger in Ireland, more especially if he be under the influence of those foolish prejudices which have been excited against that country. I have (says Cair, in his 'Stranger in Ireland') just enumerated, in my memory, no less than 49 of those *kill* places. The name produced the following ridiculous mistake: When some of our militia regiments were in Ireland, during the rebellion, a soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an out-post, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going? The fellow replied, "And my name, my dear honey, is Tully-hog; and, d'ye see, I have just been to *Killmany*, and now I am going to *Killmore*;" upon which the sentinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, by confession just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

IN Dublin there are several little stands of shoe-blacks, where there is much pleasantty. One day, an Englishman having availed himself of the convenience of one of these stalls, paid his little shoe-black with considerable haughtiness, upon which the young dirty urchin said, when his customer had proceeded a little way from his stall, "By my shoul, all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave it you."

LONG LEASE.—A Mr. Woodley, near Cork, in Ireland, has advertised a mansion and demesne not far from

A BOOKSELLER being asked his opinion of the dissolution of Parliament, said, he thought it was rather hard that those members, who had fulfilled "the Whole Duty of Man," should scarce be allowed a "Week's Preparation;" that the electors of the United Kingdom should not trust to "Title Pages;" that they should look into the "Table of Contents;" and the "Index to the Votes;" that "quartos and pocket volumes" should, on such a momentous occasion, be left out of the question; and that "old Editions," in good preservation, without spot or stain, should be preferred to new ones, though "gilt;" and that the Constitution of England would, he hoped, be the favourite text; and every one that opposed it be "hot-pressed;" and "strongly bound."

ALTHOUGH a certain facetious alderman has been joked with, somewhat roughly, as to his zeal for religion, he has more knowledge of the subject than many persons are willing to allow. In answer to a friend, who asked him what he meant by the Protestant Interest? he very readily replied—"Five per cent. upon a principal, and a bonus!"

AN old national diversion has lately been revived at Pisa, by order of the Queen of Etruria. It is called *Givoco del Ponte*. As the river Arno divides the town into North and South, 180 inhabitants of the North quarter contend with an equal number of the South quarter, for the possession of its marble bridge. They attack by divisions of



of thirty: the struggle lasts three quarters of an hour, and consists merely in the parties pushing against and driving back each other. Those who penetrate beyond the middle of the bridge are proclaimed victors. The feast concludes with a splendid repast, and a ball. Pisa being a Greek colony, it is thought to be a remnant of the ancient Greek games. It had not been celebrated these twenty-two years.

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred at the White Hart Inn, at Guildford, at the close of the late Surry election:—Some of the electors, not content with drinking as much as possible at the expence and liberality of Mr. Thornton (one of the successful candidates), pocketed several bottles of wine, which being found to go off remarkably fast, two gentlemen, suspecting some foul play was going forward, placed themselves at the foot of the stairs, and in the pockets of whomsoever they discovered a bottle, cut off the skirts of the coat; with the pocket and bottle, and sent them to the landlord. From shame, or whatever cause, those who had thus their coats cut, made the best of their way out of sight; so that no discovery was made, and the gentlemen cut off coat-skirts to the number of *seventeen*!

THE Journeymen Tailors at Sheerness lately struck, in order to obtain an increase of wages. The Masters appointed a meeting at a public-house to receive, and if possible, adjust their claims, which coming to the knowledge of some Naval Officers, whose ships are fitting at that port, and in want of hands, they paid them a visit, and selecting ten of the stoutest, took them on board, where they will, no

doubt learn, and on the return of peace, be able to inculcate into the minds of their brother snips, the wholesome sea-doctrine of—*never to strike*.

AN intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, puts on his *best* clothes. This circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our *beggars*, who have usually but one set of *habits*, all of which are *equally bad*.

A GENTLEMAN passing through a country village in Ireland, had occasion to take a cheerful glass in company with a plain countryman. The latter being called upon for a toast, replied, "I'll give you *Catholic Emancipation*." The gentleman, wishing to know what his companion understood by that term, requested an explanation of it. The rustic appeared confounded for a moment, having probably never thought of the subject before, and then exclaimed, "*Paddy Murphy and the Priest!*"

PREVIOUS to the late Election it was humourously observed:—  
"From the number of respectable Gentlemen of the *brewing* trade who have *started* as Candidates at the ensuing Election, it is to be hoped that they will turn their *heads* to Parliamentary business, without being too *frothy*: that their principles will be as *clear as amber*; and that they will not *hop* over to the Minister, but shew themselves *stout* patriots. In examining into the national expences, they must avoid some former examples, and not let themselves be made *entire butts* in St. Stephen's Chapel; and, in their study of economy, take care that

that, "what is saved at the spigot is not lost at the bung-hole."

Of all, the Election Addresses, lately seen, the following, by a Gentleman, to a Borough for which it was reported he was invited to stand Candidate, is by far the most extraordinary. He says,

"I am induced through the medium of your County Paper, as my first duty and attention, from the numerous civilities and protection, which I have experienced in the early part of my life, among the inhabitants of your ancient Borough, to intimate, that in no epocha of my ambition, have I been anxious for a seat in Parliament; indeed, it has ever only been my study to move in a sphere of life, with the companions of my birth, rank, and education, without endeavouring to soar into a situation, which would inevitably, in Parliamentary duty, take me from your conviviality and friendship. Whatever therefore, Gentlemen, may be your wish in the choice of a Candidate, I trust that I may not be singled as your feeble Representative, desiring only to be considered as a man of independent principles, living among you, under the same planet, with uninterrupted unanimity and concord."

**EXTRAORDINARY Visiting Card.**  
—A letter from Vienna, dated March 20th, says—"The celebrated Haydn daily feels more and more the infirmities of old age; and it is not without the most melancholy sensations that he perceives the decay of the brilliant genius which he received from nature. He lately left, as a visiting-card, at the house of the Abbé Studler, *Maitre de Chapelle* of the metropolis, a musical theme, or words to the following effect:—

"My strength forsakes me; the lyre will not sound under my enfeebled fingers, &c." The Abbé did not fail to take a card, the following day, to Haydn, to which was also added a musical reply, in these terms:—"Why speak of your age? what you have created will not pass away; the name of Haydn is immortal." The music-sellers immediately had both these extraordinary visiting-cards engraved."

To take one person for another is a very common circumstance, but that a person should take another for himself, few, if any, ever heard of before: yet, in the year 1802, in the Upper Room at Bath, Mr. K—v—h going from the large room to one of the others, was met by Col. C—. They both came to the door at the same time:—Mr. K—v—h thought that it was a mirror: when the door opened, and Col. C— spoke to him, he exclaimed, "By J—s, Sir, I took you for myself, and I thought I never looked so well in all my life."—This I had from Mrs. K—v—h, who has likewise owned that she herself has spoken to Col. C. thinking him her husband.

WHEN Peter Beckford, Esq. was at Turin, in his younger days, fat coachmen, not men of light weight, were all the fashion. The Marquis Priè sent to Paris for the fattest that could be procured, and the first day he drove, he ran him against a post. Priè, with the greatest composure, said, letting down the foreglass of his window, "*Econtez mon ami, ce n'est pas tout d'avoir un gros ventre, il faut le savoir conduire.*"—"Hark ye, friend, it is not sufficient to have a great belly—you ought to know how to guide it."

## RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

## AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

A YOUNG lady, newly married, being obliged to shew her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend :

" I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend ! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sensations which now swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure ; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend ..... and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice. .... Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old ; she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am sure my husband likes nothing more than he does me ; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I was more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word ..... and to crown the whole, .... my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu ! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

N. B. The key to the above letter (in cypher) is, to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

" *Much wanted*—A neat, well-behaved female, to do kitchen-work, in a small family, at Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the fish-kettle ; may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Elias Smith ; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers.—Enquire at the Repository Office, near Boston."

" *Fashionable Intelligence*.—John Richard Deborous Higgins, Ladies' Hair-dresser, from New York, takes the earliest opportunity to inform the Ladies of Philadelphia, that, in compliance with earnest and reiterated intreaties, he has arrived at this city, and intends to make it the place of his residence long enough to develope *character* and *design* ; or, in other words, he means to employ some days to the best employment of his talents in the line of his profession. Of the various duties of a hair-dresser of eminence, none excites more anxious concern than that of turning his abilities to the most profitable account for himself, and most for the happiness of others.

" J. P. D. HIGGINS,  
14, Chesnut-street."

" *Barbecue*.—The citizens generally, of all parties, are respectfully invited to partake of a Barbecue on Saturday next, at the spring on

on Monday, near Slater's White-house Tavern, two miles from Frederick, on the Lancaster road. The candidates are all respectfully requested to attend, as it is expected there will be a political discussion, that the people may then have an opportunity of being fully informed on public subjects, by hearing both sides, face to face, in an open and fair manner.

#### A SPINSTER'S ORIGIN.

TO spin with art, in ancient times has been  
Thought not beneath the noblest Dame,  
or Queen.  
From that employ, then, maidens had the name  
Of Spinsters, which the moderns seldom  
claim.

But since to cards each damsel turns her  
mind,  
And to that dear delight is more inclin'd,  
Change the fair name of Spinster to a  
harder,  
And let each maiden now be call'd—a  
Curder!

THE following Election Squib was lately circulated at York:—

"Dr. Katterfelto, jun. begs leave to inform his numerous friends and customers, that his performances in the City of York will close this week, and that afterwards he shall renew them in the Castle Yard, where he hopes to exhibit for several days, should his employers be able to find money to carry on their exertions.

"He professes that he surpasses every other man in the kingdom in the arts of tricking, deception, and defusion. He will undertake to make his admirers believe, that their best friends are their greatest enemies; that promises are like pie-crusts, made for no other purpose but to be broken; that because men have served you faithfully for many years, they will now

cease to do so; and that those who have never served you at all are most worthy of your confidence. He will undertake to shew you that war is better than peace, that want is preferable to plenty, that taxes are a blessing, that speculators are honest men, that Lord Melville is an angel, and that all who think differently from him are Devils. In short, he will make you believe that black is white, and that he is the only perfect being in the world.—Those who wish for private lessons, are referred, for further particulars, to the Professor himself, who may be found (for the convenience of lunatic patients) near the Asylum, York.

A FLING at the late Ministers.—In the late political cricket-match, the wickets of the Opposition went down so fast, that their fall was not always duly observed. The public cheered loudly, however, as the stumps of any of the Cabinet Players fell. The loudest plaudits of all were, when Lord Howick himself was caught out!

A POOR Actor, at Norwich, personating Grainger, in the Farce of *Who's the Dupe?* on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to *Gradus's* Greek quotation, where *Old Doily* sits as umpire, began thus—"O raina nighto! spoilo benefito quito."

ANECDOTE.—General Doyle, on being informed by a traveller that he had been in a country where the bugs were so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, wittily replied, "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but there we call them *Hum-bugs!*"

## CHARACTER OF A SOAKING SPORTSMAN.

**JACK GUZZLE** is well known at all the public dinners in this county, where he is famous for carrying away more wine than any three of his associates, and for the drunken quarrels in which he is frequently involved. His long and early habits of drinking would have killed any other man. His father, an honest country fox-hunter, after having lived single for many years, at last thought proper to take to himself a wife; and Jack was the only issue of the marriage. He was taught in his early infancy, even before he could speak articulately, to give the view-halloo; and he attended his father to the field at the age of six years. He soon learned to drink with the huntsmen, and at twelve could take off his dram with a smack. All these accomplishments so endeared him to the honest fox-hunter, his father, that although often requested by his relations to send Jack to some good seminary of learning, he declared, that as the boy shewed such signs of genius, he would undertake his education himself; and for that purpose fixed on a neighbouring clergyman, who had been his constant companion in the field.

With such an education, so superintended, the rapid progress which Jack made, astonished his acquaintance. At the age of sixteen he could break a horse, train a dog, leap a five-barred gate, and shoot flying, better than any man in the country.—At eighteen, he acquired immortal reputation by drinking down the mayor and the whole corporation, at a public dinner in a neighbouring borough.

He was now thought completely qualified by his friends for the University, where the little learning he had acquired in rainy weather, and on frosty days, would render him acceptable to the senior; and his talent for cracking a bottle ingratiate him with the junior part of the community. His progress here was equal to his former character; he completed his education, and although he lost the little Latin which he brought with him, yet the reputation which he had acquired of a five-bottle man, and of having induced more freshmen to become drunkards than any other Academic of his standing, amply compensated this trifling loss.

On his return home, his father received him with open arms; and his old acquaintance and friends all congratulated him on the eminent character which he had obtained: the old gentleman, however, who had hitherto stood unrivalled as the hardest drinker in the country, unwilling that his son should enjoy a greater name than himself, challenged him to a drinking match, in which he lost both his reputation and his life, being carried off a few days after by a violent fever. Jack, however, neither forewarned nor alarmed by his father's fate, still follows his profession, with a pedantic attachment, and is become the terror of every sober man in the country, whom he never fails to persecute by inciting them to drink, and to insult with his harangues in praise of a bottle. He boasts that he is reputed to be the hardest drinker in Europe; and that he has killed more men by the bottle in a twelvemonth, than all the Physicians in London have cured in ten years.

MORE

## MORE MISERIES-OF HUMAN LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

**WE** were, twelve months ago, the happiest family in the world, that is to say, my wife, Helen, who was as good-natured a soul as ever lived; myself, who was naturally easy, and pleased with any thing, and Tommy, and Suzy, our boy and girl, both of them sweet-tempered children. I shall never forget how comfortably we used to pass away the winter evenings, supping altogether by the fire-side, on Welch rabbits, or scolloped oysters. It happened, unfortunately for my wife and I, that we had both of us received a decent education, and for Tommy and Suzy, that they had been sent to school, and could read and write very well. We always read some of the newspapers, and I made it a point to purchase any new book which struck my fancy in my walks home to dinner. In one *evil* hour I happened to see some Remarks on a volume entitled *The Miseries of Human Life*; tempted by Satan or Beelzebub, I bought the book, and took it home in my pocket to entertain my wife and the children. At tea-time I produced my purchase, when they were all eager that I should treat them with the contents; I began to read, and was very much pleased to find them bestow great attention. Now and then they laughed, and at other times they looked very serious, and I was unconscious, for my own part, of any extraordinary change taking place in either myself or them. Things remained very quiet after I had done reading, until supper, when, unfortunately as I was going to stir the fire, I missed the poker,

displaced the shovel, and ~~displaced~~ the tongs, when the whole family of fire-irons fell with a tremendous crash on the earth; my wife shrieked, and exclaimed, *There, there is one of the miseries of human life.* I stooped down hastily to remedy this disaster, when the crown of my head coming in contact with the spout of the tea-kettle, at the fire side, that vessel came down, scattering a shower of hot water over Tommy's legs: my wife screamed again, and Tommy stood for a minute on one leg, considering whether he was hurt or not. "Aye," cried my wife, "*how true that book is—there are nothing but miseries in this world.*" On this I seated myself in an armed chair, and got into a reverie; my wife did the same; Tommy heaved a deep sigh, and Suzy seated herself on a stool with her hands placed to the back of her neck, and her elbows in front; not any of us cared for supper, and each of us went to bed, heartily sick and tired of existence.

The next day, on my return home, I found my wife something better; and though we were all of us a good deal dejected, things went on tolerably smooth until tea time, when my wife discovered the *misery* of a tea-pot, with a *bad spout*, that poured forth the liquid in dribbles, and was ten minutes each time in the operation of filling the cups, although this poor unfortunate vehicle had been in use seven years, with very little complaint. I was in the act of consoling her on this misfortune, when the bottom of the chair on which I sat, and which had been loosened by age from the frame, gave way, and I found the heaviest part of me lowered to the ground, and my heels in the air like a rope-dancer at Sadler's Wells; It

It took some time, and the efforts of the whole family, to restore me to a more becoming position. I began now to feel the full force of the miseries of human life, and rang the bell for Betty to put on some coals, that I might apply to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," in the chimney corner. Betty obeyed the usual summons; but I was astonished to find, when she came into the room, that her features were clouded, and a visible dejection in her countenance. I asked for some coals, when she informed me that the skuttle, worn out by time, had become a perfect sieve, and that she could not bring it up stairs without strewing the way with the black sand which issued from the perforations. I was about to say something on the occasion, when she interrupted me by observing, "*Ah, Sir, it is only one of the Miseries of Human Life.*" I was astonished, I confess, at this flight, nor was the mystery cleared up until I discovered that Betty had borrowed the book, and become a convert to misery, in consequence only of her search after knowledge.

I had, happily, philosophy enough left to bear up against these accumulated misfortunes, and endeavoured to give consolation to my poor wife, who met with something every instant that was a subject of vexation, and who had not my magnanimity. I had surmounted much, was not a great deal vexed at a rickety table, shocked at the tearing of a piece of Irish, nor dismayed at a *spinning plate* for my dinner: in short, I found myself nearly recovered, my wife considerably better, Betsey more composed, and the children full of play; when, unfortunately, going through the Strand one morning, I beheld

MORE MISERIES staring me full in the face; I passed by boldly, when the tempter laid hold on me, and I remained for an instant fixed immovably to one spot, contemplating whether I should purchase MORE MISERIES, or be contented with those I had already. I believe that I should have had resolution enough to have gone on, if a drayman coming by, had not trod upon my toe, and what was still worse, on a corn at the top of the toe. This new misery determined me to buy a manufactory of them, for I was in the humour now to indulge one vexation after another.

I entered fully into the subject before dinner was well over, and was obliged to gratify my wife by reading it aloud. The effect was almost instantaneous—we became, as it were, ready loaded with chagrin, and only wanted a spark of vexation to let us off. We were not long kept in suspense; Betty entered the room with a face of woe, and told us that a strange black cat had got into the kitchen, and devoured the best part of our leg of lamb. My poor wife trembled with anger at the cat, and Betty fixed her eyes on the book as it lay on the table, and was muttering to herself, MORE MISERIES. But to add to our distress, at this very instant, the newspaper was brought in; by the Lottery intelligence of which it appeared, that No. 24,806 was drawn a twenty thousand pound prize, which would not have been a matter of much concern to us, if, unfortunately, my wife's sixteenth share had not been No. 24,807. This last misery overcame us entirely, and we all sunk into a reverie of wretchedness. This, Sir, continued without any abatement of its symptoms. I was nevertheless in hopes that time might do

something towards removing our complaints; judge then of my transport, when I beheld one day, in the window of a bookseller, "THE COMFORTS OF HUMAN LIFE." I was so impatient to peruse it, that I ran all the way, until I got home; when I entered the house, out of breath, embraced my wife, hugged the children, and taking the delightful duodecimo out of my pocket, began to read; but what was my astonishment when my wife declared, that the comforts of life were not so entertaining to her as the miseries, and then I saw the children fast asleep; in short, my wife refused to be comforted. Thus, Sir, as the learned have said, that *Paradise Lost* was better than *Paradise Regained*, so have my wife and Betty decided that, *Miseries* and *More Miseries*, are better than the *Comforts* of Life.

PETER SORROWFUL,  
*Willow-Wall West.*

### IGNIS FATUUS.

ON Tuesday evening, May the 5th, between the hours of nine and ten p. m. John Stevens, who was returning from Euston to Fakenham, in Norfolk, had passed only a little way beyond Mr. Rogers's, when he was struck with the following singular appearance:—A mass of light gradually spread from the top of his horse's ears, till it quite covered the surface, and the space between the ears, while a few luminous drops were sprinkled on the mane. The light was bright and sparkling; a clear amber, with a slight effusion of blue; and the rider said that it appeared as if his horse's head was covered with glow worms. He rubbed his hand along one of the ears, but could feel no-

thing; and the light again covered the part the moment his hand was withdrawn. There was no sensation of heat, no smell of vapour; and his horse, which was going at a very gentle pace, seemed quite unconscious of the lustre that was diffused over his head. The luminous spectre kept its situation, and preserved its brilliancy, to within a short distance of Fakenham parsonage, when it gradually vanished, and left no trace behind. This appears to have been one of the most extraordinary and beautiful instances of *ignis fatuus* which we have on record; and when we consider how very rare that appearance really is, it is the more deserving of attention. The far-famed Dr. Darwin, who had travelled at all hours in the night for a number of years in the exercise of his profession, says, that he never saw a single instance of *ignis fatuus*, or what is vulgarly called "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and seems, indeed, to have doubted the existence of the thing. But such appearances have been actually observed by Dr. Derham, by the Italian philosopher Beccari, and others.

Dr. Shaw, in his *Travels*, gives a singular account of an *ignis fatuus* which appeared in the valley of Mount Ephraim. This attended him and his company for more than an hour, and kept varying its shape, and contracting or dilating its surface, with a sort of fantastic inconstancy all the time. The true reason of *ignis fatuus* is yet unknown; but the electric fluid seems to be a principal agent in the production of the interesting phenomenon. I should not omit to state, that in the present instance, the night at the time was stormy, and the rain fell in considerable quantities.

DINING



## DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

From Pinckard's Notes.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents—the ridiculous tumblers—and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into, by the unsteady motion of the vessel; indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motions, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we *fetch way*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined; and, often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled, in the most ludicrous manner, to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture.

Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene; at this hour, the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we meet—crawl, trembling, towards the table—and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed, clinging

to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go: steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another: the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions, about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the table, thinking only of saving their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion—every thing is in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again *fetch way*, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and, although we are lashed in the chairs ourselves, it is with some difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses, slatter together in all the discord of the moment: the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness again attempt to eat. Some foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancy-

ing themselves in security; but quickly they are tumbled, in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling, with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some, having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births. Some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with the sprays; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding. Some abuse the helmsman; others the ship; and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind.

### SCENE,

*From Morton's new Comedy of  
TOWN AND COUNTRY.\**

SCENE, A FASHIONABLE STREET.

*Enter Cosey, meeting Trot.*

*Cosey.* AH! my old friend—welcome to London.

*Trot (in a melancholy tone).*—Thank you.

*Cosey.*—Is'n't it a jolly place?

*Trot.*—Oh! very.

*Cosey.*—But, heyday! you don't seem to be what I call comfortable.

*Trot.*—No, not particularly so.

*Cosey.*—That's because you don't live in the city.—Here, even, their language is unintelligible!

*Trot.*—Oh! but I have learnt some of that. When any body says, "How are you?" I am to

say, I am in great force, and that my wife is in high preservation; then I am to throw in taste and style into every sentence, just like mace and cloves in a cookery book.

*Cosey.*—Then, their late hours—

*Trot.*—Why, that's pretty well managed, for when we have a party I am to sup before dinner, and then I can attend to the guests.—But zounds! they won't attend to me—they make such a fuss about the new woman, as they call my wife, that nobody thinks of the old man. Last night, when the rooms were as full as a bag of cotton, they elbowed me about, till I was forced to tell them who was man of the house; and then a squalid, nan-keen-faced fop, lounged up to me, munching a bunch of grapes that cost me a guinea, and sputtering the skins in my face, said, I was a damn'd fine fellow, and had better go to bed.

*Cosey.*—Oh, 'tis like them.

*Trot.*—But that was nothing to what I went through at the club.

*Cosey.*—What, you have been at a stylish club too?

*Trot.*—Oh! yes; and one member said, if I would make it worth his while, he would caricature me—another asked me, if I was ever out?—I said, every morning; then they all laughed at me. In short, they set me on fire with ice-cream made of cayenne, and quenched me with claret; and when I was completely, what they called, turned up, they ordered a porter, pinned my direction on my back, and sent me home as damaged goods.

*Cosey.*—Ha! ha!—Oh rare London! I beg your pardon.—Ha! ha! (*looking at his watch.*)—Egad, I must be off to 'Change,

\* See the plot of this Comedy, in our Magazine for March, page 206; and select passages, in our Magazine for April, page 37.

*Trot,*

*Trot.*—Ah! if I could but muster courage enough to have my own way—

*Cosey.*—Why, that can't require much resolution.

*Trot.*—And go into the country.

*Cosey.*—Ah! that must require a good deal; but, zounds! be determined; and if you dislike your stylish life, sell the house and all that's in it."

*Trot.*—Why, I've had it but a week.

*Cosey.*—So much the more fashionable; for now the run to ruin is so rapid, that the upholsterer has hardly done knocking up, when in pops the auctioneer, and he begins knocking down. *[Exit.*

plunged into the river, to search for any person that might have got there; the noise of the plunge alarmed the sentinel, who not receiving any answer to his enquiry of, Who was there? and supposing that one of the prisoners might have escaped, fired his musket near the spot where the noise proceeded from, in order to alarm the supposed fugitive, and cause him to return; several shot were afterwards fired with the same intention, before the mistake was discovered, when the dog was again got on board, without having received any injury.

## FRENCH PRISONERS,

AND THE

## NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE beginning of the present month, several prisoners on board the Bristol, lying at Gillingham, attempted to make their escape: they had succeeded in cutting through the bulk-head, and had secreted themselves in the coal-hole, where, however, they were soon discovered by a Newfoundland dog belonging to the Commander, and proper means were instantly taken to secure them, which was effected with very little disturbance, and order was soon restored.

The dog had before been instrumental in discovering fugitives, and once or twice had plunged into the river, and brought back to the ship such as were swimming towards the shore, and were nearly exhausted.

On the present occasion, the intrepid and sagacious animal again

## BIGAMY.

OLD BAILEY SESSION.

WILLIAM Horatio Brown, a brilliant of the first water, was indicted for Bigamy, he having feloniously intermarried with Rebecca Wilmot, spinster, his former wife, Maria Parkinson, being still alive.

Mr. Knapp, Counsel for the prosecution, said, that the prisoner's case was attended with circumstances of great aggravation. Notwithstanding his fashionable appearance, and the easy negligence of his person, he was the son of an industrious washerwoman in Whitechapel; but in order to carry on his designs against the property of his first wife (for his marrying another woman in *two months* after, proved that it was not her affections that he courted) he assumed the air of a fine gentleman, gave out that he was the natural son of the *Marquess of Anspach*, and that he was well acquainted with Lady Norbury.—By these and other artifices

he gained the consent of the parent of Miss Parkinson, and was married at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 23d of August, 1806. By the marriage he was to get about 700l. but obtained little more than 200l. which he expended in dissipation, and in procuring a second marriage with Miss Rebecca Wilmot, which took place on the 20th of October following his first marriage, at St. George's Church. Since that, he had abandoned the second wife and returned to the first, and indeed was a sort of *flash man* upon the town, first ingratiating himself into the good opinions of unsuspecting females, then marrying them, possessing himself of their property, and afterwards abandoning them.

Mrs. Elizabeth Parkinson, the mother of the first wife, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, the friend of the second wife, proved both the marriages, with the addition of the parties being both alive. This was confirmed by the Parish Clerks of the respective Churches where the marriages took place, who produced the registers in the parish books.

The prisoner was then called upon for his defence, when he entered into a statement, in which he attacked the moral character of Mrs. Parkinson, said she was a drunkard, and had forced her daughter into his bed when he was under the influence of mental derangement; and was proceeding in his attack with great impudence, when

The Judge told him that it was extremely unbecoming, and advised him to defend himself, and not attack the reputation of another.

The prisoner proceeded, and inferred that the infamy of the mother had led him to wrong the daughter.

The Jury found him *guilty*, and he left the bar with the most perfect indifference.

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## SHARPS AND FLATS—KING AND KNAVE.

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COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 12.

Birch and Co. v. Wilson.

THIS was an action against the defendant upon a Bill of Exchange, drawn by William Sharpe upon the defendant, accepted by him, and indorsed by Sharpe to Delvalley, from whom it came into the hands of the plaintiffs.

The Attorney General said, that he could not conjecture what defence was to be set up to this action; he, however, imagined, that some opposition was to be made, as he held in his hand a letter from Mr. Wilson to the plaintiffs, in which he said, that he had been informed by Joanna Southgate, who was visited by the Almighty God; that he had a good defence to the suit.

After the witnesses necessary to establish the various hand-writings had been called,

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said, that the numerous causes in which he had been engaged, in his professional duties, had made him acquainted with many characters. On the present occasion, however, a new personage had been presented to the Court, who, under pretence of prophecy, had presumed to blaspheme the name of God. That what she had stated was however true, the Jury would presently perceive, when it should be proved before them, that in the original formation of this Bill there was gross usury. The defendant, Mr.

Wilson,

Wilson, a tradesman, was in want of money, and was tempted by advertisements in the daily prints, to apply to one of those scenes of infamy, either in the Old Bailey, Cavendish-square, Norton-street, or Ludgate-hill. At the former place Mr. Wilson was introduced to a man of most fascinating manners, but whose character was well known (Mr. John King), by whom his exigencies were supplied, not at the old regular rate of 5*l.* per cent. per annum, but at 5*l.* per cent. per month, besides a premium to Mr. King for stamps and trouble, of 1*l.* per month. Among other persons introduced to the defendant by the person who had thus accommodated him, were a Mr. Sharpe and a Major Eyre, to whom money was lent, upon the apparently easy terms of 10*l.* per cent. besides the usual premium. To shew the confidence that was reposed by the parties on both sides, the learned Counsel read a letter from Mr. King, addressed to William Sharpe, Esq., It was in these terms:—

“DEAR FRIEND—I would not call you by that name, if I did not deem it right. I had the 150*l.* bill in my pocket yesterday, as I had engaged to do, and if you had not vanished like a spirit, you would have had it.

“I am glad you mean to collect in your debts, for it is grievous that you should raise money at a thousand per cent. while others are enjoying what belongs to you. I am obliged to hunt our houses; I cannot do without them; but I take them for a very short time, for I suspect what is at hand—God’s will be done!

“I am glad you are settling about the loan. Do not think about my commission, but your own ex-

trication. I want add more than Eyre or you do, and yet I feel more for your inconvenience than my own. I do not like cards as much as rational conversation, but that cannot be enjoyed without proper persons and proper seasons; and yet cards, or any other enjoyment, however trifling, are a relaxation to the mind, which enables it to undergo its labours afterwards.

“It is not improbable you gave me the 2*l.* I left the reckoning to you, and am ignorant which of us is the cheat. If you do not call on me in a day I shall call on you, for I will never be long separate from you. Why did you not let me know you sooner?

“Your’s, &c.

“J. KING.”

The learned Counsel concluded by observing, that Mr. King had expressed his dislike to cards. Perhaps that gentleman might be as ignorant of them as he was, but still he had learnt sufficient to know a *King* and a *Knave*, and he thought that the defendant had been taught such a lesson as would lead him in future not to visit such haunts of infamy and disgrace.

Upon calling the witnesses, Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that the original bill, for which the present appeared to be a substitute, was not sufficiently established, and a verdict was found for the plaintiffs—damages, 63*l.*

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## POST-OBIT BONDS.

### COURT OF CHANCERY.

Fermor v. Wardell.

SIR Samuel Romilly moved for an Injunction in this case, to stay the proceedings at law, now carried

carried on against the plaintiff, grounded on four *Post-Obit* Bonds, passed for the sum of 6000*l.* by the plaintiff, in the life-time of his father, since deceased, and made payable on the event of the father's death. The consideration for these bonds was only four horses, which Sir Samuel Romilly stated were *anonymous* horses, without blood or pedigree, and consequently the purchaser could not find out their ancestors, if he should want to dispose of them at any time; it was stated that the plaintiff was 29 years old at the time of the contract, and had paid one half year's interest on the bonds, in his father's life-time; the bonds were subject to interest, until the father's death; and it was urged, that this was a fair contract with a man, not a minor, nor young.

Mr. Richards, for the defendant, supported the contract, and submitted to the Chancellor, that although his Lordship was better acquainted with the course of this, and other Courts, than with race courses, yet, that in his travels on the Northern Circuit, he had seen horses worth, and sold for, one thousand pounds each; and that as the plaintiff wished to sport those horses at Newmarket, in his father's life-time; and was to have much money at his father's death, it was not unfair to gratify him, and make him pay for his amusement. It was further urged for the defendant, that it would be very hard to grant an Injunction against the defendant, Mr. Wardell, who could not control the proceedings at law, which were carried on in the name of John Wilson, to whom Wardell had assigned the bonds; and who, as was stated, sold the whole for about twelve hundred pounds only. It was also stated,

that John Wilson's real name was William Wilson, and that his answer to the plaintiff's bill did not yet come in, as William did not seem inclined to answer to, or by the name of John.

The counsel for the plaintiff in turn made an appeal to the Chancellor's own experience, whether, without nobility of birth or great distinction, his lordship had known of any horses sold at such high prices?—His Lordship stated, that *Post-Obit* Bonds were not voidable or bad where imposition was not practised, but that in this case there appeared imposition, and that the age of the plaintiff made no difference; that the bonds in the hands of the Assignee remained liable to the same objections which existed against them in the hands of Mr. Wardell, the original obligee; and that Mr. Wardell should be included with the Messrs. Smith in the Injunction, for that vendor must look to the then price of the market only, and should not profit by such a contract.—Injunction granted.

### CARELESS DRIVING.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, MAY 21.

M'Cann v. Holloway.

THE plaintiff is an apothecary and man-midwife, in Parliament-street, Westminster, and the defendant the proprietor of a hackney-coach, marked No. 11. It appeared that the plaintiff, his wife, and two children, were riding to Camberwell in a single-horse chaise, about six o'clock in the evening of the 7th of July last, and were overturned by the defendant's hack-

ney

ney coach, the driver of which, encumbered with another man on the box, and extremely intoxicated, was driving at a very furious rate when the collision took place.—The plaintiff and his family were thrown out, and the whole considerably bruised. One of the children had several of its teeth beat out, and the plaintiff experienced a concussion of the brain that placed his life in imminent danger. He was obliged to call in the first medical assistance, and to retire wholly from his business for a considerable time. His chaise was broken to pieces, and his loss altogether was of a nature that could not be compensated.

Sir Vicary Gibbs admitted that the defendant was liable for the act of his servant. He had unfortunately employed a drunken, worthless fellow, but in a moral sense there was no imputation upon his character. He was therefore sure the Jury would not give excessive damages.

Mr. Garrow replied, that he trusted the Jury would give such damages as would prove an example to hackney-coachmen in future, and convince coach-masters of the necessity of employing *sober and careful drivers*.

The Jury found for the plaintiff—Damages, 140l.

against their servant, the driver, to recover the amount of such sums of money as they had already been obliged to pay, and were still liable to pay, by reason of the defendant's negligence, in overturning the coach above-mentioned.

It appeared, that on the morning of the 3d of June, 1806, about four o'clock, the Birmingham coach was setting out from the Angel Inn, Oxford, on its way to London, and had to make three or four turns before it came into the high road.—The defendant, who was the driver, having had some dispute with the horsekeeper, mounted the box in a passion, and drove off at a furious rate, whipping his horses most immoderately all along. The guard and passengers being aware, and alarmed at their danger, called on him to desist, but to no purpose; until turning out of Coach-and-Horse-lane, (a narrow passage) into the High-street, the carriage upset, and no less than eight of the passengers, besides the guard, were severely injured. One had his collar-bone broke, another a leg, another an arm, and almost the whole of them were injured, more or less; in consequence of which, the plaintiffs had been obliged to make reparation to three of them, and were still liable for the injury sustained by the others. They had paid to one gentleman twenty guineas, to another fifty, and to the third, one hundred guineas.

The defence attempted to be set up was, first, that the plaintiffs had harnessed a young restive horse, called *Young Boston*, as a leader, by way of experiment, and the defendant being an excellent driver, they thought he would be able to break him in. The next defence was, that, by the negligence of the guard, the drag-chain was not fixed

## COACH-OWNERS.

A TRIAL IN THE COURT OF KING'S  
BENCH, JUNE, 1807.

*Ibberson and Others v. Crowder.*

THIS was an action brought by Messrs. Ibberson, Waddell, and Co. proprietors of the Birmingham Prince of Wales stage coach,  
Vol. XXX. No. 177.

up in its proper place, and getting entangled in the sway-bar was the cause of the coach upsetting.

One witness for the defendant endeavoured to shew, that the coach itself was badly constructed, and was at all times dangerous; yet it appeared that this man had driven the same coach several months, without any accident occurring. The evidence, however, fell very short of the statement.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence, observed, that the plaintiffs in this case were entitled to a tribute of praise for bringing this action, and for the manner in which they conducted it. After paying a proper compensation to the persons injured, they then came to the Court for redress, instead of doing that which was too frequently practised, defending an action against them by the means of perjury, which was generally the case, where the party gave a release to the coachman in order to make him a competent witness: when the coach-drivers were once taught to feel that they were responsible for their conduct; many accidents of this kind would be prevented. The plaintiffs, therefore, were clearly entitled to such sums as they had proved they had paid to the passengers who had received injury. The only sums proved, however, were, the twenty guineas and the fifty guineas; but the Jury would also consider what further damage they had sustained in the repairs of the coach itself, the hiring another coachman, &c.

The Jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict of one hundred guineas for the plaintiffs.

Mr. Parke, for the plaintiffs, then declared, that the money was no object to his clients; they only wished to make a public example.

## PEDIGREES

OF THE

## WINNING HORSES, &c.

THAT RAN IN 1806.

Continued from page 67.

### MAID OF THE MILL, Mr. W.

Harrison's, by a brother to Eagle; dam, by Star, out of Moorput, by Young Marsk.

MALVOLIO, Mr. F. Neale's, by Precipitate; dam (Albatross's dam) by Mercury; grandam by Dormant, out of Rosemary, by King Herod.

MARCIA, Mr. Garforth's, by Coriander; dam, Faith, (Vesta's dam) by Pacolet; grandam, Atalanta; great grandam, Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko; Old Traveller, out of Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound.

MARGARETTA, Mr. Biggs's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Selina's dam) by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, by Match'em.

MARINER, Mr. Roberts's, by Precipitate; dam, Dimple, by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, by Justice.

MARY, (late Bona-Roba) Mr. T. Butler's, by Revenge, out of a sister to Superior's dam.

MERRYMAID, Mr. Golding's, by Buzzard; dam by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, by Justice.

MERRYTHOUGHT, Duke of St. Alban's, by Totteridge; dam, Woodbine, by Woodpecker, out of Puzzle, by Match'em.

METEORA, Lord Grosvenor's, own sister to Musidora, by Meteor; dam, Maid of All Work, by Highflyer, out of an own sister to Tandem, by Syphon.

MIGNIONETTE, (late Osier) Mr. Walker's, by Moorcock; dam, Palm-flower, (Cockfighter's dam) by Weasel, out of Columba,



- Iumba**, (own sister to Columbus) by Alfred, Engineer, Regulus.
- MILO**, Lord Derby's, own brother to Agonistes, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Wren, by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, (the dam of Sir Peter Teazle) by Snap, Regulus.
- MISS CHEESECAKE**, Mr. E. Phillips's, by Ormond; dam, St. Anne, by Delpini, out of Miss Judy, the dam of Lignum-Vitæ, &c.—Sold into Russia.
- MISS COINER**, Miss E. Butler's, by Don Quixote; dam (Coiner's dam) by Goldfinder, out of an own sister to Contest, by Blank, Cade.
- MISS CRANFIELD**, Mr. Watt's, own sister to Coriolanus, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam (own sister to Sir Sidney) by Pegasus; grandam by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod, Snap, Regulus.
- MISS ELIZA TEAZLE**, Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Eliza, by Highflyer, out of Augusta, by Eclipse.
- MISS WELHAM**, Major Bower's, by Screveton, out of Miss Cogden, the grandam of Luck's-All, &c.
- MOUNTAINEER**, Mr. T. Cave Browne's, by Magic; dam, (Amelia, Gig, Whirligig, Orlando, and Sir Ulic M'Killigut's dam) by Highflyer, out of Maiden, the grandam of Gohanna, Sir Solomon, &c.
- NEWTON**, Mr. Astley's, by Mr. Richardson's Marsk; dam by Revenge, out of Bagatelle, by Sweepstakes.
- NORAH**, Lord F. G. Osborne's, by John Bull; dam, Nimble, by Florizel, out of Rantipole, by Blank, Regulus.
- NORVAL**, Mr. Mellish's, by Jupiter; dam, Thatchella, by Highflyer; grandam by Marsk; Temperance, by Regulus; out of Wildair's dam, by Steady.
- OFF-SHE-GOES**, Mr. Mellish's, by Shuttle; dam by Highflyer, out of Dido, (own sister to Javelin) by Eclipse, Spectator, Blank.
- OPTICIAN**, Lord F. Bentinck's, by Telescope, out of Mrs. Jordan, own sister to Miss Green, the dam of Hippocampus, Don Felix, &c.
- ORANGEADE**, Mr. Howorth's, by Whiskey; dam, Orange-Bud, (Orange-Flower's dam) by Highflyer, out of Orange-Girl, by Match'em.
- ORVILLE**, his R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by Beningbrough; dam, Evelina, (Sir Andrew and Delville's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Termagant, (Edmund, Pewett, and Cecilia's dam) by Tantrum; Cockatrice, by Sampson, Regulus, out of Old Marsk's dam, by Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs.
- PAGODA**, Hon. G. Watson's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Coriander, out of Matron, the dam of Sir Solomon, &c.
- PANTALOON**, Mr. Emden's, by Buzzard; dam by Highflyer; grandam by Squirrel, out of Sophia, by Blank.
- PARASOL**, Duke of Grafton's, by Pot8o's; dam, Prunella, (Penelope, Pelisse, and Podargus's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Promise, by Snap, out of Julia, by Blank.
- PARIS**, Lord Foley's, own brother to Stamford and Archduke, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, (Delpini's dam) by Blank, Rib, &c.
- PAVILION**, Lord Darlington's, by Waxy; dam, Fottarella, by Dungannon; grandam, Marcel-la,

- la, by Mambrino; Medea, by Sweetbriar, out of Angelica, by Snap, Regulus.
- PAULINA**, Lord Fitzwilliam's, own sister to Sir Paul, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem, out of Termagant, the grandam of Orville, &c.
- PELISSE**, General L. Gower's, by Whiskey, out of Prunella, the dam of Parasol, Podargus, &c.
- PICCADILLY**, Mr. Emden's, own brother to Castrel, Selim, and Bronze, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, out of an own sister to the dam of Eagle, &c.
- PIPYLINA**, Lord Foley's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Rally, by Trumpator, out of Fancy, (own sister to Diomed) by Florizel.
- PLANTAGENET**, Mr. Howorth's, own brother to Tudor, by John Bull; dam, Tulip, (Ambrosio's dam) by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; Rarity, by Match'em, out of Snapdragon, by Snap, Regulus.
- PLOUGHBOY**, Mr. J. Croft's, by Volunteer; dam, Orange-Squeezer, (Allegranti and Laura's dam) by Highflyer, out of Mop-squeezer, by Match'em.
- PLUTO**, Mr. Timms's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Justice, out of Henia, (Czar Peter, Little Peter, Chaise-and-One, and Petrowitz's dam) by Challenger.—Sold into Russia.
- PODARGUS**, Duke of Grafton's, by Worthy, out of Prunella, the dam of Parasol, Pelisse, &c.
- PRISCILLA**, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, by Delpini; dam, Eliza, (Braferton's dam) by Alfred; grandam, (Weasel's dam) by Eclipse; Brilliant; Mr. Shepherd's Crab, out of an own sister to Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian.
- PRISONER**, Sir H. Lippincott's, by Guildford; dam, Grey Gaw-
- key, by Mambrino; grandam, Giantess, by Match'em, out of Molly Longlegs, by Babram, Foxhunter.
- PROSPERO**, Lord Sackville's, by Whiskey; dam, Nymph, (Combatant's dam) by Dorimant, out of Zephyr, by Squirrel, Cade, Partner.
- PTARMAGON**, (alias Plunder) Mr. Bowker's, by Moorcock; dam by King Fergus, out of Lavender, the dam of Coriander, &c.
- QUIZ**, Mr. F. Neale's, by Buzzard; dam, Miss West, (Star-gazer and Skyepeer's dam) by Match'em; Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto.—After the First Spring Meeting, 1807, he covered at Newmarket, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.
- RAINBOW**, (late Sinbad) Mr. Page's, by Skyscraper; dam, (Fidget's dam) by Match'em, out of a sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon.
- RALPHINA**, Mr. Panton's, own sister to Amateur, by Buzzard; dam, (Vernator's dam) by Dunganon, out of Heinel, by Squirrel, Blank.
- RECEIVER**, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's, by Gohanna; dam, Trumpetta, (Albion's dam) by Trumpator, out of Peggy, by King Herod, Snap.
- REGULATOR**, Mr. F. Neale's, by a brother to Repeater; dam by Diomed.
- RICHARD**, General Grosvenor's, by His Lordship; dam, Nelly, (Little Devil and Kill-Devil's dam) by Postmaster; grandam, Rose-bud, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.
- ROSABELLA**, Mr. Lake's, by Whiskey; dam by Diomed, out of Harriet, the dam of Creeper, Miss Green, &c.

ROSE.

**ROSEBEN**, Mr. Ilderton's, by Archduke; dam by Drone; grandam, Contessina, (Sir Harry Dimsdale's dam) by Young Marsk, out of Tuberoze, by King Herod; Bolton Starling; Coughing Polly, by Mr. Bartlett's Childrens.

**ROSETTE**, Mr. H. Peirse's, by Beningbrough; dam, Rosamond, (Ferguson's dam) by Tandem, out of Tuberoze, by King Herod.

**ROYAL OAK**, Mr. Brooke's, own brother to Sapling, by Telescope; dam, (own sister to Emigrant) by Escape; grandam by Mr. Vernon's Arabian; Snap, out of Chalkstone's dam, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab.

**RUBENS**, Mr. C. Dundas's, by Pencil; dam, Drug, by Precipitate, out of a daughter of Highflyer.

**ST. DOMINGO**, Lord Stamford's, by Hambletonian; dam, Patriana, by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Lucy, (Twig'em's dam) by Conductor, out of Lucy, by Spectator, Blank, &c.

**SELIM**, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's, own brother to Piccadilly, &c. by Buzzard.

**SHELAH**, Mr. Sitwell's, by Hambletonian; dam, Skypceper, by Highflyer, out of Miss West, the dam of Quiz, &c.

**SHIPTON**, Lord Stamford's, by Beningbrough; dam by Coriander, out of an own sister to Fanny, by Weasel.

**SHITTLECOCK**, Mr. Watt's, by Schedoni; dam, (Agrimony, His Lordship, and Washington's dam, also own sister to Trumpator) by Conductor; grandam, Brunette, (Pipator's dam) by Squirrel, out of Dove, by Matchless.

**SIR ANDREW**, Mr. Johnson's, by Hambletonian, out of Evelina, the dam of Orville, &c.

**SIR DAVID**, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Trumpator, dam by Woodpecker, out of an own sister to Driver, by Trentham.

**SIR LAUNCELOT**, Sir John Shelley's, by Delpini; dam, Legacy, (Sir Sacripant's dam) by King Fergus, out of Mortonia, by King Herod.

**SIR PAUL**, Lord Fitzwilliam's, own brother to Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem, out of Termagant, the grandam of Orville, &c.

**SIR PEREGRINE**, Mr. Ladbroke's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (own sister to George, by Dungannon; grandam, Brown Charlotte, (own sister to St. George) by Highflyer; great grandam, (own sister to Soldier) by Eclipse, out of Miss Spindleshanks, by Omar.

**SIR SACRIPANT**, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's, by Stamford, out of Legacy, the dam of Sir Launcelot, &c.

**SIR SAMPSON**, Mr. Morris's, by Stamford; dam, (Brocklesby's dam) by Adamant; grandam by Paymaster; Babram; Regulus, out of an own sister to Boreas's dam, by Mr. Bartlett's Childrens.

**SLATE**, Sir H. Lippincott's, by Mr. Teazle; dam, Mopsy, by Bourdeaux, out of Monimia, (Hambletonian's grandam) by Match'em.

**SLIPPER**, Lord Egremont's, by Precipitate; dam, Catherine, (Golumpus and Hedley's dam, also own sister to Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort, &c.) by Woodpecker; Camilla, by Trentham; Coquette, by Mr. Compton's

- Compton's Barb**, out of an own sister to Regulus.
- SMASHER**, Mr. Brandling's, by Star; dam by Mercury; grandam, Mary Ann, by Florizel; great grandam, (Stride's dam) by Babram.
- SMUGGLER**, Mr. C. Wilson's, by Hambletonian; dam, Maria, (Surprise's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Maria, (Marianne's dam) by Telemachus, out of A-la-Greque, (Pontac's dam) by Regulus.
- SNUG**, Sir C. Bunbury's, by Whiskey; dam by Diomed; grandam, Jet, (Trombone and Flageolet's dam) by Magnet, out of Jewel, (own sister to Jessica) by Squirrel, Blank.
- SOWERBY**, Captain F. Hartley's, by Walnut, out of Sandhopper, (own sister to Benningbrough) by King Fergus.
- STAVELEY**, Mr. Mellish's, by Shuttle; dam, (Harefoot's dam) by Drone; grandam, (Trim-bush's dam) by Match'em, out of Jocasta, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester.
- STREAMER**, Mr. G. Baillie's, by Star; dam, (Gratitude's dam) by Walnut; grandam by Ruler, out of a daughter of Match'em.
- STREATLAM-LASS**, Mr. Mellish's, by Pipator; dam, Beatrice, by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam, Pyrrha, (Benningbrough's grandam) by Match'em, out of Duchess, by Whitenose.—Sold to Mr. Kellermann.
- STRETCH**, Lord Foley's, by Stride; dam, Nanberry, by Ruler; grandam by Le Sang; great grandam by a son of Sampson, out of a daughter of Crab.—Sold to Mr. Hunter, of Dublin.
- SUNDERLAND**, Duke of Hamilton's, by Star; dam, (Lady Mary's dam) by Highflyer, out of a daughter of Marsk.
- SUPERSTITION**, Lord F. G. Osborne's, by Buzzard; dam, Vixon, by Pot8o's; grandam, Cypher, (Huncamunca and Glumdalca's dam) by Squirrel, out of Angelica's dam, by Regulus.
- SWEETWILLIAM**, Mr. L. Seymour's, by St. George; dam by Ruler; grandam by Ali Bey; great grandam, (Pencil and Tip-toe's dam) by Syphon, out of Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus.
- SWINLEY**, General Gower's, by Coriander, out of Lady Mary, by Blemish.
- TALISMAN**, Mr. R. Lascelles', by Totteridge; dam, (Rutland and Tony Lumpkin's dam) by Highflyer, out of Shark's dam, by Snap.
- TAMBURRO**, Mr. Panton's, by Whiskey; dam, Tamborine, by Trumpator; grandam, Crane, by Highflyer, out of Middlesex, by Snap, Regulus.
- TAURUS**, Mr. Sitwell's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Mendoza and Sir Sidney's dam) by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod.
- TIM**, Mr. Panton's, by Whiskey; dam, Grey Duchess, (Mary Grey's dam) by Pot8o's; grandam, Duchess, by King Herod, out of Gaudy, (own sister to Chrysolite) by Blank.
- TIMEKEEPER**, Mr. J. Douglas's, by Hambletonian; dam, Luna, (Quando, Nancy Dawson, Hornpipe, and Cardinal Puff's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine, own sister to Eclipse, by Marsk, Regulus.
- TOM PIPES**, (late the Carpenter) Captain Fleming's, by Volunteer; dam, Atropa, by Woodpecker, out of Nightshade, by Pot8o's.

TOT,

- TOT**, Hon. G. Watson's, own brother to Tuneful, by Trumpator, out of Seafowl, the dam of the Duke of Grafton's Trafalgar, &c.
- TOURNAMENT**, General Grosvenor's, by Grouse; dam, (Dreadnought's dam) by Alfred; King Herod, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.
- TRAFALGAR**, Lord Darlington's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Æthe, by Young Marsk, out of Serina, (own sister to Fleacatcher) by Goldfinder.
- TRAFALGAR**, Mr. Mellish's, bought of Lord Egremont, by Gohanna; dam, (Humbug's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, (Chanticleer and Young Woodpecker's dam) by Eclipse; great grandam, Rosebud, (Nelly and Vermin's dam) by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.—Sold to His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
- TRAFALGAR**, Duke of Grafton's, by Whiskey; dam, Seafowl, (Tuneful, Melissa, and Tet's dam) by Woodpecker, out of Middlesex, (own sister to Papillon) by Snap, Regulus.
- TRAFALGAR**, Mr. J. Mason's, by Delpini; dam, (Miss Grimstone's dam) by Ancaster; grandam by the Damascus Arabian, Sampson, Oroonoko, out of an own sister to Mirza, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Hobgoblin, White-foot.
- TRUE-BRITON**, Mr. W. Harrison's, by St. George; dam by Paymaster, out of an own sister to A-la-Greque, by Regulus.—Sold into Russia.
- TUDOR**, Mr. J. Payne's, by John Bull; dam, Tulip, (Ambrosio and Plantagenet's dam) by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; Rarity, by Match'em, out of Snapdragon, by Snap, Regulus.
- VANITY**, Duke of Grafton's, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick.
- VESTA**, Mr. Garforth's, by Delpini; dam, Faith, (Marcia's dam) by Pacolet; grandam, Atalanta, by Match'em, out of Lass of the Mill, (Calliope and Melpomene's dam) by Oroonoko; Traveller; Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound.—*Vesta* has been covered this season, (1807) by Hambletonian; and *Marcia* has been served by the same Stallion.
- VIOLANTE**, Lord Grosvenor's, by John Bull; dam, (own sister to Skyscraper) by Highflyer; grandam, Everlasting, (Topgalant and Leviathan's dam) by Eclipse; great grandam, Hyæna, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.
- WARRIOR**, Mr. Clifton's, own brother to Mary-Ann, Monica, Bryan, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, Match'em, *Tarquin*, out of an own sister to Antelope, by Young Belgrade, Scarborough Colt, &c.—*This Pedigree has been given erroneous; those that are dissatisfied with the above, let them apply to W. Pick, of York.*
- WHIRLIGIG**, Lord Sackville's, by Whiskey, out of Amelia, the dam of Mr. Cave Brown's Mountaineer, &c.
- WELCH-HARP**, Mr. Birchall's, by Pipator; dam by Paymaster; grandam, (Privateer's dam) by Syphon, out of an own sister to Young Cade, by Cade, Partner, &c.
- WILD-OATS**, (late Sound Judgment) Mr. Johnson's, by Buzzard; dam, Gawkey, by Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match'em.

WITCH-

**WITCHCRAFT**, Lord Sackville's, own brother to Lethe and Yorkshire, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Queen Mab; (Oberon, Logie O'Buchan, Strathspey, Remembrancer, and Cassio's dam) by Eclipse, out of the *Old Tartar Mare*,\* the dam of Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Volunteer, &c.

**WITCHCRAFT**, Mr. Stratton's, by Oberon; dam, (Asfordby's dam) by Alfred, out of Mr. Emerson's Wonderful's dam, by Dainty Davy, &c.

**WOODCOT**, Captain Weir's, own brother to Candidate, by Guildford; dam, Miss Slamerkin, by Alexander, out of a daughter of King Herod.

**WORMWOOD**, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Young Woodpecker, out of an own sister to Driver, by Trentham.

**WRETCH**, Mr. S. Arthur's, by Gohanna; dam, (Brainworm's dam) by Skyscraper, out of Isabel, by Woodpecker.

**YOUNG ROSCIUS**, Lord Stainford's, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Mrs. Siddons, by Garrick, out of Sportsmistress; (Potso's dam) by Mr. Warren's Sportsman.

**YORKSHIRE**, Hon. G. Watson's, own brother to Lord Sackville's Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle.

**ZODIAC**, Lord Darlington's, by St. George; dam, Abigail, (Raby and L'Orient's dam) by Woodpecker; grandam, Firetail, (Braganza's dam) by Eclipse, Blank, Cade, out of Spectator's dam, by Partner.

## ADJUTANTS—AN Etching.

THE Adjutants were taken in an American ship, the Portsmouth, of Baltimore, commanded by Captain Lewis, by a French ship of war, the Commander of which intended them as a present to Bonaparte, to be placed in his Menagerie, as curious birds, and rarely known in Europe alive; but on the passage, the French ship and her prize were intercepted by an English cruiser, but were lost in another engagement with a French ship, from which, however, they were retaken in another battle, and the English cruiser put into Goree, where these birds, with a fine Ostrich that was with them, became the property of the late Governor, General Dixon, who sent the Adjutants to England, as a present to the Duchess of York; but only one survived the passage, which is now living at Oatlands.

In the print, the bird is represented as it stands while feeding, or cooped up, the head being crouched down on the breast; and also as it appears when standing erect, or seeking its food—its height thus is very near five feet.

The Ostrich came to England with the Adjutant, but severely wounded in its leg and in the back, by a musket-ball passing through the bone: of these wounds it was cured at Mr. Pidcock's, Exeter Change, where it now is, and is considered one of the finest birds of the kind, being between twelve and fourteen feet high.

\* The Age, Produce, and who bred the *Old Tartar Mare*, with other particulars, have hitherto been given erroneous—we have authority to state, that they will appear in W. Pick's third Volume of the Turf Register, he having the original copy, under the hand of the breeder, in his possession.

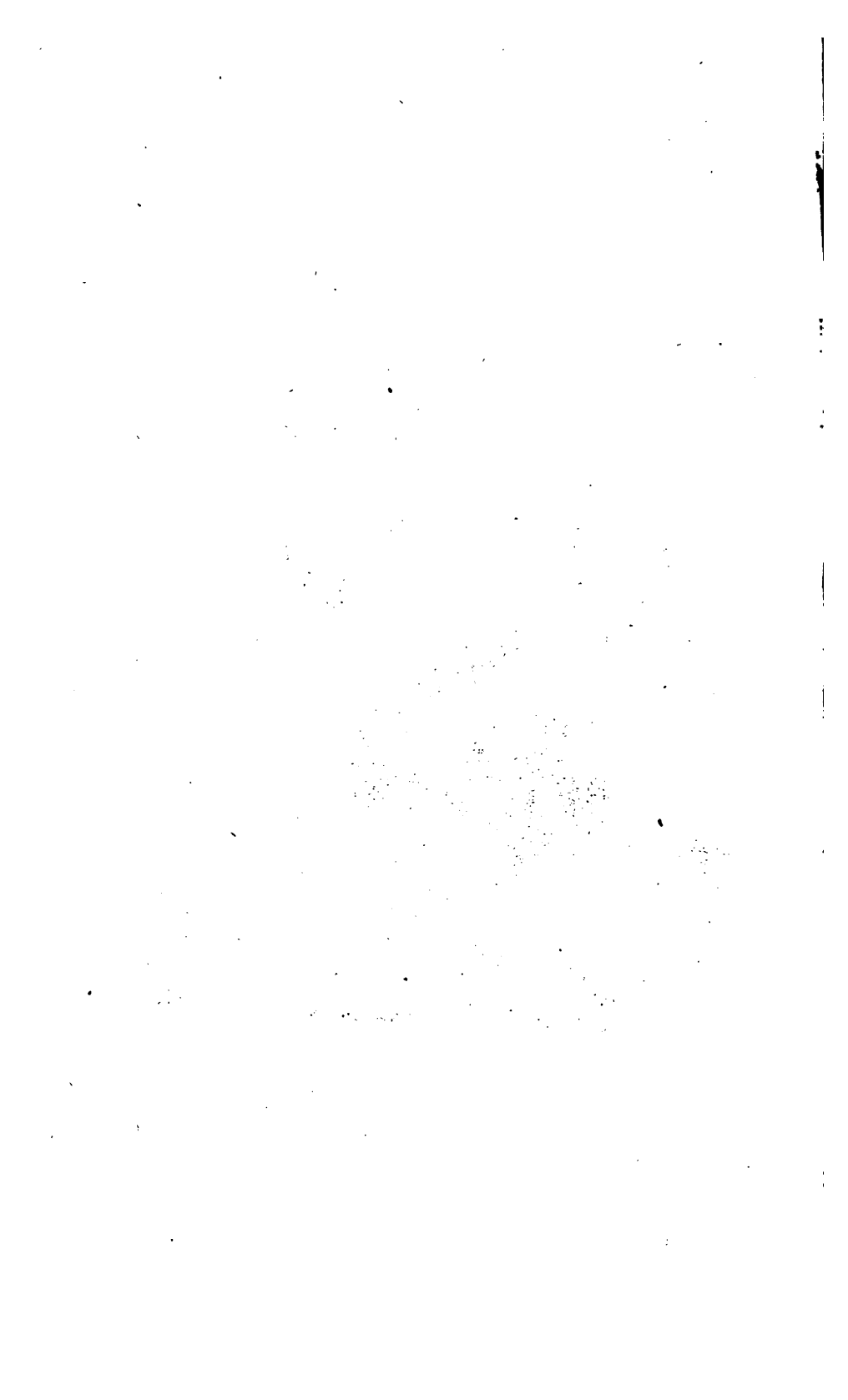


*H. B. Chalton pinx.*

*H. R. Cook sculp.*

## *Adjutants.*

*Published June 1<sup>st</sup> 1807, by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.*





MANNERS  
OF THE  
IRISH PEASANTRY.

THE dress of the mountaineers is coarse and plain. The men are clothed in frieze coats, waist-coats, and breeches, coarse woollen yarn stockings, brogues (a kind of clumsy shoes), coarse linen shirts, and felt hats. Some of the young men, however, imitate their lowland neighbours by a finer dress, and the women have progressively increased their finery, insomuch, that the plain woollen hood worn about twenty years ago is laid aside, and cloaks of good scarlet broad-cloth, or in summer of white dimity, are used in their stead. The young women are particularly partial to variegated ribbons, and the more glaring the colours the more they are prized. Their gowns are linsey-woolsey or striped linen, of home manufacture. It is a curious fact, that the fair sex among the most uncivilised nations are fond of brilliant colours—witness the tartan ribbons and petticoats of the highlanders of Scotland: and a similar predilection is shewn by the women of Russia and Tartary for the party-coloured shawls of Kishmyre and India.

Hospitality may almost be said to be instinctive among the mountaineers; and they carry this amiable virtue to so great a height, that there is always a little couch appropriated to the wandering beggars who often visit them. Indeed, the sociality and contentment of their lives have been very naturally portrayed by the poet, in the following lines:—

“Tho’ poor the peasant’s hut, his feast  
tho’ small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all.

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Cheerful at morn he wakes from short  
repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he  
goes;  
At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round  
surveys  
His children’s looks, that brighten with  
the blaze;  
While his lov’d partner, boastful of her  
hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.  
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither  
led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.”

Their summer amusements consist of annual festivals, which they call *patrons*, being holidays in honour of tutelar saints. The principal meeting of these mountaineers is held on Midsummer-day. On this occasion the people first hear mass in the morning, and spend the remainder of the day in dancing, drinking, and other amusements. There are booths erected where they assemble, and a multitude of toys brought thither for sale. The young men buy ribbons and gloves, which they present to their sweethearts; and the festival resembles the English country wake.

Besides this amusement, the young people often assemble on Sunday afternoon, on some little green plain or mount, where they form a circle, around which the lads and lasses pursue each other alternately, and whoever is taken forfeits a kiss, similar to the sports of Yorkshire, and other northern counties of England. In winter they amuse themselves with dancing in barns; or when the young women spin, the young men divert them with stories, or with the music of the flute or violin. Some of them are very expert at playing on the Jews-harp, and commonly use two at a time, which they play with their little fingers. It is al-  
T most

most impossible to conceive the cheerfulness which illumines their faces at these social meetings.— Their penury, the wintry storms that howl without, and the rumbling torrents that bear fragments of the rocks impetuously along, are unheeded by the lively train. We may well say of the Irish mountaineer, as the poet does of the Swiss—

“ —Every good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

With respect to superstition, the mountaineers retain a belief in the existence of fairies, whose power they dread. They recount many feats performed by the fairies, or, as they call them, *the gentry*. Tradition has conveyed down the fable of the *banh shea*, an apparition like an old woman, dressed in the ancient Irish habit, with a hood on her head, bound with a kerchief; this spectre was said always to appear under the window where any person lay on the death-bed, and to express several mournful cries as a token of approaching dissolution. The existence of familiar spirits is also believed by this credulous people; and an impostor, called Roger Mulhern, who lived near Carlingford for many years, is yet mentioned by them with the greatest

reverence. This man pretended, that by the aid of his invisible friend he could tell the state of the dead. Several people, anxious to know how their relatives fared in the other world, flocked to the house of this sage, who gave them a night's lodging free of expence, and by artful enquiries drew from his visitors a knowledge of such circumstances in the life of the departed friend, as enabled him to decide whether he was happy or miserable. His fame increased, and the priests became alarmed lest his imposture should circumvent their's. They forbade their parishioners to visit Mulhern, whom they affirmed to be under the influence of the Devil. But though the prohibition deterred the people from going publicly to the house of the impostor, yet they visited him, with the greatest secrecy, under the veil of night; and he, as a reward for their faithfulness, presented each person with a shilling, besides giving them the most satisfactory information respecting the deceased. This act of beneficence was so different from the practice of the priests, who always demanded money for any of their good offices, that if death had not removed Mulhern, it is not improbable but he might have produced another heresy in the holy mother-church.

As the young mountaineers approach maturity, the soft passion predominates. The nearest relations of the enamoured pair assemble, and after adjusting the portion\* to be given with the young woman, the marriage is solemnised. This is the most expensive festival of the mountaineers. It is common for forty or more persons to be entertained at the expence of the bride-

\* This dowry is commonly two or three cows, and a few sheep.

groom;

groom; or if the father-in-law is generous, he sometimes defrays the expence of the wedding dinner.

This feast consists of a superabundance of bread, meat, poultry, butter, and whiskey punch.

Within these few years tea in the afternoon has been introduced; but in general, only the favourite cordial, whiskey, is circulated with joy-inspiring influence. A musician attends, and the festive party dance till midnight.

When the bride retires, a number of young people of both sexes throng into her bed-chamber, till she complies with the old custom of throwing the stocking. She throws her stocking over her right shoulder, and whoever is so happy as to be hit with it, is supposed to be the next of the company who will be married. This ceremony is accompanied with loud bursts of laughter, after which the lively party retire.

A christening is also attended with much expence in regaling friends, but as the people become more enlightened they will probably be more economic.

By frequent intermarriages in the same village, the mountaineers think that they keep their property among themselves, and are unwilling to form any consubial engagements with others.

On the decease of any person, the fire is instantly extinguished, as symbolical of the extinction of life. If this event happens in spring or summer, flowers are gathered and strewed around the body, which is laid out on a little straw. It is covered to the chin with a sheet, and the face remains bare. For two nights a large table is placed over the corpse, with ten candles upon it; this is called the night-wake, and is emblematic of immortality.

A bason filled with cut tobacco, with a number of pipes, are placed for the accommodation of the neighbours, who throng to the house, fill it with the smoke of tobacco, and talk as gaily as if they were at a christening. Nay, several of the young people join in such amusements as hunt the slipper, or blind man's buff; and even courtship makes no inconsiderable progress in this house of mourning. The cheerfulness of the visitors is interrupted at intervals by the exclamations of the mourners.

A female orator begins this ceremony. She recites the former happiness of the deceased; deploras his death in a kind of song, and is joined in different parts of this monody by a chorus of mourners: those who feel least are ever the most noisy, while the nearest female relations prove, by their sighs and tears, that their sorrow is unaffected.

*"Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;  
While real sorrow swells in each full heart,  
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art."*

This ancient custom might excite risibility in a mind unaccustomed to reflect or feel: but most people are melted by its solemn simplicity. It is difficult to see the gestures of sorrow exhibited by those mourners, and to hear their sweet plaintive voices, without sympathising; and the writer of this account has on many such occasions felt the tear of sensibility bedew his cheek.

One virtue of the most amiable kind they practise with unremitting zeal—filial piety. No nation, not even the Chinese, can pay more respectful attention and implicit obedience to their parents. As there are no parish workhouses in Ireland, except in some of the principal towns, consequently the country

would abound with destitute old people, were it not for the gratitude of their progeny. The Irish peasant, but especially the mountaineer, protects his parents in the decline of their years. The mothers assist in nursing, carding, or spinning; the fathers hobble about the farms, directing the young men at their work. At night, the best and easiest seat is appropriated to the ancient father and mother, and the most nutritious food in the house is served up to them. It really is an edifying and lovely sight to behold the respectful attention paid by those peasants to their aged parents, while the grand-children are taught to address them in the most endearing language, nay, to crave their blessing, and supplicate the Deity for them in prayer.

Nor does the filial love of the Irish mountaineer expire with his parents. He closes their eyes, attends their remains to the tomb with grateful sorrow, and occasionally visits the grave of those who gave him being, and bedews it with his tears. From such a disposition, what excellent virtues might be produced with proper cultivation! but, alas! ignorance and superstition contract those faculties with lethargic torpor; and many an excellent mind is buried in those remote regions, like the diamond in the mine.

Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*, a recent publication, presents a very highly-finished picture of the low Irish. In this cast of society, says he, Pat stands before a stranger; thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were in mudder's (mother's) nakedness.—His wit and his warmth of heart are his own—his errors, and their consequences, will not be registered against him.

I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature, &c.

The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception: in these properties they are only equalled by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they will build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes, for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British Adjutants allow, that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

The handsomest peasants of Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon, the male and female peasantry, and the horses, are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle; the men are the best leapers in Ireland. The finest hunters and most capital huntsmen are to be found in the sporting county of Fermanagh. In that of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed; in the county of Kerry, and along the western shore, the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards, in expression of countenance and colour of hair.

Their native urbanity is very pleasing. I have frequently (says Carr) seen two boors (countrymen) take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. One of them, in Dublin, met a *Camrogue*, (in plain English, a boy after his own heart) who exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well."—"By my shoul, I knows it well," said—

said the other; "but you have but the *half* of it"—that is, the pleasure is divided.—If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so, but will probably fly to some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without fee or reward.

Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour, or the stranger, finds every man's door open, and to walk into a cottage without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one in the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play any instrument, all the family is in smiles; and the young will begin a merry dance, while the old smoke one after another out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories.—A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who, with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings, and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer: wherever he stopped, the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat, if they had any; the best potatoes and new milk were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed.

Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country:—"The hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies; it springs like all his other qualities,

his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

## THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE;

*As acted every Day at White's, and other Assemblies.*

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### MEN.

Lord Stakeland.

Lord Rally.

Sir John Medium.

Sir Calculation Puzzle, *a passionate admirer of Whist, who imagines himself a good player, yet always loses.*

Lord Bubbleboy, *Captain Rookwood, sharpers of fashion.*

Lurchum, Shuffle, *common sharpers, under the appearance of gentlemen.*

Lord Slim, Young Jobber, *pupils to the Professor.*

Young Stakeland, *son to Lord Stakeland, obliged to leave his country through gaming.*

Alderman Jobber.

Professor Whiston.

Cacao, *master of the Chocolate-House.*

*Several Lords, Gentlemen, and Servants.*

#### WOMEN.

Lady Stakeland.

Lady Deuce.

Arabella, *sister to Sir Calculation, and pupil to the Professor.*

#### SCENE, THE PARK.

*Enter Lurchum, followed by Shuffle.*

Shuffle. **H**OLD, Lurchum—I have followed thee a good while, and if one may guess at thy thoughts by the convulsive emotions of thy head and shoulders, thou should'st be disturbed at something.

Lurch.—Thou art a keen discerner, Shuffle, to read a man behind. I am thoughtful.

Shuf.

Shuf.—What, thoughtful, and so fine a morning? for shame, for shame! Look up—look round, look every where, and own it a sin both against the sun, and those brighter luminaries of the Mall, to be thoughtful.

Lurch.—Let me ask thee—Will beauty, or a serene sky, dispel the gloomy prospect of contempt and beggary?

Shuf.—Ha, ha, ha! Commend me to the man that won his thousand last night, yet talks of starving.

Lurch.—Which in all appearance will be the last I ever shall win; and I'm of that author's opinion, who says, that the greatest curse of misfortune is the remembrance of former good fortune.

Shuf.—Rank spleen, by Mercury!

Lurch.—Faith! all things considered, I think you have as much reason to be so as myself.

Shuf.—Prithee explain—What does all this tend to?

Lurch.—Thou knowest we have the honour to be admitted into the best company, which neither our birth or fortunes entitle us to, merely for our reputation as good Whist-Players.

Shuf.—Very well!

Lurch.—But if this damn'd book of the Professor's answers, as he pretends, to put players upon a par, what will avail our superior skill in the game? We are undone to all intents and purposes—The Spanish war is not more neglected than we shall be—We must bid adieu to White's, George's, Brown's, and all the polite assemblies about town, and that's enough to make a man mad instead of thoughtful.

Shuf.—Damn him, I say.—Could he find no other employment for forty years together, than to study how to circumvent younger bro-

thers, and such as us, who live by our wits? A man that discovers the secrets of any profession deserves to be sacrificed, and I would be the first, Lurchum, to cut the Professor's throat for what he has done, but that I think I have pretty well defeated the malevolent effect of his fine-spun calculations.

Lurch.—As how, dear Shuffle? Thou revivest me.

Shuf.—I must confess, the publication of his Treatise gave me at first some slight alarm; but I did not, like thee, Lurchum, indulge in melancholy desponding thoughts: on the contrary, I called up my indignation to my assistance, and have ever since been working upon a private treatise on Signs at Whist, by way of counter treatise to his, and which, if I mistake not, ~~totally~~ overthrows his system.

Lurch.—Entirely?—Thou hast a lucky invention.

Shuf.—Here—take it, and give it a look over. We shall have occasion for all the aids of art to-day at White's—deep matches are talked of. Some fortunes will squeak for it, I warrant.—Hah! yonder goes young Stakeland, with his executioner, Sir John Tricklad.

Shuf.—And here comes that egregious coxcomb, Sir Calculation Puzzle, who, with scarce one tolerable idea of the game, fancies he plays it well; and the best on't is, let him lose ever so much, while you charge it to his bad luck, and not to his bad play, he's the most reconciled creature to his losses imaginable.—Hah! yonder's his Grace too, and Lord Tallman; let's after them. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir John Medium and Sir Calculation.*

Sir John.—I'm surprised, Sir Calculation, that your repeated ill success

success at play should not give you an utter distaste, and make you forswear ever touching a card more.

Sir Cal.—I have lost some thousands in my life, that's certain; but who can help ill luck, Sir John?—I'm allowed to play the game for all that.

Sir John.—By those you lose your money with, I suppose, who, behind your back, only make a jest of you for't. I should hate, methinks, to pay for being laughed at.

Sir Cal.—Laughed at! ha, ha, ha! all imagination, my dear; by whom?—by whom?

Sir John.—Why, there's Lord Bubbleboy, and Capt. Rookwood.

Sir Cal.—Oh, they! ay, they indeed might very well laugh; I was a mere novice at the game when I lost with them.

Sir John.—Do you think too, your losing a thousand to that infamous sharper, Gorgeit, afforded no raillery in town?

Sir Cal.—Phoo, pox! Let us distinguish a little—that was from the oddity of the circumstance, and not from the badness of my play.—That certainly was the most out-of-the-way bite that ever was heard of.—Upon the pinch of the game, when he must infallibly have lost it, the dog ate the losing card, by which means we dealt again, and faith he won the game.

Sir John.—'Twas by some such laudable practices, I suppose, that you suffered in your last affair with Lurchum.

Sir Cal.—O gad, no, Sir John—never any thing was fairer, nor was ever any thing so critical.—We were nine all. The adverse party three, and we four tricks. All the trumps were out. I had queen

and two small clubs, with the lead. Let me see—It was about 222 and 3 halves to—gad, I forgot how many—that my partner had the ace and king—let me recollect—ay—that he had one only was about 31 to 26.—That he had not both of them 17 to 2,—and that he had not one, or both, or neither, some 25 to 30.—So I, according to the judgment of the game, led a club, my partner takes it with the king. Then it was exactly 481 for us to 222 against them. He returns the same suit, I win it with my queen, and return it again; but the devil take that Lurchum, by passing his ace twice, he took the trick, and having two more clubs and a thirteenth card, I-gad, all was over.—But they both allowed I played admirably well for all that.

Sir John.—So it may be said of young Stakeland, possibly, who is in a fair way nevertheless of losing all in his power to lose.

Sir Cal.—As to young Stakeland, we all know he is very far from understanding the game. I've often told him so, and advised him to leave off while he was well. But he will play and lose because he sees his Grace, and other people do so.

Sir John.—He's not the last I dare say that will suffer, because 'tis the fashion. And here comes one that will make my words good, or I mistake.—My Lord Slim, your most obedient.

*Enter Lord Slim.*

Ld. Slim.—Sir John Medium—Sir Calculation—Wish me joy, my dear friends,—I'm \* entered i' faith.—Not one black ball, by Jupiter.

\* In the club at White's, being a select company above stairs, where no person, of what rank soever, is admitted, without being first proposed by one of the Club a week before. The method of admission is by ballot.

Sir John.—I share in any thing gives your Lordship pleasure.

Sir Cal.—And I heartily.—I rejoice to see your Lordship a member of a club, which, without exception, is the most elegant one in Europe—I must add too, I think no one has a more just pretension;—The progress your Lordship has made for the time you have studied under the Professor is wonderful.—Pray, has your Lordship seen the dear man to day?

Ld. Slim.—O yes.—His Grace sate him down at my house, and I have just lent him my chariot into the city.—How do you like the last edition of his Treatise with the appendix, Sir Calculation? I mean that signed with his name.

Sir Cal.—O gad, my Lord, there never was so excellent a book printed.—I'm quite in raptures with it. I will eat with it—sleep with it—go to court with it—go to Parliament with it—go to Church with it. I pronounce it the gospel of whist-players; and the laws of the game ought to be wrote in golden letters, and hung up in coffee-houses, as much as the Ten Commandments in parish churches.

Sir John.—Ha, ha, ha! You speak of the book with the zeal of a primitive father.

Sir Cal.—Not half enough, Sir John—the calculations are so exact!

Sir John.—As exact, perhaps, as our warriors at Carthage, who computed twenty thousand when one did the business.

Sir Cal.—O pox, no—the Professor is no such blunderer—his observations are quite masterly! his rules so comprehensive! his cautions so judicious! There are such variety of cases in his Treatise, and the principles are so new, I want words to express the author, and

can look on him in no other light than as a second Newton.

Sir John.—Who, possibly, may stand in as much need of being explained.

Lord Slim.—I find you han't read it, Sir John?

Sir John.—Nor do I intend to do it, my Lord.

Ld. Slim.—What, not such a master-piece of science! How I pity thee!

Sir Cal.—Ay, dear Lord Slim, let us roast him a little.

Ld. Slim.—A book so universally admir'd!

Sir Cal.—And that ought to be taught in all schools, especially of the mathematics.

Ld. Slim.—Positive. I have join'd twelve companies in the Mall, and eleven of them were talking of it.—It's the subject of all conversations, and has had the honour to be introduced into the Cabinet. Why, thou'lt be laugh'd at intolerably unless you can tell how many hundred and odd it is for, or against one, that your partner has, or has not such a card, or such a card.

Sir Cal.—Right my Lord; a man would now make as odd a figure without understanding Whist, as he would in not knowing how to make a bow.

Sir John.—That may be.

Ld. Slim.—Where lies your objection, Sir John? The book is absolutely useful, and purely calculated for preventing the less knowing in the game, from being imposed upon by those of superior skill.

Sir John.—I rather think it will make the generality of them worse players. It may confirm the adept, but will only confound the unskilful. And with respect to its utility, where one will use it to prevent his being imposed upon himself, I dare

say



pay a hundred will study it in order to impose upon others. I must therefore abide by my opinion, that I can see no good this Treatise can be productive of, any other, than that as some people will only die by the rules of art, so our fine gentlemen and ladies have an opportunity given them of ruining one another by the rules of *Whist*.

Sir Cal.—Prithee don't grow grave. Upon my soul, my sister will never like thee, if thou talkest at this rate. She's a great proficient herself, and studies under the Professor. Capt. Rookwood will certainly rival thee, if thou dost not take care. I tell thee this as a friend. Come, away with this unfashionable aversion to all play.

Sir John.—You mistake me, Sir Calculation. I like play, but am an enemy to gaming. I make it my diversion, as a relaxation, but not as a trade to impose upon, or create a general spirit of avarice in mankind. Considered as an amusement, it is innocent and agreeable; but when it becomes a science, it sinks into the worst and most scandalous of professions, and puts the man of quality upon a level with common gamblers. The spirit of gaming, like that of drinking, is growing into an excess, that I wish may not one day prove of very dangerous consequence to this nation. I have made it an observation, that in those countries where the spirit of gaming prevails most, there is the least of public liberty; and the reason is obvious: they are indulged the greater latitude in the former, as a sort of equivalent for the loss of the latter.

Sir Cal.—Egad, you remind me, Sir John, of an observation I have made too, which is, that as long as *Quadrille* and *Ombre* were the games in vogue, we certainly were

under French influence. Whereas now *Whist* is come in fashion, you see our politics are improved upon us. We have thrown off all mean dependance; and positive, I think the spirit of the new ministry may be fairly ascribed to this turn of taste in favour of *Whist*.

Sir John.—Ha! ha! ha! a very nouvelle discovery!

Ld. Slim.—But, Sir Calculation, we forget ourselves. Is Sir John for White's?

Sir Cal.—No. I suppose he'll join my sister yonder—

Ld. Slim.—Allons! Sir John, your's. [*Exit with Sir Cal.*]

Sir John.—Your Lordship's most obedient—Ay—here's Arabella with Lady Deuce. Capt. Rookwood with them too! Damn that fellow, I'll not join them.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Lady Deuce, Arabella, and Captain Rookwood.*

Capt. Rook.—I'm mistaken, if you are not mine to-night, Mrs. Arabella. And 'twill be a master-stroke to make an old mistress subservient in getting a new one. [*Aside.*] Dear Lady Deuce, prevail on Arabella to give us her company to-night.—A fine opportunity for your Ladyship to repair the ill run of last night.

[*Aside to Lady Deuce.*]

Lady Deuce.—Arabella, you shall go.

Ara.—Dear creature, don't tempt me. I've been so unlucky of late, that, as much as I admire play, I'm half determined never to touch a card again.

Lady Deuce.—Ridiculous! han't you seen that, I have been broke twenty times, and received all again by one good hand or two. Come, come, you must go. I have promised Lady Tenace to bring you.

U

There

There will be a deal of charming company.

Ara.—Her ladyship has certainly the politest assembly in town, and I never saw any thing that might call a woman's conduct in question to be witness of; yet I can tell you, every body does not judge so favourably.

Lady Deuce.—What, Sir John Medium, I suppose?

Capt. Rook.—He, I dare say, my lady.

Lady Deuce.—Well, Arabella, I'll say nothing; but if ever you marry that man, you'll be miserable.

Ara.—Your reason? Not that I intend any such thing, but should like to know what objections you have to him.

Lady Deuce.—Nay, he's a very pretty fellow, and has a good estate; but he has the gravity of 50 at 25, and you may judge what he'll be when he comes to be 50 indeed. In short, he thinks too much; and a man who prescribes rules to himself, will certainly lay his wife under the same.—I hate dull moderation.

Capt. Rook.—Very true; what is any pleasure when one is under certain restrictions not to exceed such or such bounds in it? But this is nothing to the assembly, my lady.

Lady Deuce.—I protest, Arabella, if you don't go, I'll tell all the world you stay away to oblige Sir John.

Ara.—You are resolved to take no denial, I find.

Lady Deuce.—You'll be there, then?

Ara.—Since you'll have it so. Are you for the other turn?

Lady Deuce.—With all my heart, my dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*To be continued.*

## MOOSE DEER OF CANADA;

AND

## OTHER PARTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THIS beast (the *Orignac* of the French) is larger than a middle-sized ox, and high in proportion; in form, it much resembles the European Stag or Red Deer. This is the largest of the deer kind yet known; its horns, however, which are broad, palmated, and six feet wide, are not equal in extent to the fossil deer-horns dug up in Ireland, &c. which frequently measure ten feet and upwards, and are consequently a different species from the Moose Deer: these latter have usually three fawns at a time; the flesh is not dry, but moist and luscious. This creature is slow of foot, and usually harbours in thick and extensive swamps. The Indians are peculiarly fond of their tongues, smoked and dried.

The following is the French account of the *Orignac* or *Orignal*, in M. De Mont's Description of Canada; *anno* 1604:—

"The *Orignac* is the tallest creature except the camel, being higher than the horse; its hair a grey dun, near as long as one's finger; his head very long, with fine teeth; he carries his horns like a stag, which have palms as broad as a plank, three feet wide, garnished with sprigs or antlers, growing upwards all along the outward side; his feet like a stag's, but flatter; the flesh short and delicate; he feeds in meadows, and on the tender tops of trees."

The Moose-Deer's horn seems to agree very nearly with those of the Elk of Sweden, Poland, Russia, &c. &c.

SPORT.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

**ASCOT** - Heath Races, which commenced on the 9th of June, were honoured with the company of her Majesty and the five Princesses, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Cumberland, Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex. During the second day's sport, her Majesty observed, that as a Plate was given by his Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, she would also give a 50l. Plate, to be run for by the beaten horses.

**BIBURY** Races, from the absence of the Prince and Mr. Mellish, have gone off rather flat: many horses have walked over the course, there being no competitors. The Welter Stakes were won by the Prince of Wales's Pedestrian. On the last day there was some good sport—a better race was never run than that between Pic-Nic and Harry; won by half a head by the former.—There were four heats for the 50l. plate, which was won by Mr. Biggs's Bassanio. Ten started.—Two horses fell under Mr. D. Radcliffe the first day, but he received no injury. Lord Sackville's famous horse Whirligig, in running a private trial previous to the races, broke his thigh, and was afterwards shot.

**THE** Earl of Lonsdale has purchased Sir Gilbert Heathcote's fox-hounds. His Lordship and the Duke of Rutland have likewise purchased the fox-hounds and hunting establishment of the Duke of Leeds,

to be divided between the kennels at Belvoir and Cottesmore.

**FOOT-RACE.**—The long-dependant race between Cooke, the soldier, and the Brighton Shepherd, for fifty guineas a side, took place on Monday, June 22, at half past eight in the evening, in Lord's Cricket Ground. Four o'clock was the hour appointed, in consequence of which a great concourse of people had assembled, but was postponed, on account of the grand cricket-match between Lord Fred. Beauclerc and Mr. Mellish. At seven o'clock, nearly 2000 persons were on the ground. The distance was measured, from the Subscribers' Stand to the paling, 140 yards, and the spectators were ranged in a line on each side. Bets ran high upon the Shepherd, who was the favourite. At twenty minutes past eight, the two champions walked up and down the course, after which they both stripped, and the signal being made for starting, they ran nearly equal for the first hundred yards. The Shepherd then took the lead, and won without much difficulty, his competitor having given him two yards at coming in. They performed the race in ten seconds. Several sporting gentlemen were present; among whom were, Lord F. Beauclerc, the Hon. M. Upton, the Hon. Mr. Bligh, Colonel Maitland, Captain Bucket, George Leicester, Esq. Messrs. Freemantle, Hammond, and F. Ladbroke. Several of the noted pugilists were also on the ground.

**THE** Game of Cricket, played on Pennenden Heath, Kent, on Monday, the 1st instant, between the Yalding Club and eleven select Gentlemen, was decided in favour of the latter, having four wickets to go down.

**THE** long-pending foot-race between the two noted runners, Barrow and Dyson, for 200 guineas a side, a distance of twenty rods, was also determined, on the same day, on Pennenden Heath, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, in favour of Barrow, who beat his antagonist about a foot and a half.—The distance was run over in ten seconds; evincing an exertion almost unparalleled, and it was difficult to discern which was the winner.

**THE** grand match of Cricket, for one thousand guineas, between eight Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with Lambert, Beldam, and Harmond, against Eleven of all England, was decided in Lord's Ground, on Thursday, the 9th, in favour of the Club, by nine wickets.

**AT** Eastry, Kent, the 8th inst. a single wicket match of Cricket, for twenty guineas, between Mr. Marshall, of the Maiden Sote Club, and Mr. Fagg, of Eastry, was won by the latter, by six runs.

**A** GRAND match of Cricket was played, on Wednesday, the 3d of June, in the Earl of Essex's Park, Cashiobury, Herts, between eleven Gentlemen of the Rickmersworth New Club, and eleven Gentlemen of the Rickmersworth Old Club, for one hundred guineas a side, which was won by the former, having eight wickets to go down.

**THE** grand match of Cricket in Lord's Ground, on Monday, the

15th instant, between six Gentlemen and five players of Hampshire, against six Gentlemen and five players of England, for one thousand guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday following, in favour of the former, by twenty-four runs.

**THE** grand match of Cricket for 1000gs a side, between two select elevens, made by Lord F. Beauclerc and T. Mellish, Esq. was decided in favour of the latter, on Wednesday, in Lord's Ground, by one innings and 37 runs.

**ON** Monday, June 15, a great number of persons from various parts assembled on the road between Bridgwater and Bristol, being the spot fixed for determining a wager upon the exertions of a horse, which was to go in a gig 100 miles within the space of 16 hours. The day was remarkably hot and sultry; notwithstanding which, the poor animal performed the merciless task in thirteen hours, without eating a grain of corn.

**A** HORSE, the property of Captain Cotton, of the Guards, on Thursday, the 18th, won a considerable sum, by carrying upwards of eight stone ten times round the lines of Chatham; the distance is exactly twenty miles, and the journey was performed in 53 minutes eight seconds.

**ON** Friday, the 4th of June, a Mr. Stevens, for a bet of 450 guineas, undertook to go on foot, from the Woolpack, at St. Alban's, to Finsbury-square, a distance of 21 miles, in three hours. He started at a quarter before two in the morning, and arrived at the spot at four. He ran in the first hour seven miles and a half, in the second ten, and in the last quarter three and a half.

LATELY,

LATELY, one of the stage coaches on the North road ran from London to Stamford, a distance of ninety miles, in nine hours and four minutes. The passengers, four in number, breakfasted and dined on the road, so that it must have run at the rate of twelve miles an hour all the time of travelling.

**CRUELTY to Horses.**—The Magistrates lately fined a farmer's servant, in the parish of Foveran, in Cumberland, on the complaint of his master, 5l. sterling, for abusing the horses under his charge.

**RICHARD Chapman**, a stout man, aged forty, a native of Castle Bytham, Lincolnshire, was convicted a short time since, before the Rev. Samuel Hopkinson, Clerk, of treating his master's horses with great barbarity, and was, in consequence of so abominable an offence, immediately dismissed his service with the entire loss of wages, and fined two guineas, besides paying all expences.

A **BAY** gelding, belonging to Birchenwood Farm, in the New Forest, died a few days since, in consequence of some evil-disposed person or persons having violently forced several nails, stones, &c. into his stomach.

A **STONE**, weighing 1 lb. 10 oz. was found on opening a fine cart-horse, which died at Liverpool this month. It nearly resembles a heart in shape, but its apex is flatter; it is in length near four inches, the colour of bronze, and so hard as to be capable of polish. The horse was in excellent health and spirits, but galloping quickly on being let loose in the field, the stone broke through the intestine which inclosed it, and caused the almost sudden death of the animal.

A **FEW** days ago, a rat's nest was found by a terrier dog, at Netherhall, in Cumberland, within five yards of the river Elin; in which were found; the old she-rat, ten young ones, and 57 lamprey eels, of which more than 30 were alive.

**SOME** time ago, a gentleman in Aberdeen removed the nest of a bullfinch, with four eggs in it, from a hedge, and placed it in a cage in his room, where he kept a cock and hen canary. The hen immediately placed herself on the eggs, and continued to sit until she had brought out the birds. The cock supplied his mate with food during the incubation, and is now equally attentive in feeding the young.

**ON** Monday, the 8th instant, the pitched battle, between Tom Belcher and Jack in the Green, took place at Moulsey Hurst; when, after thirteen rounds, hard fighting, it was decided in favour of Belcher. At setting-to, bets were equal, and continued so for the first four rounds; after which, Belcher proved himself the most expert boxer.—Three other battles were afterwards decided between persons of inferior note in the science; and the day's amusements concluded with a bull-bait.

**FEMALE PUGILISM.**—At Bines-Green Fair, West Grinstead, a pitched battle was fought between two Amazonian *fair* ones, in which no small degree of courage and scientific skill were displayed.—Twenty sharp rounds were fought with various success, but at the end of the twenty-first round, a knock-down blow gave the victory to the youngest, an active damsel of twenty-four years of age; her antagonist, who appeared about forty, though

though second-best in this affair, displayed great bottom, and was much applauded for her style of fighting by the amateurs present. These women, like the *fistic* professors of the other sex, were unincumbered by clothes from the waist upwards; they were attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, and exhibited in a well-kept ring of very large dimensions.

A PUGILISTIC controversy lately took place at a public rout, between two ladies highly distinguished in the fashionable circles, not only for their beauty and accomplishments, but their *mildness* of disposition; one unfortunately retired with a *black eye*, and the other with a *scratched nose*.

On Thursday, the 25th instant, died, at Newmarket, in the 59th year of his age, Mr. John Fuller, many years Clerk of the Course.

AN inquest was held, on Monday, the 15th of June, before Chas. Jemmett, Esq. Coroner for the county of Surrey, on Mrs. Ann Black, of Hawkesbury-place, Walworth; when it appeared, that between one and two o'clock, on Friday, the 12th, a groom, described as a tall slim lad, in a fustian stable jacket and trowsers or overalls, on a dark chesnut or bay horse, and Peter Moore, servant to Mr. Hughes, butcher, of Walworth, were riding full gallop towards Camberwell, when, nearly opposite West-lane, the horse on which the groom rode struck the deceased; she never spoke, and died in about an hour. The groom rode through the turnpike, and towards Denmark-hill.—The Jury brought in their verdict, *Accidental Death*, and Peter Moore, who had been apprehended and committed, was discharged.

**HORSE-STEALER Detected.**—William Pearce, alias Price, alias Pugh, alias Jones, apprehended on various charges of hiring horses to go a short distance, and selling them, was re-examined before the Sitting Magistrate at Bow-street, on the 15th instant, when the following persons exhibited charges against him:—John Fox, Ostler, at the Rose and Plough, Leicester, stated, that on the 19th of May last the prisoner hired a horse to go to Hickley, which he went away with, but had never returned it.—Thomas Woodward, of the High-street, Oxford, stated, that he hired a horse on the 7th of May, which he never returned.—The prisoner was fully committed on these charges.

At the Public Office, Worship-street, on Monday, the 15th, the noted Major Semple was charged with having defrauded two ladies, near Fitzroy-square, of broaches and ear-rings, under pretence of having them ornamented by his own jewellers. On the Saturday previous, he took the same ladies to a tavern, near Sadler's Wells, where, after dining and enjoying themselves, he called for the bill, the amount of which was 2l. He went to the mistress of the house, and told her of his awkward situation, in having, by mistake, come from home without cash, but, for security, would leave in her possession a broach, value 22l. Being, however, recognised by a gentleman, he was taken into custody.—There not being sufficient grounds to constitute a felony, he was discharged: but one of the ladies exhibited another charge against him, of stealing her pocket-handkerchief, which he declared he had only borrowed.—He was, however, liberated.

POETRY,

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

JOTHAM ;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A BRACE OF  
BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

OLD Plum, who, though bless'd in  
his Kentish retreat,  
Still thrives by his oil-shop in Leadenhall-  
street,  
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by  
creation,  
From a Borough in Cornwall receiv'd in-  
vitation—  
Well assur'd of each vote, well equipp'd  
from the alley,  
In quest of election adventures they sally.

Tho' much they discours'd, the long  
way to beguile,  
Of the Whigs and the Tories, and living  
in style,  
Of the Irish, the Stocks, and the Lott'ry  
Committee,  
They came silent, and tir'd, into Exeter  
city.

"Some books, pr'ythee landlord, to pass  
a dull hour ;

"No nonsense of parsons, or methodists  
sour ;

"No poetical stuff, no damn'd jingle of  
rhymes,

"But some pamphlet that's new, and a  
touch on the times."

"O Lord !" says mine host, "you may  
hunt the town round,

"I question if any such thing can be  
found ;

"I never was ask'd for a book by a guest ;  
And I'm sure I have all the great folk  
of the West ;

"None of these, to my knowledge, e'er  
call'd for a book—

"But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and  
the cook ;

"Here's the fattest of carp—shall we  
dress you a brace ?

"Would you have any soals, or a mul-  
let, or plaise ?"

"Place," quoth the knight, "we must  
have to be sure ;

"But first let us see that our borough's  
secure ;

"We'll talk of the place when we've set-  
tled the poll—

"You may dress us for supper the mul-  
let and soal,

"But do you, my good landlord, look  
over your shelves,

"For a book we must have, we're quite  
tir'd of ourselves."

"In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in  
my life,

"But the Pray'r-book and Bible I bought  
for my wife."

"Well, the Bible must do—but why  
don't you take in

"Some monthly collection—the *Sports  
Magazine* ?"

The Bible was brought, and laid on  
the table,

And open'd at Jotham's most apposite  
fable.

Sir Freeport began with this verse, tho'  
no rhyme—

"The trees of the forest went forth on a  
time"—

To what purpose our candidates scarce  
could expect,

For it was not, they found, to transplant  
—but elect.

"To the olive and fig-tree their deputies  
came,

"But by both were refus'd, and the an-  
swer the same.

"Quoth the olive, 'Shall I leave my  
fatness and oil

"For an unthankful office—a dignified  
toil ?"—

"Shall

'Shali I leave,' quoth the fig-tree, 'my  
sweetness and fruit,  
'To be envy'd, and slav'd, in so vain a  
pursuit?'—

"Thus rebuff'd, and surpris'd, they ap-  
plied to the vine:

"He answer'd, 'Shall I leave my  
grapes and my wine,

"(Wine, the sovereign cordial of god and  
of man)

"To be made, or the tool, or the head  
of a clan?"

"At last, as it always falls out in a  
scramble,

"The mob gave the cry for 'A bram-  
ble! a bramble!

"A bramble for ever!'—O! chance un-  
expected!

"But bramble prevail'd, and was duly  
elected."

"Oh, oh!" quoth the knight, with a  
look most profound,

"Now I see there's some truth in *good  
books* to be found;

"I wish I had read this same Bible be-  
fore;

"Of long miles, 'twould have saved us  
full many a score.

"You, Plum, with your oil and your  
olives had staid,

"And myself might have tarried my  
wines to unlade.

"What have merchants to do from their  
business to ramble?

"Your electioneer-errant should still be a  
bramble."

Thus ended at once the wise comment-  
on Jotham,  
And our Citizens jaunt to the Borough  
of Gotham.

### MARGERY MUMP'S MONODY

ON A  
DEAD PIG.

OH! why did you die?  
Full often I cry,  
Till to speak I no longer am able;  
My comforts are fled  
Since you are gone dead,  
And I lean my sad head on the table.

Thou wilt grunt never more  
In response to my snore,  
When I take a short nap after dinner;

Nor more will you jump  
Round Margery Mump—  
By thy loss I am far from a winner;

Of all thy *sweet race*  
You'd the prettiest face,  
But death is a terrible fellow;  
For *beauty* can't charm,  
Nor save from dire harm,  
The old, or the young, plump, or me-  
low.

No more will you hail  
Of Swill the full pail,  
Which so oft you have leer'd at with  
pleasure;  
Nor more hear my cough,  
At the side of the trough,  
As you suck'd up the exquisite treasure.

No more will you scrub  
'Gainst the old water tub,  
To allay with much pleasure thy itching;  
Nor more will regale  
On the apples grown stale,  
That I threw you from out of the kitchen.

What a wretch am I now!  
But to fate I must bow,  
Since my pig is gone down to the shades;  
My temper's quite sour'd,  
The pig can't be devour'd,  
So I'll spit all my spite on my maids!

J. M. L.

### THE RIDDLE.

I Am just two and two—I'm warm—I'm  
cold,  
And the parent of Numbers, that never  
were told;  
I am lawful—unlawful—a duty—a fault,  
Am often sold dear—good for nothing  
when bought;  
An extraordinary boon—yet a matter of  
course,  
And yielded with pleasure—when taken  
by force.

### THE SOLUTION.

Thou'rt an airy deceiver—a sly little elf,  
Whate'er thou may'st waggishly say of  
thyself;  
Yet the source of all transport, and fore-  
taste of bliss  
To the Lover who knows how to ravish  
a Kiss.



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,  
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JULY, 1807.

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Embellished with—I, *Spaniels*, an Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of Marshall's.  
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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FALL MALL;  
J. BOOTH II, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN MILTON, NEWMARKET;  
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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We have again to notice, that Correspondents' Letters, the postage being unpaid, are generally returned unopened to the Post-office: this hint may be taken in future, by the Correspondent who sent the lines on a Captive Goldfinch.

We are sorry the account of Cocking at Cardiff arrived too late for this Month. It shall appear in our next Magazine,

---

*Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.*

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SPANIELS.

*Pub. July 1840. By J. W. & S. G. London.*

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THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE;  
FOR JULY, 1807.

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SPANIELS.

*An Engraving by Scott, from a  
Painting of Marshall's.*

THESE Spaniels are the property of John Carr, Esq. of Monmouthshire; the one to the left is of the Sussex breed, the others the common cockers; all of them remarkably good, but the Sussex-bred one certainly shews the most blood, and the sort is esteemed by the best-informed sportsmen, to be the most genuine of the Spaniel race.

---

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

*To the Editors of the Sporting  
Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

I Am a constant reader of your valuable Magazine, and, as a sportsman, I feel much interested in every thing that concerns the treatment of dogs, particularly when in that destructive disease, the distemper.—Like most sportsmen, I have lost many favourite and valuable dogs from this cause, and some of them in circumstances so particular, that I have frequently intended to communicate them to you: this I have hitherto de-

clined, imagining similar cases must frequently have occurred within your own knowledge. I trust, therefore, you will forgive me now for taking the liberty of noticing an assertion made by the writer of the article on Lingo and Rocket's Match in May last, in which, from my own experience, I know him to be completely mistaken. He seems to hold it as an acknowledged fact among all sportsmen, that no dog of four or five years old can possibly die of the distemper.—I own, that by seeing this universally laid down as certain by almost every writer on the subject, I looked on it as an established truth, until I was unfortunately convinced by experience, that neither the age of a dog, nor his having formerly had the disease, is any safety against his taking it again.—In 1801, a friend sent me a pair of very fine spaniels from a southern county in England; they were then fit for breaking, that is, eleven months' old.—In October, 1804, I lost the best of them in the distemper, being the *third* time he had it—the other dog remained in the kennel with him, and afterwards was repeatedly among young dogs which were ill, and never took it, but has now taken it when in the kennel by himself, and without having been near any dog ill of the distemper since December 1805. I likewise knew a very va-

luable dog which died of the same disease when he was *seven* years old.

You may believe I have tried every kind of medicine; I do assure you, the most inefficient I have ever tried I uniformly found to be —, from which I never once saw any good effect, although within five or six years have administered not less than thirty papers of it, and under the most favourable circumstances, with the most scrupulous adherence to his own directions.—Common salt, flour of sulphur or antimony, with as much broth or other nourishing and warm drinks as possible, I have always seen much more effectual.

It would be very obliging if in your next Number you would mention what are the medicines other than —, which are most approved of by sportsmen in your quarter, as the number of dogs which die here, in spite of every medicine, is incalculable.

I am, Sir, most respectfully,

A SCOTCHMAN.

Bannock, Perthshire, Scotland,  
July 1, 1807.

Conceiving that it would be highly injurious to the person named in the manuscript of this letter to publish his name, it is purposely omitted, not only from that consideration, but because we know the gentleman to be a man of science and literature, and farther, that the writer may probably himself be mistaken, in his conjecture as to the inefficacy of the medicine he alludes to.

## COCKING.

### NEWTON.

IN the Race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Goodall, feeder)

and Richard Leigh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main; which was fought as follows, viz.

GOODALL. M. B.	GILLIVER. M. B.
Tuesday,.... 1 0	..... 6 2
Wednesday,.. 1 2	..... 6 0
Thursday, ... 5 1	..... 10 0
Friday,..... 5 1	..... 3 0
12 4	25 2

### NEWCASTLE.

During the Races, a long main of cocks was fought between Charles Brandling, Esq. (Sunley, feeder) and G. T. Leaton, Esq. (Welch, feeder) consisting of 44 main battles, and 12 byes, for 20gs a battle, and 1000gs the main.—The following is a statement:—

SUNLEY. M. B.	WELCH. M. B.
Monday,.... 5 1	..... 2 1
Tuesday,.... 3 2	..... 4 0
Wednesday,.. 3 2	..... 4 0
Thursday, ... 4 1	..... 4 1
Friday,..... 6 2	..... 1 0
Saturday, ... 5 1	..... 3 1
26 9	18 3

*Settlers.*—Probin for Mr. Brandling; and Lockey for Mr. Leaton. Before fighting, 5, 6, and 7 to 4 on Sunley; after Monday's fight, 2 to 1 on Sunley; after Tuesday's fight, 5 to 4 on Sunley; and the same after Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday's fighting.—The fighting throughout the week was excellent.

### STAMFORD.

In the Race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Leicestershire (Faulkner, feeder) and the gentlemen of Lincolnshire, (Burton, feeder) for 5gs a battle, and 50gs the main, which was won by the former.

NANT-

## NANTWICH.

During the Races, (three days) a main of cocks was fought between H. A. Leicester, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) and F. R. Price, Esq. (Potter, feeder) for 20gs a battle, and 200gs the main; which was won by the former, 15 to 14; of the byes, Gilliver won 4, and Potter one.

## Newmarket Second Meeting

Oct.....	12
Richmond .....	13
Northallerton .....	21
Newmarket Houghton Meeting	26

## SETTING OF TRAPS.

*Law Case tried at the Gloucester Assizes.*

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

<b>EDINBURGH</b> .....	August 3
Nottingham .....	4
Huntingdon .....	4
Chelmsford .....	4
Newbury .....	4
Worcester .....	4
Newcastle, Staffordshire .....	5
Exeter .....	6
Brighton .....	7
Southampton .....	10
Lewes .....	13
Taunton .....	13
Reading .....	18
Bodmin .....	18
Derby .....	18
Northampton .....	19
Hereford .....	19
York .....	22
Canterbury .....	25
Egham .....	25
Trè-Madoc, Carnarvonshire .....	27
Warwick .....	27
Boroughbridge .....	Sept. 2
Pontefract .....	8
Lincoln .....	9
Bedford .....	10
Kingscote .....	15
Leicester .....	16
Doncaster .....	21
Walsall .....	23
Newmarket First October Meeting .....	28
Dumfries .....	Oct. 5

A Cause, which had excited much interest in the county of Gloucester, and which involved a question of considerable importance to the public, was tried at these assizes, before a special jury; wherein the Rev. Mr. Townsend, of Steanbridge, was plaintiff, and Paul Wathen, Esq. of Typpiat-Park, in that county, defendant. The action was brought in consequence of several of the plaintiff's hounds having been caught and disabled in traps, set in one of the defendant's woods; and the principal point in the cause was, whether the defendant had a right to set such traps, although upon his own ground. In the course of the evidence it appeared, that the traps were of an unusual size and shape, that trails had been drawn about the wood and across the public foot-paths, to the spot where the traps were concealed and baited; that a deer and several dogs had been caught in one of them, and that a boy, in the defendant's employ, had inadvertently met with the same accident.

The learned Judge, (the Chief Baron) before whom the cause was tried, in addressing the jury, observed, that although traps might be set for vermin, yet there were bounds to that right—such as usual hours to set them, and proper dimensions;

mensions; and that it was not necessary to prove an intention of injuring the particular individual in order to maintain the action; but that a conclusion might be drawn from general circumstances; and he had no conception that traps of an inordinate and alarming size, such as had caught a boy and held a deer, should be set; and when the traps were placed near foot-ways on which a man and his dogs had a right to go, and the game-keeper had directions to bring the dogs which might be caught, there could be no doubt, that, under such circumstances, a person was liable to make satisfaction to another for the injury done to him.

Verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages, thirty guineas.

---

### ILLEGAL BETS.

---

#### CAMBRIDGE ASSIZES.

Howell v. Wing.

THIS action was brought to recover 19l. 9s. 6d. the balance of a sum of money deposited in the hands of defendant, to be paid to the winner of a bet depending upon the event of a foot-race. The race was run, and the man lost; in consequence of which the plaintiff, as the winner, claimed the stakes, which the defendant refused to deliver up, having notice from the individuals concerned in the bet to that effect. The evidence on the part of the plaintiff had just closed, when, on a suggestion from defendant's counsel, the learned Judge determined that the case came within the statute of the 9th of Anne, and therefore it was an illegal bet, and if the honour of the parties

were not concerned, the law could not take cognisance of it.—*Plaintiff nonsuited.*

---

Robert Ivatt v. William Finch Finch, Esq. and Richard Bacchus.

THIS was an action of trespass, to recover the value of three mares, which the defendant, Bacchus, as bailiff to W. F. Finch, Esq. lord of the manors of Crowlands and Sames, in Cottenham, had seized as heriots, on the death of Mrs. Alice Watson, which happened in February, 1807, who held three copyhold and customary tenements of those manors. The plaintiff, who married Mrs. Watson's daughter and only child in September, 1805, pretended that Mrs. Watson, in her life time, had given all her stock and personal property to him, and therefore that she did not die possessed of the said three mares.

The plaintiff, who produced a great many witnesses, made out no proof of a sale or gift of the property to him, to prevent the lord's justification in seizing the heriots, there being no bill of sale or other instrument to shew the absolute transfer of the property to the plaintiff. The jury therefore gave a *verdict for the defendants.*

---

### THE PARSON'S HORSE AND THE WINDMILL.

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#### HUNTINGDON ASSIZES.

AN indictment was tried at the Huntingdon Assizes, which has excited no small degree of pleasantry as well as interest in the county; but the issue, perhaps, is the most singular that ever took place:—It was an indictment against



against a miller for a nuisance, for working his mill so near the common highway as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects, by frightening the horses travelling on the road. The prosecutor is a clergyman residing in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, and is a man of considerable property and consequence in the county. The mill in question is an old erection, and stood some time back far out of the high road upon a common; but by a recent act of Parliament the common has been inclosed, and the only road left, unfortunately for the miller, passes close under the fly of his mill. The prosecutor, it appears, was compelled to go this road, and the mill being at work as he passed, his horse took fright and threw him. This happened with almost every horse that passed the mill.

Mr. Justice Grose addressed the jury, and observed, that as the mill now stood, it was unquestionably a nuisance, and the miller must be found guilty. It was, however, no fault of his, he could not move his mill; but the commissioners under the inclosure bill, who directed the road to be set out, were most to blame, and he regretted they had not been made parties to the indictment. Neither was the prosecutor to blame in preferring the indictment. He could go no other way since the inclosure, and his life, as well as those of his fellow-subjects travelling by the mill, was endangered, while the mill remained in its present situation.

Under such circumstances he felt himself wholly at a loss how to act: the miller ought not to be punished for that he was innocent of, and yet the prosecutor's convenience and the public safety must be consulted. He thought, however,

that the best way of deciding would be, to direct the prosecutor to pay the miller 40*l.* and the miller to abate the nuisance, with leave to erect his mill on some convenient spot adjoining. This was accordingly made the judgment of the court.

This decision has caused much surprise in the county, as it is the first instance wherein a prosecutor has been made to pay a fine for obtaining justice.

## ACTION FOR ASSAULTING A GROOM.

### SHERIFF'S COURT.

*Potts v. the Hon. George Murray.*

THIS was an action of assault. The plaintiff was groom to the defendant, and on the 16th of April was charged with the care of two horses, on their way from Edinburgh to London. On the 3d of May he arrived at Bartlett's Livery Stables, in Oxford Road, and the defendant was informed by his valet that Potts had laped one of the horses in the journey. The defendant went immediately to the stables, and taxed the plaintiff with the fact. He denied it, and said the valet had told an untruth; words ensued, and the defendant struck and kicked the plaintiff in the side, and gave him a wound over the eye, which separated the skin near an inch.—The plaintiff had remained ill ever since, and was at that moment attended by Surgeon Armstrong—the blows having produced a spitting of blood, which, it was feared, would cause a consumption.

It appeared, in defence, that the plaintiff had strained the back  
sinews

sinews of the horse's leg, by incautiously leading him down a hill, and, being a favourite and valuable horse, the defendant was vexed at the circumstance. It was contended, that the spitting of blood was occasioned by the plaintiff's consumptive habit, which was made worse by his being a *racing groom*.

The Sheriff said, the defendant was not warranted in beating him, and the jury would say what damages he was entitled to for the injury he had received, considering his loss of time, and the probable amount of the Surgeon's bill.

The jury retired for a short time, and found for the plaintiff—*Damages, One Hundred and Fifty Pounds!*

### SAILING MATCHES.

ON Monday the 20th, the Contractors of the Lottery gave a beautiful Cup, value 50*l.* which was sailed for by the following gentlemen:—

Mercury.....	Capt. ASTLEY
Olive Branch.....	DEACON
Royal George.....	GUNSTON
Daphne.....	BOWYER.

They started at five o'clock from Blackfriars'-bridge, and were all in line till opposite Somerset House; the Olive Branch shot a-head, the Mercury soon passed her, and got through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, and kept the lead till off Nine Elms; the Olive Branch passed the Mercury about a boat's length, when, by a tack, the Mercury passed her, and kept a-head of her three boats and a half length to Vauxhall Stairs, where Mr. Astley was presented with the Cup by the gentlemen; this being the fifth prize won by the same boat,

and six prize cups in the whole. A vast assemblage of boats was on the river, and the shores were lined with spectators. We are happy to add that not any accident occurred.

### VAUXHALL CUP.

On Monday the 27th, the Annual Silver Cup and Cover, given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was sailed for by the following gentlemen's sailing pleasure boats:—Mercury, 7 tons, J. Astley; Atalanta, 7 tons, Smjth; Bellissima, 17 tons, Fairbrother; the St. George was also entered, but owing to the superiority of the other boats, declined the contest.

The wind at starting blew a stiff breeze from the South, which occasioned the Bellissima, being so much heavier than the others, to carry a great press of sail, and enabled her to keep the lead the whole distance, without the least chance of the others coming up; indeed, when opposite Wandsworth, in going up, the Atalanta declined the contest; but the Mercury, although a great distance behind, persevered to the end of the contest, and came in about a quarter of an hour after the Bellissima, which was the winning boat.—Captain Fairbrother was immediately handed into the Vauxhall boat, and from thence conducted into the gardens by Mr. Barrett, who presented him with a most elegant Silver Cup and Cover, valued at 30 guineas, amidst the shouts and plaudits of a vast concourse of spectators.

The river displayed a scene of the utmost beauty and grandeur, being covered with pleasure boats and wherries,

THE  
PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

## No. I.

## COLLOQUY.

*Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

Why do you on both sides the paper  
write?

You stand reprov'd, if you've not lost  
your sight.

A. B.

I own it, Sirs, yet pray reproof give o'er—  
Let this excuse me—I am very poor;  
And this the poor man always has to  
do—

To make one shilling go as far as two.

“Honour and shame from no condition  
rise:

Act well your part—there all the merit  
lies.” *Pope.*

THE writer who here makes his entrance into the society of sporting gentlemen, under the character of a Philosophical Sportsman, means, in the first place, to assume the critic's part, by passing his candid judgment on the management, structure, materials, &c. of the vehicle in which he appears, namely, *The Sporting Magazine*; which liberty, he trusts, will be freely granted him, since the proverb says, “A man should eat a bushel of salt with another before he makes him his friend.”—Whether the Philosophical Sportsman be so thoroughly acquainted with, or has the abilities necessary to the passing a just judgment on, the *Sporting Miscellany*, I shall not determine; this, however, is certain—he ought to be well acquainted with the company he means to keep.

There seems to be a natural and prevalent propensity in man to criticise and censure the conduct and actions of each other. We take on

Vol. XXX. No. 178.

ourselves the liberty of either applauding or censuring whatever we see and hear of the manners, undertakings, and management, of every one, and of every thing; and we frequently pass a verdict the most unjust and illiberal. This we many times do without any ill will or sinister motives; we do it merely through our not having maturely reflected on the circumstances and situations of the parties concerned, and without once calling into our consideration the avowed professions, and the characters, which they are bound in duty or obligation to sustain.

We meet with many things, we may observe various actions and pursuits in the world, which at first sight appear to be trifling, inconsistent, and impertinent, but which, on a more mature reflection, and thoroughly weighing circumstances, situations, and characters, will be found to be consistent, quite in character, and consequently very proper. The same argument holds good with respect to all the amusements and business of individuals, whether public or private; yet it is very observable, that we are but too apt to criticise and censure actions, habits, productions, &c. for no other apparent reason than because they are diametrically different to our own, or to those of some other particular individuals; this we do without once reflecting, that characters and professions are in like manner diametrically opposite. Some intelligent readers, who have been principally engaged with learned literature, grave discourses, metaphysical disquisitions, pathetic tales, and novelistic narratives, are apt, at the first perusal of a *Sporting Miscellany*, to exclaim against it; perhaps sneeringly say, it is a work which, when a

Y man

man has once seen, he never wishes to see again. How illiberal is such a remark! What deficiency of reflection and sound judgment does it manifest! Such a decisive verdict ought never to be given to any thing, merely because it is not suited to our own taste and peculiar habits, which should count for nothing when we are passing a judgment on the conduct and actions of others. The question is this:—Is the matter before us consistent with its character and professed design; are the character and design ably supported? If this be granted, then we must allow the actors to have merit, and to deserve applause; for

“Honour and shame from no condition rise:

“Act well your part—there all the merit lies.”

True criticism looks to the design, the professed object of a man's actions and performances; if he sticks to his character, and acts it with propriety, be it a beggar or a king, buffoon or philosopher, he has his due applause: though his character, and what he does, be hated, yet the actor has the commendation of acting consistently, and in his true character.

The peculiar attachments and aversions of individuals are so varied and dissimilar, that what is unpleasant, or even nauseous, to some, shall in others be delightful and reviving. Onions and fish are highly disagreeable to some; others cannot bear either on their stomach; yet a third description, who feel a longing after them, devour them with a delightful greediness, and receive from them much nutrition. Those to whom the smell of fish is offensive, and whose stomachs will not bear it, will find it a painful and arduous task to ex-

amine the cause sufficiently to know whether it is good or bad of the kind; and to condemn it without due examination is rash and illiberal. Of all the meats and drinks, amusements and occupations, in the world, none are to be censured or condemned but such as have an evident tendency to taint the blood with morbid maladies or contagious diseases; or that deprave the manners, vitiate the principles, sow discord and confusion, or that enervate the constitutions and spirits of a community. Such are not only severely censured, but are condemned *in toto*.

Having made these remarks, I proceed to give a few general observations on THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Whoever has candidly and impartially examined the work before us, must acknowledge it to be uniform and consistent, made up of one nature, having always the same qualities, and wrought up with materials that are homogenous to its title, design, and professions.—Few, very few periodical publishers, have kept so uniformly close to the title and nature of their publications and original professions as have the Editors of the Sporting Magazine, they having constantly kept their ultimatum in view almost to an error. The embellishments given are likewise strictly consistent with the work, for the most part bearing an affinity to its title, and that are proper and well suited to the sportsman's contemplation. Had the Editors called in to their assistance the aid of fancy, and given plates from their literary articles on sporting, natural history, &c. with which the work abounds, they might probably, at less pains and expence, have added a still greater splendour to their publication;

tion; but their embellishments are likenesses of animals that lately have, or do now actually exist, from occurrences that have really happened, and from paintings by the first artists in the kingdom.

On an attentive perusal of the literary departments, it will appear, that the sports of the field, and those animals called game, with others which come more intimately under the cognisance and consideration of the sportsman, form a prominent feature, whilst the various other kinds of sporting are carefully stated, from which the young and spirited sportsman may gather not only amusing information, but useful knowledge; receive ideas of things and circumstances which never before occurred to him; and avoid those extremities, that rash and giddy conduct, to which some have fallen a sacrifice. In short, we meet with all information consistent with the delights of the sporting world. If the Editors cut a short angle into other regions than those peculiar to the sportsman, and he finds himself at fault, yet let him take heart, and pursue his object, resting assured that such a digression will be of short continuance, that he will soon take scent again, and start such subjects for his diversion and manly exercise, as may be pursued to the end of the course with but little dead hunting. Having given this small tribute of justice due to the Sporting Miscellany, I proceed to say a few words of my own views and designs in the character which I am now entering upon.

As a Philosophical Sportsman, the reader will expect to find me in my lucubrations sometimes serious and didactic, and at other times bordering on metaphysics. My principal design is, however, to be rationally amusing, candid

and liberal in sentiment, and always to reserve an eye towards impartial truth and justice. Wherever I may assume the preceptor I mean to do it with candour, and freely state my arguments with all that energy which reason and knowledge shall dictate; always submitting my judgment to the private discussion and decision of those who have acquired a practical knowledge of such things and circumstances as have been only canvassed in the eye of reason by the philosophical sportsman. As many things appear very promising and plausible in theory, and to the mind of a philosopher, which in practice are discovered to be erroneous, and sometimes of pernicious effect, my design is to examine both sides of an argument or question, *pro* and *con*, and not to suffer my mind to be influenced and governed by those prominent features which, in some cases, thrust themselves forward, while more cogent arguments are lying almost concealed, and, as it were, modestly behind, but which, when brought forward, have the greatest right to be heard, and are to be vindicated in preference to those specious and prominent features which strike at first sight. From this impartial disquisition, and full examination, of an argument, the Philosophical Sportsman believes that he will find himself entitled to allow the sportsman an uncensured enjoyment of the sports of the field, together with every exhilarating and manly amusement, and to soften in some degree those asperities alledged against the sportsman's humanity; yet at the same time to make it his first concern to inculcate a constant attention to, and love of, genuine humanity, which is by no means incompatible with the sports of the field, M.

To be continued,

X 2

THE

## THE HUMOURS OF WHIST;

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 146.

SCENE—Alderman Jobber's House.

*Enter Alderman.*

Ald. **SINCE** this new Treatise on Whist has been made public, there is no business followed with half so much application. It is become the oracle of our coffee-houses, and is taught or studied in all our families. But I'll break the neck on't in mine, I'm resolv'd. Here—Who's there?

*Enter Servant.*

Serv.—Sir.

Ald.—Whenever that Professor, as they call him, comes here again, let me know.

Serv.—He's here now, please your Worship.

Ald.—Is he so? then I'll tell him a piece of my mind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Room.

*Enter Professor and Young Jobber.*

Y. Job.—Dear Mr. Professor, I can never repay you.—You have given me such an insight by this visit, I am quite another thing—I find I knew nothing of the game before; though I can assure you, I have been reckoned a first-rate player in the city a good while—nay, for that matter, I make no bad figure at the Crown—and don't despair, by your assistance, but to make one at White's soon.

Prof.—You may depend upon all in my power, Sir.

Y. Job.—Yes—I must own I am vastly ambitious of making one at White's. Do you think I ever shall, Mr. Professor?

Prof.—I pronounce you already sufficient, Sir!

Y. Job.—How you transport me!

Prof.—Of all my pupils, I don't know any more promising than yourself and Lord Slim.

Y. Job.—Lord Slim! Does his Lordship take a lesson?

Prof.—O yes, Sir—and Lord Tallman too.

Y. Job.—Lord Tallman too?

Prof.—Yes—for though he does not play the game ill enough to lose, he is not master of playing it well enough to win—Every one, you know, Sir, likes to win.

Y. Job.—Very true, Sir.

Prof.—Whereas his Grace—

Y. Job.—His Grace? ha, ha, ha! Is his Grace one of us too?

Prof.—Yes, Sir—he does me the honour to receive my instructions, but from a different principle again—he has been bubbled out of large sums by playing the game ill, and is now in hopes to win them back by playing it better; and I don't doubt very soon of being able to gratify his Grace's ambition to vie with some of our first-rate players, and by that means put his Grace in a condition to lick himself whole again.

Y. Job.—What a public-spirited man you are! the nation has reason to bless you—you'll be the saying and getting of many a fair fortune.—Pox! here's my father now to interrupt us. I'm terrified to death—he'll certainly say some shocking thing or other—'Tis a strange thing a young fellow can't have a polite taste, but these old fathers will take an ill-natured pleasure in thwarting it.

*Enter Alderman.*

Ald.—I have heard, Sir, of the pains you have been taking to instruct my son in the noble mystery of gaming; but as it is a science not

not quite so reputable for a citizen, being destructive to the meanest, and may be so the greatest, I must beg you to desist your visits for the future.

Prof.—O, Sir—there was no necessity for this abruptness—I shall certainly obey you—I don't want half a word—for know, Sir, it is a favour that I attend your son.

Y. Job.—O yes, Sir—a prodigious favour.

Ald.—Favour, blockhead!

Prof.—Yes, Sir, a favour; for at this instant a dozen Dukes, and as many Earls, Lords, and Ladies, are waiting for me—Nay, Sir, between you and me, they are all under tutelage at St. James's.

Ald.—Do you look upon that to be a good or a bad omen, Sir?

Prof.—People calculate differently, Sir: some one way, some another. I shall be able to give you my solution to-morrow: in the mean time, let me undeceive you, Sir. Indeed you are under very wrong notions concerning Whist. It is one of the noblest and most useful games in the universe, Sir: all good citizens ought to study it. Partnership in Whist is an emblem of partnership in trade: it shews how much depends upon good partnership; and I will venture to say, that a good whist player will make both a good partner and a good merchant. In short, Sir, I hope to see the time when Whist shall become our most darling pursuit, and have the pleasure to see the nation playing one universal game, Sundays not excepted.

Ald.—Your talking after this manner, Sir, does not give me the better idea of the game; and, for aught I know, this Treatise of yours may be a plot against our liberties, Sir.

Prof.—Ha, ha, ha! a plot against our liberties!

Ald.—Yes, Sir. Every thing that tends to the weakening our morals, is a weakener of liberty, and so far may be said to be a plot against it. Thus, by your inculcating the doctrine of Whist in a scientific manner, it will become constitutional in our youth; and by becoming constitutional, eradicate usefuller studies; and by eradicating usefuller studies, vitiate our morals; and by vitiating our morals, open a door to the destruction of our liberties, as I said before; and therefore, Sir, as you have managed it, I look upon Whist as a very vile game.

Prof.—Vile game, Sir?

Ald.—Yes, Sir, vile game.

Prof.—Pray, what is all the world but a game if you go to that? religion, government, law, physic, are all a sort of games, and the principal end, like commerce, is to get money. They have all their chances too, like the game of war; and like commerce again, they have all their several tricks too—Ha, ha, ha!

Ald.—How, Sir! do you abuse trade to my face? I desire you, Sir, to be gone while you are well.

Y. Job.—Pray don't mind the old gentleman, Mr. Professor; he's *non compos*. Please to accept of these five pieces. My compliments to the gentlemen at White's—I'll be with them by and by.

[*Aside to Professor.*]

Prof.—Your most obedient, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Ald.—Come, Sir, get you into the counting-house; it shall not be said that any one of my family encourages his pernicious book.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to White's Chocolate-house.

*Discovers Lord Rally, Captain Rookwood, and Others.*

Ld Ral.—A whimsical advertise-ment here, Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—What is it, Lord Rally?

Ld Ral.—I'll read it you.

Capt. Rook.—Your Lordship does me honour.

Ld Ral. (*reads*)—"I Jean Sabbot, marmotte-catcher to his Sardipian Majesty, having, at a great expence and labour, composed a most curious raree-show, called, The Raree-Show of England, consisting of entire new scenes, never before exhibited by any of my countrymen, representing, among others, the Genius of England dressed like the Knave of Diamonds, playing at cards with several noble and common sharpers, discovering a Spaniard at his elbow laughing at them—The King and Viceroy of Sicily taking a lesson at Whist, with the Knighthood of the Professor; and a great Lord with the gout in his hands, swathed in flannel, giving directions to another, who holds the cards for him; with several spectators in different attitudes. This is to acquaint the curious, that I intend to exhibit the same to view in a few days, and humbly hope for the encouragement of the public as usual.

"God save the King."

Capt. Rook.—Ha, ha, ha! I fancy your Lordship had a hand in drawing up this.

Ld Ral.—No—on my honour.

1st Gent.—I wonder if his Grace has seen it,

2d Gent.—His Grace should see it by all means. Let's shew it him. He's at play within.

[*Exeunt two Gent.*

*Enter Lord Bubbleboy.*

Capt. Rook.—My Lord Bubbleboy, your most obedient.

Ld Bubble.—Dear Captain, your's; we meet most opportunely. Are you in a humour to put some thousands in your pocket to-day? Young Jobber is to be here. The Bank's upon him. The Professor has just given us the hint.

Capt. Rook.—I'm obliged to him; but faith I grow sick of the lay. I am engrossed by more agreeable pursuits at present.

Ld Bubble.—That is, you are grown as keen after a fair young Whist-player, as you used to be after a young heir, or as I may continue to be after a raw booby in the game,

Capt. Rook.—Even so, my Lord, There's nothing like playing, when a fine woman's at stake. To see the green purse exhausted, and the glittering ornamentals all gone, or mortgaged; to see her palpitations, the perplexities and little distresses she is under, gives infinite satisfaction; but to lend her a sum, and then win it back again; lend her again, and win it again; and afterwards forgive her the whole, on certain good-natured grateful condescensions, is rapture inexpressible. And so, my Lord, you must excuse me, if I fly to my engagement at Lady Tenace's.

Ld Bubble.—With Arabella, I guess.—Success attend you.

[*Goes in.*  
Capt. Rook.—I need not wish it your Lordship. [*Exit.*

*Enter Professor.*

Gent.—Mr. Professor, your servant. I have been just perusing your admirable Treatise on Whist, and pronounce it the best wrote thing extant.

Ld Ral.—Beyond all comparison,  
It



It is quite a science as you have handled it, Mr. Professor. You must have spent many years doubtless in compiling so elaborate a work.

Prof.—Some forty years of close observation, my Lord, has made it what it is; and though little, I will venture to say, it contains more mathematical learning than larger volumes.

Ld Ral.—Egregious vanity! I'll mortify him a little (*aside*).—Mathematical learning, say you, Professor?

Prof.—Yes, my Lord: calculation is all in all in the game at Whist; and without it, a man will eternally be a novice.

Ld Ral.—Then I'm afraid I shall be of that number, Professor; for, to deal frankly, I verily believe I should be as long in making myself master of the calculations and all the rules in your book, as you were in compiling it. And the question is, whether it would be worth a man's while to waste half his life in the attempt?

Prof.—Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious, as if I was an utter stranger to your Lordship's bright capacity.

Ld Ral.—Well, but pray where's the mathematical learning of trumping out to make your partner last player! This may be demonstration at Whist, but is a palpable blunder in common experience: and I fancy too, with ace, king, and four trumps, I should be able to fetch the trumps out, though you asserted ever so roundly the contrary.

Prof.—Your Lordship has laid your finger on the only *errata* in my book. Both errors of the press I do assure your Lordship, which I will take care to see corrected in the next edition. As to

the rest, I think there is no proposition in Euclid so self-evident as this, that he who is a good *Whist-player*, would equally make a good *politician*.

Ld Ral.—Ha, ha, ha! I take it for granted then, our great men at the helm are all players of the first rate?

Prof.—That's an ensnaring question, my Lord, which I must beg to excuse answering; but so much I will venture to say, that the late minister has calculated very well for himself, and the new ones very finely for the nation. And further, without reflection on any body, I think you may justly rank your first-rate players with first Ministers of State, Secretaries, Generals, and Admirals in Chief. Your second-rate players would shine at an Admiralty Board. Your third-rate players might very well preside o'er the Customs and Excise. All beyond would make very good Bishops and great Officers of the Crown.

Ld Ral.—Ha, ha, ha! Pray oblige us, Professor, with your remarks on other games, since you make such shrewd ones on this.

Prof.—Your Lordship may command me. In the first place, Chess, it must be owned, is a very wise game, but, like wisdom at the bottom of a well, as supposed by some philosopher, rather too deep for any solid use; it is well-enough adapted to the patience of the Chinese, who can sit cross-legged for years together. Every game, my Lord, bears some analogy to the genius of the people of the country where it prevails.

Ld Ral.—I have read so.

Prof.—Nothing so plain. There's Ombre and Quadrille; they are light and superficial, partaking of the humour of their airy inventors, the

the French. Picquet, indeed, has more of solidity; and I would recommend it as a perfect emblem of French faith, which sacrifices every thing to its interest, by adhering to or departing from treaties, as they happen to clash or coincide with her present views; and this I think is plainly exemplified in keeping in, or discarding, such cards as suit, or do not suit, with your present purpose.—As to English games, All-Fours is a very sneaking game, that I could wish were abolished; it inculcates a very scandalous moral, by begging a favour of one you are often in a condition to grant it to; than which nothing is so mean and villainous. Cribbage is rather too vulgar to be mentioned, though there you have your sequences, and pretty tolerable calculations, which are admirably well suited to the lower class of people, by teaching them to reckon as fast as I have seen them score up at a fair. Putt, again, is a daring impudent game, apt to inspire false bravery, which by no means ought to be encouraged; and Brag too is liable to give much the same turn to the mind; but this game, by the by, I take to be of Irish manufacture. Now Whist, my Lord, is the only genuine old English game, which shews the genius of the nation as to its understanding as much as *Cherry Chace*, or *Britons Strike Home*, do as to its music. Our solidity is shewn in the gravity observed in playing the game; our judgment is shewn in playing it well; and the choice we make of partners affords a fine lesson to our statesmen never to go to war without good allies; for a king, my Lord, can no more hope to be successful abroad without good allies, than a man can hope to win at Whist without a good partner.—*Verbum sat*—ha, ha!

Ld Ral.—There you have thinned, indeed, Professor. That's a keen stroke upon somebody. But pray, Mr. Professor, when do you oblige us with your *Artificial Memory*? I think your Treatise imperfect without it.

Prof.—Doubtless, my Lord.

Ld Ral.—And in my opinion, Professor, there is still something wanting to complete the System of Whist; and that is (if I may recommend a subject when you have rid your hands of your Treatise on Memory) A Dissertation on the Lucky Chair.—(*Company laugh.*)

Prof.—Ha, ha, ha! Your Lordship's hint is excellent—I'm obliged to you for it.

Ld Ral.—You are very welcome to it.—And really, I think, when you have compassed these grand points, the least that can be done is some public mark of honour for your good services to the public.—Believe me, as honours go, you will very well deserve a title.

Prof.—I would not be vain, my Lord; but the card-makers have already complimented me on the increase of their trade, occasioned by my book, which of course increases the revenue; and, as your Lordship justly observes, several have had titles conferred with less pretensions.—At least, my Lord, I hope I may be entitled to a pension.

Ld Ral.—As you say, there's more solidity in that than an empty title. You calculate well, Professor.

*Enter a Beau.*

Beau.—Ha, ha, ha! I shall die, Lord Rally.

Ld Ral.—What's the matter?

Beau.—Insolence humbled!—Vanity mortified to the last degree.

Ld Ral.—As how?

Beau.

Beau.—Yonder's Lord Finesse and Sir George Tenace, two first-rate players; they have been most lavishly beat by a couple of 'prentices. Ha, ha, ha! they came slap four by honours upon them almost every deal.

Ld Ral.—I find, Professor, your book does not teach how to beat four by honours. Ha, ha, ha!

Prof.—Curse them! I'd rather have given a thousand pounds than this should have happened. It strikes at the reputation of my Treatise. *[Aside.]*

Beau.—Never were creatures so galled, my Lord.—They frowned, they fumed, they stamped, they tore the cards. They were in such a fermentation, egad had they seen how they distorted their poor features, it would make them forswear cards.

Ld Ral.—Were there any more parties won and lost, Sir William?

Beau.—O gad, yes, my Lord. I have not known a series of such pleasant incidents in one day. His Grace and Lord Slim, notwithstanding the assurance given them by the Professor, that they might boldly play with the ablest, are both stript, faith, by Lurchum and Shuffle; but being discovered making signs to one another, they were forced to refund, and afterwards the rascals were kicked out, as they deserved—ha, ha, ha! and egad, the Laureat too, poor devil! has lost his butt of sack with Lord Tallman. And Lord Bubbleboy has left Young Jobber blubbering and sobbing as if his heart would break.—Ha, ha, ha! But I must say his Lordship won by dint of good play. He played like an angel. He has gained immortal honour. 'Twas Finesse after Finesse, Tenace after Tenace. Egad, I would give three parts in four of

my estate to be as great a master of the game as his Lordship.

*Enter Sir John Medium and Cocao.*

Sir John.—My Lords, I desire you'll give honest Cocao your attention a moment, to the most scandalous affair I ever heard, and greatly unworthy of a gentleman, who has the honour to converse with many of your Lordships.

Cocao.—I am very sorry, my Lords, to appear in the light of an informer before you, against any one that frequents this house; but I hope my good intentions will hold me blameless, and that you will not have the worse opinion of me for what I do. Certainly it is my duty, as the master, to detect any fraud committed under my roof; otherwise I should look on myself as little better than an accomplice in it. Your Lordships need not be told how great a sufferer young Mr. Stakeland has been of late, in his play with Sir John Tricklad and Mr. Tiercenick. I had for some time suspected them of foul practices, and being resolved to be satisfied, I am now ready to make oath, that old Sweetener, partner to Mr. Stakeland, used not only to trim the cards, so as to put it in the adversary's power to cut honours every deal, but likewise designedly committed the grossest mistakes himself in the course of play.

Company.—Shocking!

Cocao.—By which means, my Lord, the poor gentleman has been bubbled of large sums, and to complete his misfortune, has just lost the reversion of his paternal inheritance, made over to them by proper deeds and conveyances.

Comp.—Abominable!

Cocao.—They would have made a collection for him to console him

under his loss, but he refused it with a noble spirit of disdain, and they hurried away with a precipitation that plainly showed their guilt.—I humbly entreat your Lordships' advice how to act on this occasion.

Sir John.—Lord Rally, you are a relation.

Ld Ral.—'Tis a most infamous imposition, and cannot be too much exposed. But I would not have Cocoa divulge any thing of this to Young Stakeland, if he has not already.

Cocoa.—I have not, my Lord.

Ld Ral.—So much the better; I'll take care to inform his father, that he may take his measures.—Hush! here he comes.

*Enter Sir Calculation and Young Stakeland.*

Sir Cal.—Come, come, never be discouraged, Stakeland—you have but shared the fate of thousands before you.—Pox! have not I lost my money as well as you the reversion of your estate.

Ld Ral.—The reversion of your estate, Mr. Stakeland! I do not wonder you are so pensive. It will require all the philosophy of a stoick to reconcile yourself to the loss of fortune, parents, friends, and be insensible to the numberless insults you must expect to be exposed to from the un pitying world.

Y. Stakeland.—Dear Lord Rally, leave me to the stings within my own breast, and do not overwhelm me with your Lordship's keen, though too just reproaches.

Sir Cal.—Nay, hang it, be not too severe, my Lord, I can assure you he has nothing to accuse himself of. Upon my soul he played admirably well for all that. But what will you have, my Lord, luck was against us.

Ld Ral.—Was you in the game?  
Sir Calculation?

Sir Cal.—Only a better, my Lord—an humble better. Let me see—they were 8 to 9 of the game.

Ld Ral.—Who, pray?

Sir Cal.—Why, Sir John and Tiercenick—The odds for 8 is about 3 and a half in the hundred against 9; but plague of my treacherous memory—I not happening to remember whether it was with, or against the deal, I laid with as many as would take me up, in favour of nine, and egad lost my fifteen hundred. My Lords, your most obedient,—Sir John, shall I set you down?

Sir John.—With all my heart.

*[Exit with Cal.]*

Ld Ral. Mr. Stakeland, you go with me.

Y. Stakeland.—I wait upon your Lordship.

Ld Ral.—Gentlemen, your's.

*[Exeunt.]*

*(Company breaks up, and Scene closes.)*

To be continued.

## METHODISTICAL DIVER- TISSEMENTS.

LOVE FEASTS—SCRIPTURE CARDS

—BIBLIOMANCY, OR RELIGIOUS

FORTUNE TELLING—A THEO-

LOGICAL HUNT, &c. &c.

*From A Portraiture of Methodism, being an Impartial Review of the Rise, Progress, Doctrines, Discipline, and Manners of the Wesleyan Methodists:—In a Series of Letters, addressed to a Lady.*  
—By JOSEPH NIGHTINGALE.

FROM this copious volume just issued from the press, probably some of our readers may start, as not at first conceiving what con-  
nection

action there is between this and the pursuits of a man of pleasure; the answer to this objection is, that the rational sportsman, and the man of enterprise, may be as much delighted with some modes of pursuing life, as with others in pursuing game. They will probably recollect an old convivial song, founded upon fact and experience, beginning with

"Mankind are all hunters in various degrees,  
The Priest hunts a living, the Lawyer his foes,  
The Doctor a patient, the Courtier a place, &c."

But let it suffice to say, that the work before us is replete with humour and entertainment. It is no every-day publication. The manners of the people who are treated upon, seem to be drawn according to the standard of strict truth, and with the least possible deviation from the line of impartiality; therefore as it does not flatter the Methodists, it will most certainly displease the bulk of their body; however, the public, the learned, and the intelligent, must and will be amused. The Author has not only availed himself of the best publications that could have enabled him to complete his task fully and faithfully, but as he has been himself a preacher among the Methodists, he makes no scruple of having disclosed the

"Secrets of the prison house."

As to what more particularly relates to "the internal economy of this sect, and the several peculiar customs and modes of expression and action which they have adopted," he justly observes, he "has been able to produce much original and interesting information; original at least to the public at large;

and, I may add, even to numbers of Methodists themselves."

To give a more complete specimen of the author's style and manner, we shall refer the reader to Letter XXI, page 203, where he describes, the *Agapæ*, or Love Feasts.

"These meetings are kept, in most places, once every quarter; viz. the Sunday immediately following what the Methodists call Quarter-day, of which I shall give you some account by and by.

"After the regular public service is ended, and the whole congregation is dismissed, when it is intended that a love-feast should be kept, the members return into the chapel; having shewn their certificates, or notes of admission, to some persons appointed for that purpose, who stand at the door.

"The preacher being still in the pulpit, opens the service by singing and prayer; which being ended, every one sits down, while the stewards hand to all present a little plain, or spiced, bread and water. It was originally the practice literally to *break bread* with each other; but much confusion and disturbance throughout the whole assembly being thereby occasioned, that practice is now prohibited by positive command of conference. It would very often happen, that a person might have a particular attachment to some brother or sister who might be seated several pews distant; and when an attempt was made to manifest this attachment by breaking bread with the favourite, the noise and trouble of scrambling over the backs of the seats, or of pressing through the aisle, not only retarded the more important business of the love-feast, but gave considerable offence to those who had either more modesty

or less violent and impatient prepossessions. It was therefore a prudent step to prohibit that species of *breaking of bread*; and I believe that disorderly practice is now entirely laid aside.

"After the ceremony of carnal feasting is ended, another hymn is usually sung, during which the stewards are handing the plate round, for the purpose of collecting what every one is disposed to give for the relief of the poor members. I have known, that where the society's finances have been in a low state, the love-feast money has been put into the general stock. This, however, I believe, is not a very common practice; and was not resorted to at all in the days of primitive Methodism,

"After this the preacher rises, and relates his *experience* to the whole congregation. He usually begins, more especially if he is but lately come among them, with the first *drawing of the Spirit* on his mind. He tells how long, and sometimes in what instances, he resisted those gracious strivings. He relates any remarkable deliverances, and extraordinary interpositions of Providence, which he may at any period of his life have experienced. He tells how his eyes were first opened to the truth—who was the happy instrument of his conviction—how, when, and where he found the pardon of his sins—what have been his trials, backslidings, persecutions, and comforts, since he first *knew the Lord*—how his labours in the vineyard of Christ have been crowned with success, or hindered by opposition—and, lastly, what he then feels of a spiritual nature going forward in his soul, with his fixed resolution to spend and be spent in so good a cause.

"While the preacher is thus engaged, sighs, groans, devout aspi-

rations, and even audible ejaculations of prayer or praise, are issuing from the audience in every direction; who are of course more or less impressed, as the experience of the preacher may happen to be more or less wonderful, uncommon, or striking. I have often noticed, that some appropriate anecdote, or smart saying, produces the most sensible and visible effect. This effect, however, has not been so permanent as when the preacher has related some of the *deep things of God*—the secrets of the Almighty.

The preacher having concluded his harangue, if no other person rises immediately, a stanza or two is sung, to inspire their minds with due fervour and becoming confidence.

"During the time of singing, the Methodists are uniformly in a standing posture. They now sit down; and, after a few moments of "expressive silence," some one rises to tell what the Lord has done for his soul. The same routine of striving, resistance, yielding, conviction, conversion, trials, temptations, present feelings, and future resolutions, is pursued; varying only in those circumstances which the accidental differences of condition in life may have occasioned.

"During this meeting, which usually lasts about two hours, numerous *experiences* are related, both by men and women.

"I have often been exceedingly pained, on observing the resisting bashfulness, and the evident signs of inward agitation, which some of the younger part of the females have betrayed, just before they have risen to speak. It is thought by many well-meaning Methodists, that not to tell their experiences on these occasions, is to quench the Spirit of God in their hearts, if it be not

Not even a tacit denial of Christ himself."

"It will frequently happen, during a love-feast, if the presiding preacher is either a more than commonly wise and prudent man; if he is old and nerveless, or careless and lukewarm; that the business of the meeting will for a time, like the wheelless chariots of Pharaoh, move on heavily. In this case, recourse is always had to the fascinating and invigorating power of vocal music.

"Love-feasts are always well attended. Public notice having been previously given, the country people flock in crowds to these meetings. Although they are intended for the regular members only, yet vast numbers of well-disposed strangers gain admittance, by procuring notes for that purpose from the preacher, on being recommended by a member. It consequently happens, that numerous conversions take place on these occasions. When the *speaking* is concluded, several of the people go to prayer, one after another, or all at once, as the preacher may be well or ill disposed to favour a little spiritual romping, and holy confusion. Many of the preachers, however, of the present day, having drunk a little into the spirit of the world, that is, having become ashamed of the conduct of some of their brethren who have encouraged noisy meeting, are led to deprive their people of their Christian liberty, and consequently to check all extravagancies of this nature whenever they perceive them beginning to break out. This cannot, however, be said of all the Methodist preachers even of the present time. I know some who would rather attend a meeting of enthusiastic bawlers than peaceably

to enjoy the marrow and fat things of this vain world.

"I must not, however, forget to tell you, that when two or more persons rise to tell their experience, at one and the same time, the preacher, like the Right Honourable Speaker in the House of Commons, rises to put them to rights, and to say who is to have the precedence."

"Permit me, Madam, here to protest against the very illiberal reflection of Mr. Fellowes, who, in his 'Religion without Cant,' asserts, that, 'In the agapæ of the fanatics (alluding, I suppose to the Methodists,) desire is often indulged without restraint, because it is thought to contribute to the perfecting of the saints in love.' If Mr. Fellowes, by this indecent reflection, does really mean to insinuate, that any thing of a licentious nature is permitted at a Methodist love-feast, I would recommend it to him, before he ventures another censure of this nature, to make himself a little better acquainted with his subject."

Many of our readers, though perhaps occasionally card-players, have probably never heard of scripture cards—of Bibliomancy, &c. Mr. N.'s forty-first letter on these subjects is particularly entertaining.

"In the *Encyclopædia Perthesis*, it is observed, 'the Methodists have long practised Bibliomancy, with regard to the future state of their souls; but that some of their members having been driven to despair, by texts occurring to them, that threatened the most awful judgments, their late pastor, Mr. Wesley, to prevent such fatal consequences from recurring, improved upon the system of sacred lottery,'

*lottery*, by printing several packs of cards with a variety of texts, containing nothing but the most comfortable promises: and thus his disciples drew with courage and comfort, in a lottery where there were various *prizes*, great and small, but no *blanks*.' This statement is not, I believe, exactly correct.

"The manner in which Bibliomancy is practised among the Methodists is as follows: At a religious gossiping, when the tea-board is removed, the subjects of pious scandal are nearly exhausted, and religious chit-chat grows languid, it is not unusual, after a *word of prayer*, to introduce the Bible, as a kind of auxiliary, to the fading energy of evangelical conversation, as well as to secure obedience to the sacred command, to have all their words "mixt with grace." The company being placed in proper order, one of them takes the Bible, and asks the next person near her, (for this practice is mostly prevalent among the sisterhood) which text she will fix upon as the object of her present choice. It is answered by naming some particular number, and applying it to the corresponding text on either the right or left page of the book, whichever the party may think proper to adopt. The Bible is then opened, with great solemnity, and every heart is engaged for the success of the enterprise. The all-important verse is then read aloud, which is immediately followed by such ejaculations of prayer or praise as the text chosen may happen to suggest! This ceremony is performed for the benefit of every individual in succession, who chooses to risk her peace of mind on the event of so solemn a lottery."

"The practice of choosing texts naturally introduced that of choos-

ing stanzas out of the hymn-book for the same pious purposes. Mr. C. Wesley's scripture hymns are often used on those occasions. It is known among some of the Methodists, that a preacher, now living, was indebted to the choice of a verse for a very amiable and rich wife. The case was this: Mr. R. a travelling preacher, having recently lost his wife, was one day employed with a lady or two, in *choosing verses*. 'And pray, sister R.,' said he, 'what verse do you make choice of?' A certain number was given, and the text proved to be 'Where thou lodgest there will I lodge, &c.!' The hint was good, and a visit to the shrine of Hymen was the happy consequence! It would be well if all the *prizes* in these sacred lotteries were equally valuable. The lady, who was a most excellent wife, and a sincere Christian, died a few years ago; but her worthy survivor is now too old to venture his fortune again in so precarious a manner.

"The practice of religious card-playing is now seldom used among the Methodists; and I believe the *scripture cards* are out of print; a few copies are, nevertheless, still extant; and are sometimes resorted to in a manner similar to that of text and stanza choosing.

"The cards are very small ones, with a text of scripture printed on one side, and the same, in a poetical paraphrase, on the other. I have seen several *packs* of these 'religious trifles,' and have often witnessed their use and effects with no small degree of pain."

Mr. N. then proceeds to a narrative of what he terms *Religious Hunting*, carried on by some pious smokers of tobacco—This is a mode of making proselytes.

*To be continued.*

FEAST



## FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &amp;c.

A Traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham, and the *left leg* of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a *left leg*?"—"Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg which is *left*!"

An old woman, who lives in North Shields, lately addressed a person of that place to the following purport:—"Mr. B. this is a sad story of the Church being in danger."—"It would indeed be a sad story, Nanny, but I hope there is no truth in it."—"Nay, it *must* be true," says Nanny, "for there are bills about it all over the town. And yet it's very odd, *for you know, Mr. B. our church is a new church; it is not yet twenty years old.*"

At a subscription recently set on foot in the different parish churches for the repairs of a church in Westmorland, the expences in collecting the subscription amounted to 70*l.* *more than the subscription itself*, in which sum the parish was consequently *minus*.

A PICKPOCKET, who had been *ducked* for his mal-practices, accounted to his Brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *Watering Place*!

THE *Tabbies* say, that if women were permitted to sit in the Senate, they are certain that numbers would every night *pair off*.

KILKENNY CATS.—In a company, consisting of naval officers, the discourse happened to turn on the ferocity of small animals; when an Irish gentleman present stated his opinion to be, that a Kilkenny cat, of all animals, was the most ferocious; and added, "I can prove my assertion, by a fact within my own knowledge:—I once," said he, "saw two of these animals fighting in a timber yard, and willing to see the result of a long battle, I drove them into a deep saw-pit, and placing some boards over the mouth, left them to their amusement. Next morning I went to see the conclusion of the fight, and what d'ye think I saw?"—"One of the cats dead, probably,"—replied one of the company.—"No by J—s! there was nothing left in the pit, *but the two tails and a bit of flue!*"

THE late celebrated penurious Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reputed to be the richest commoner in England, *when at the age of 92*, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *80th year of his age*, to renew his lease for a further term of 14 years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*take a lease for 21 years, or you will be troubling*

*troubling me again!"* and this was accordingly granted.

#### THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I'VE lost my friend, my dog, and wife,  
Saved only horse and purse,  
Yet when I think on human life,  
Thank heaven 'tis no worse.

My friend was sickly, poor, and old,  
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;  
My wife was ugly and a scold,  
I rather think she tripped.

My dog was faithful, fond, and true,  
In sporting gave me pleasure;  
I shou'dnt care for t'other two,  
If I had sav'd this treasure.

#### A BARBER'S PUFF.

"MY art can lend new beauties to the  
face,  
And spirit give to ev'ry native grace;  
The magic of the mind 'tis I impart:  
My skill surpasses the cosmetic art."

"The brilliant talents and acquirements of Henry J. Hassey, whose residence is at No. 12, North-street, Brighton, and whose unrivalled merits, like the blaze of a comet, throw a glory round the general prospect, which renders visible the common herd of friseurs, are universally acknowledged; but the visibility of that herd is very evanescent, and, when seen, are no more to be regarded by the side of the grand luminary, than the constellation of smaller lights encircling the moon in full-orbed splendour. In the classical language of ancient Rome, Henry J. Hassey shines among the candidates for notoriety in his profession."

"Velut inter ignes Luna Minores."

"With me, presumptuous miscreants!  
do ye vie;  
The brush and razor only doom'd to ply?  
Or, haply, to revive the rotten locks  
Of paltry caxons anointed on your  
blocks."

#### ON JEALOUSY.

TO Bedlam with him! he's not sound ~~in~~  
mind,  
Who still is seeking what he would not  
find.

A FISHMONGER being asked the meaning of the term *crim. con.* now unfortunately so much in use, answered, that it was the Latin for *crimped cod*, and that the law was against the doing it.

THE late Sir Boyle Roche used to say, that, because a man held *two places* under government, it proved he could be in *two places at once!*

THE following curious caution was lately posted up in a conspicuous place in North Shields:—

"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. —, the head of the ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the Public, that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding upon it at the time, to take care of themselves, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong animal."

A MODERN Tourist says, that there are many *Wet Nurses in Ireland*; but that he had not heard in the whole kingdom of a *Dry Nurse*.

A CERTAIN Physician has announced that he has discovered a *cure for sine-cures*.

M. DUCLOS, a French Philosopher, has just published "*a Treatise for dissipating Storms!*"—He thinks it will be read by all the *Married Men in Europe*.

A COL-

A COLLECTOR of the Income Tax lately called upon his neighbour for the sum levied upon him, agreeably to the Act of Parliament, which he obstinately refusing to pay, the officer took the extraordinary method of recovering it by stripping him from top to toe, leaving him to enjoy the cooling breezes of our happy climate in the dress of an African Negro.—*Chester Chronicle.*

## THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

AS lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,  
(Though for breakfast too sav'ry I ween)

He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent  
and fasting,

"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder  
he cry'd,  
And laugh'd, for he thought him mis-  
taken;

"Why, what is it else?" the sage quick-  
ly reply'd,

"When I'm making large extracts  
from Bacon."

AN Irish Elector was so delight-  
ed with a late Saturnalia, that at the  
conclusion, he proposed that the  
whole Cavalcade should proceed  
back again!

AMONG the many mistakes into  
which foreigners have been betrayed  
when learning the English language,  
the following, which recently oc-  
curred, is not the least whimsical.  
A young German wishing to acquire  
elegance as well as correctness of  
phrase, and not liking the mean-  
ness of the term, "*put out the can-  
dle,*" was informed by his instruc-  
tor, that he might say, if he chose,  
"*extinguish the candle.*" A few  
days afterwards, a dog annoyed the  
young foreigner very much by howl-  
ing in his room, on which, turning  
to his servant, he ordered him "*to  
extinguish dat dog.*"

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WIT in Humble Life.—At a late  
contested Election at Southson, be-  
tween Mr. B. E. and Mr. G. R. a  
waggoner belonging to the former,  
accosted a servant of the latter,  
while driving an ox team into the  
town:—"Well, John, I dear ze  
them oxen be to be roasted for your  
pearty to-day, beant them."—"Oh,  
yes," answered John, "and the  
waggon is a gwine to be steawed  
for youren."

THE age of the Puritans was  
distinguished by *short* speeches in  
the Senate, and *long* graces at table.  
The leading features of the present  
are, *long* speeches, and *short* graces!

IT is observable, that as often as  
the matrimonial Blacksmith of  
*Gretna Green* visits London, he  
lodges in *Fetter-lane*.

MOUNTAIN-ANECDOTE.—A party  
had lately climbed a considerable  
way up the usual track (Mr. Crosth-  
waite's) on the side of *Skiddaw*,  
when a gentleman, (a stranger to  
the rest of the company) who had  
given frequent broad hints of his be-  
ing a man of superior knowledge,  
said to the guide,—"*Pray, which  
is the highest part of this mountain?*"  
—"The top, sir;"—replied the  
Guide.

A WAG observed, that the Mayor  
of Harwich, had very properly com-  
mitted a poor travelling Italian dea-  
ler in weather-glasses, &c. to the  
prison of that town, under the Alien  
Act, on a supposition of his being a  
spy!

THE music of Sir Francis Bur-  
dett's procession played the tune of  
"*We'll fight and we'll conquer  
again and again.*" Whether this  
alluded to the conquest of West-

A a minister

minster, or to the *fighting* with Mr. Paull, we have not learned!

A LOTTERY Punster, the other day, hearing an acquaintance observe, that he had been long wedded to Miss Fortune, exclaimed—"Pugh! pugh!—you made a wrong choice. Try to wed yourself to *Madam Fortune*, who before the lapse of another month, can enable you, without applying to Doctors' Commons, to obtain a complete separation from *Miss Fortune*.—This was an ingenious allusion to the drawing of the late lottery.

A CORONER's inquest was lately impannelled on the body of an unfortunate man. As it did not appear how he came by his death, the jury, after much consultation, brought in their verdict—"Died for want of *breath*!"

In persuing the number of *Concerts* reported in the Diurnal Prints, Foreigners must conceive that we are a nation of *Harmony*; though, by way of contrast, the *Law Intelligence* now and then touches upon a *discordant string*.

A TREATISE on the Diseases of *Sheep* has been recently published by "*A. Hog*!"—The combination seems rather to be a *Bull*.

BON-MOT.—Sir John Carr, the Tourist, at a late dinner-party, was asked by Lady C. whether he had yet visited Constantinople? To which he replied, "No, Madam, and there is little occasion for my doing so; as (putting his hand upon a decanter of wine) your Ladyship may perceive that the *Sublime Porte* visits me."

#### THE GAME COCK DECEIVED.

THE cockpit was throng'd, and betting ran high

On Pluto, the sport of the day;  
But Pluto, alas! was a cock that fought shy,

For Hector the prize bore away.  
With glee dashing Ned made a spring on the stage,

When Pluto, who blood was not lacking,

Saw himself in Ned's boots, darted on them with rage,

So brilliant was Neddy's jet blacking.  
Ned swore, then he laugh'd, shook his leg with the pain,

Said, "'Tis folly to be in a passion;  
"Though I smart for the joke, yet I'll try it again,

"Bucks must not be out of the fashion."

SHIRTS.—In our old poetry and romances we frequently read of ships superbly decorated. This was taken from real life. Froissart, speaking of the French fleet in 1387, prepared for the invasion of England under the reign of Richard the Second, says, that the ships were painted from top to bottom, glittering with gold. The ship of Lord Gay, of Tremovill, was so sumptuously garnished, that the painting and colours cost 2000 French francs, more than 222 pounds of English currency at that time (see Gratton's Chron. p. 364.) At his second expedition into France, in 1417, King Henry the Fifth was in a ship whose sails were of purple silk, most richly embroidered with gold (Speed's Chron. b. ix. p. 636, edit. 1611.) Many other instances might be brought from ancient miniatures and illuminations.

MR. B. of Higham Ferrers, who is remarkable for his great size, was dining with some friends at an Inn there one day, and the conversation turned on the corporation of the place, from which a pun was glanced

at

at Mr. B. respecting his *Corporation*; but all their attempts to rouse him from his attention to the knife and fork were unavailing, till, having finished his dinner, he drew his chair a small distance from the table, at the same time exclaiming, "Now, Gentlemen, I will talk to you about the Corporation," when his immense weight broke the chair into twenty pieces, and he rolled on the floor, *Corporation and all*, to the infinite diversion of the company.

#### ECCENTRICITIES FROM SERMONS.

THE venerable Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached at Cambridge, in 1529, at Christmas time, from John i, 19, divided his sermon, in allusion to a pack of cards, into *four* parts, which he called diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs; the Pope was the king of clubs, and *heartes were triumphes*.—See *Fox's Acts and Mar. fol. edit.* 1497, p. 1571.

COMPARISON.—The Christian Life, a *Game at Cards*.—"He that hath no *charity* in his *Cribbage*, must needs be *bilkt* at his last *account*, for all that faith, which he *turneth up* in his profession. The fairest way into the *city* of the text, is through the suburbs of the text before it."

This divine complains of a young practitioner in theology, who stole his sermons and printed them in his own name. What a thief!!—See *Edward Willan's Sermons, Vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk*, 1651.

From a funeral sermon preached in the last century.—Text, Genesis cv, v. 5.—"And the years of Adam were 930, and he died."

"We are met on this solemn occasion, to do our last office to a friend, to bring him to his long home, to wait on him to his bed-

chamber, there to take our last leave, and good night for ever; draw to the curtains, and put out the lights.—It cannot be expected I should say any thing of the deceased; being a stranger, I know nothing of his conversation, nothing of his life; but this I know, he was a son of Adam; he has followed his forefather as we must all do him—*and he died*.—*Humphreys' Sermon*, page 191.

#### THE POOR POET TO HIS CAT.

TABBY, methinks thou much resemblest me,

In musing posture, as beside the fire  
Thou sit'st. And now pray let me question thee,

What sorrows, or what whims, thy breast inspire?

Hast thou a kitten, querulous for food;  
Or dwells thy thought upon some absent rover,

Who spends the night, (O base ingratitude!)

Regardless of thy charms, with some new lover?

Or does the nibbling of that hungry mouse,  
Behind the wainscot, draw thy deep attention,

And art thou planning, guardian of the house!

Sage methods for the prowler's apprehension?

Whate'er thy grievances, they're but ideal,

Whilst mine, alas! are palpable and real,

At the Archbishop of Canterbury's late grand dinner, his Grace asked Lord Erskine, if his Lordship chose any *quail*? His Lordship declined it; on which his Royal-Highness the Prince of Wales said, "Well, Erskine, I find it is with you as with many others—*Non sum qual-is eram*."

THE Limerick Journal observes, that the best mode to *prevent* school-boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not *suffered to go into the water*.

## SPECIMENS

OF

## LIVING IN STYLE.

THE PEER imagines he *does things in style*, by paying all debts of honour, and few honourable debts—by being liberal in a public subscription to a person he never saw, and harsh and uncomplying to a private suppliant—by keeping a stud of racers, a string of hunters, and a pack of hounds—by leaving his phaeton near the door of a courtesan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious Miss—in using an optical glass for personal inspection, though he could ascertain the horizon without any—in counteracting nature and virtue in all his prejudices—in calculating the lives in the red-book, and watching the importation of *figurantes* from the continent—in making ethics and physics destroy each other—in asserting that a man of fashion is an animal privileged above retribution, and amenable only to himself, now and for ever more.

The PEERESS thinks that *living in style* consists in breakfasting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at cards till four in the morning, supping at five, and going to her dormitory at six!—to have a bidet in warm weather, and green pease in January—in making half a curtesy at the creed, and a whole curtesy to a scoundrel—in wearing a six months' pad, tacitly reflective on her Lord's powers—and emptying a show-glass at Gray's, to dazzle rural gentility!—in giving fifty pounds to an exotic capon for a pit ticket, and treating the claims of a native actor with scorn—to seem ignorant of the laws of morality, and

lisp to accomplish singularity—to laugh when she should weep, and weep when she should be merry—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, and yet wish half of them extinguished in the same instant—to name the community with disrespect, and think religion a bore.

The gay PEERLING, who is barely entitled to the honours and immunities of manhood, thinks that he does things *in style* in raising immense sums on *post-obit* bonds at the moderate interest of forty per cent.—in queering the parson at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer-book at the article of matrimony—in being insolent and noisy when he has some roaring bullies at his elbow, but meek and dastardly when alone!—buying a phaeton at Hatchett's as high as Pompey's pillar, and half a dozen bays at Tattersall's—to these he adds the society of a *tonish impure*, who publicly exhausts his treasures, and privately laughs at his follies.

The SPRIG OF FASHION, to sport his consequence *in style*, is insolent and noisy as a loiterer in Bond-street, or as a lobby loungeur at the play-house, which he conspicuously enters when the performance is near concluded. Dresses like a groom—walks arm in arm with a sneering jockey or a professed pugilist, or drives a brother puppy in a dog-cart; and thus accoutred and accompanied he dashes through Piccadilly, Hyde Park, &c. amidst the contumelies of the comical, and the sighs of the worthy.

The gaudy PAPHIAN believes that being *stylish* is evinced by her being bedazzened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of Paradise—in thinking all labour derogatory

derogatory, though newly allured by vice from a milliner's counter—in taking her coffee at the Theatre in public, and her supper at the Bedford; in a sedulous imitation of Fanny Hill, and pampering some low rascal in a corner with the wages of her iniquity—in buying her shoes from *Taylor*, her manteaus from *Hoffman*, and her caps from *Beauvais*—in parading the metropolis in white satin slippers after a shower, and riding when the air is serene and exhilarating.—Hapless inconstant! thus is she deluded, and thus ingulphed, till the bright scene changes and the skies lour—the dies of fortune are eventually unpropitious; she throws again and again without a main—the horrid connexion is formed between her animal spirits and her empty purse—she is detected with her illicit paramour, discarded by her witless keeper, and cast into a prison by a clamorous creditor—there she becomes wretched, ragged, and diseased—is belched from its foul confines by an act of insolvency—turns erratic prowler for the appetites of the bestial, and finally perishes with a sentiment of blasphemy, in an inclement night, beneath a bulk, unpitied and unknown.

The dapper and smirking MERCHANT, from the purlieus of the Royal Exchange, (whose father had amassed a competence by the rigid observance of the laws of economy, and who transmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his son) thinks it incumbent on him, as a stylish lad of spirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his gig, his girl, and his lodgings, on the skirts of Epping Forest; and, as his keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a restricted pleasure, unless all the world saw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take

*Bet*, as he familiarly calls her, to all fairs, reviews, camps, Epping hunt, and the races at Epsom, Ascot-heath, Egham, &c.; and though all this racing must eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he blindly rejoices in the progress and acceleration of his ruin, and clapping his arms a-kimbo, the miserable insect laughs, sings, swears, and vociferates—*Is't this doing it in style, hey, damme!*

The ALDERMAN'S LADY thinks that living in style consists in teasing her husband to take a house in Portman-square, and bidding adieu to St. Mary Axe for ever—in *cutting* her city acquaintance, except at the city gala on the 9th of November—in being invited to the rout of a Countess, where she is exhibited as a *quix*, or *broad butt*, to the gigglers—in being pilfered of hundreds of an evening at the card table by some beggarly thieves of quality, and even thinking herself honoured by the depredator—in always being endured, but never enjoyed—in bursting from the effluvia of train-oil, salt cod, and oroonoko, to a modern cabinet decorated with the amours of Adonis, and perfumed with Warren's best odours: from the filthy floor of a dark counting-house, to the pressure of a superb carpet, woven in the looms of Turkey—in buying Olympian dew, to remove freckles—in going to the Italian Opera, without ears and understanding—in talking loud at the play-house, and eating ice in July.

The TRADESMAN'S WIFE thinks *living in style* is evident by going in the winter to a masquerade at the Pantheon, and in summer to *Foxhall* on a gala night—in having her daughters taught French and fillagree—in dancing a *minivet* at *Pewterer's-hall*—in having a good  
*situation*

sitation in the green boxes—in going out on a Sunday in a glass coach—in engaging card-parties in Lent, and drinking gunpowder-tea.

The BUTCHER'S RIB thinks that *living in style* is manifested in putting on her best bib and tucker on holidays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* instead of a *jas*y—in playing a rubber at *whisk* at the Whitechapel Assembly—in being stewed in a Margate hoy in the dog-days—in turning up her nose at a notable housewife—in going to Greenwich at Easter—in being sworn at Highgate—in giving coniac and raspberries to her intimates, and eating sweetbreads every killing-day.

The GREEN GROCER from St. Giles's, who derived his important being from the auspicious efforts of a link-boy and a barrow-woman, cannot think of descending to the grave without being *stylish*, and participating in the *helegant* amusements of the age; but, as it has been settled by our forefathers that there is no quarrelling about *taste*, perhaps we should not affect surprise when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme. —This gentleman thinks it supreme felicity to procure a light cart, drawn by a raw-boned blind poney, or a long-eared herald of foul weather, vulgarly denominated a *donkey*: into this vehicle he conveys three chairs, some geneva, hung beef, tobacco, pipes, and a tinder-box, and then mounting, with his favourite doxy and sandman Joe, drives rapidly to a boxing-match, an ass-race, or a bull-bait, at Ball's-pond, Tothill-fields, or Bow-common, where, after the sports are ended, the blissful group take their *mastication*, their *whet*, and their *whiff*, chaunt a flash song, tip a Rowland for an Oliver,

and then return in triumph as proud as Cæsar laurelled, fumigating the element with mundungus. Yet this is what he calls *doing the thing in style*.

"Thus the world wags, and ev'ry new-born year

"Produces sights more monstrous than  
"the last."

## CRIM. CON. TRIALS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 27.

Knight v. Walcott *alias* Peter Pindar.

THIS was an action to recover damages for criminal intercourse with the plaintiff's wife.

The defendant, a man of seventy years of age, known in his works by the title of Peter Pindar, resided in the second floor of a house kept by the plaintiff at Camden Town (whose wife was a sprightly playful woman, 25 years of age), a Naval Officer. According to the evidence adduced on the trial by Mrs. Dyke, and other witnesses, Mrs. Knight seemed to have formed an attachment to the gallant gay Lothario, which increased so much, that her habiliments were often noticed to have been disordered after she had left his room. This was positively sworn to by the witnesses; and to give weight to their testimony, they one and all declared, that they had watched Mrs. Knight into the defendant's room, and she often came out with her habit-shirt rumpled; and in one instance, her bosom was entirely exposed. One of the witnesses swore he heard Mrs. Knight in the defendant's bed-room one evening, and it was his full belief they were in bed together. There were several other farcical facts

sworn



sworn to by these witnesses, which threw the Court into bursts of laughter. Upon the whole, however, there was a good deal of inconsistency in the evidence.

Mr. Parke, in addressing the Jury for the defendant, said, that he did so with more than ordinary zeal against so foul a conspiracy. The Jury would have no hesitation in seeing through it, and finding their verdict accordingly. Dr. Walcot, the Learned Counsel contended, was an infirm old man, and very poor, for his writings had never been productive to him. He was in a state of infirmity, and required a nurse to undress and put him to bed. Mrs. Knight had often assisted in undressing him, and in holding warm bottles to his feet after he was in bed, the servant of the house having at that time left. The Doctor had his share of spirits, and he used to talk about half-instructed actors.—Mrs. Knight had some notion of Thespian fame, and the Doctor was invited to make use of her floor, and instruct her in recitations.—At the time of Mrs. Knight's bosom being exposed, the Learned Counsel said, she had just been acting *Euphrasia*, in the *Grecian Daughter*. Mr. Parke concluded, by cautioning the Jury not to give credit to the witnesses.

Lord Ellenborough shortly summed up the case, in which he observed there was a great deal of improbability; and the Jury, without hesitation, found a verdict for the defendant.

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COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILD-  
HALL, JULY 8.

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Williams v. Hodgson.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation between the defendant

and plaintiff's wife. The plaintiff and defendant are wine and liquor merchants in the city. The plaintiff is about thirty-four years of age, and his wife about two or three years younger—they were married a year ago. She comes from Cheshire—the families of husband and wife living in adjoining townships.

Mr. Garrow opened the plaintiff's case, and stated, that the plaintiff and his wife had lived together on the very best terms until she had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the defendant; but soon after that, disputes arose between them, and he had no doubt that would be aggravated on the other side, for it too often happened, that after a lady had committed this offence, she assisted her paramour with every thing she could to defend him against the complaint for his misconduct, and this was done by stating the bickerings and disputes that had taken place between her and her husband. The plaintiff in this case, from his situation, was under the necessity of being occasionally in the country; and to be absent from London for more than a month at a time: upon this occasion, namely, on Shrove Tuesday last, he was unavoidably absent. The defendant called at the plaintiff's house at eleven o'clock at night, and asked for Mr. Williams. He was told Mr. Williams was not at home. He then asked for Mrs. Williams; at first he was told by one of the servants she believed her mistress was gone to bed—however, on making further inquiry, it was found that she was not, but that she was sitting in her dining-room; and then the defendant was introduced to her. After that the two servant maids, the cook and the housemaid, remained

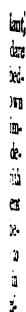
mained in the kitchen, reading, until 12 o'clock at night; when the cook said she was going to bed—the other servant being timorous, requested her to stop a little longer, which she did, until half-past twelve; the cook then went up stairs to bed, but, to her astonishment, she found the dining-room dark, the fire raked out, and the two candles extinguished and standing on the table—she was then proceeding up stairs, when on the window on the landing of the first floor she perceived a gentleman's hat and gloves, upon which she moved back to the kitchen, and informed her fellow servant of the circumstances, whereupon they both went up stairs. When they came up they found the hat was gone, and the gloves scattered about; and in going up stairs the mistress appeared at her room door, and asked the housemaid whether she had let out the gentleman; she said, "No." The housemaid asked her fellow servant, who was below her on the stairs, whether she had let him out—She said, "No;" on which her mistress took the servant's candle, and went into her own bedroom and locked herself in. The two maids went then in search of the gentleman—they searched the counting-house, and the lower part of the house—they then searched their bed-room, and afterwards went into their mistress's bed-room; there was no appearance of the gentleman, but on going round to the other side, the defendant was found sitting there upon a chair with his hands folded, and his hat between his knees. 'Ah! you are there, are you,' said the cook: he grinned, without saying anything. The housemaid, who is only 18 years of age, making her appearance almost immediately afterwards, came up with great

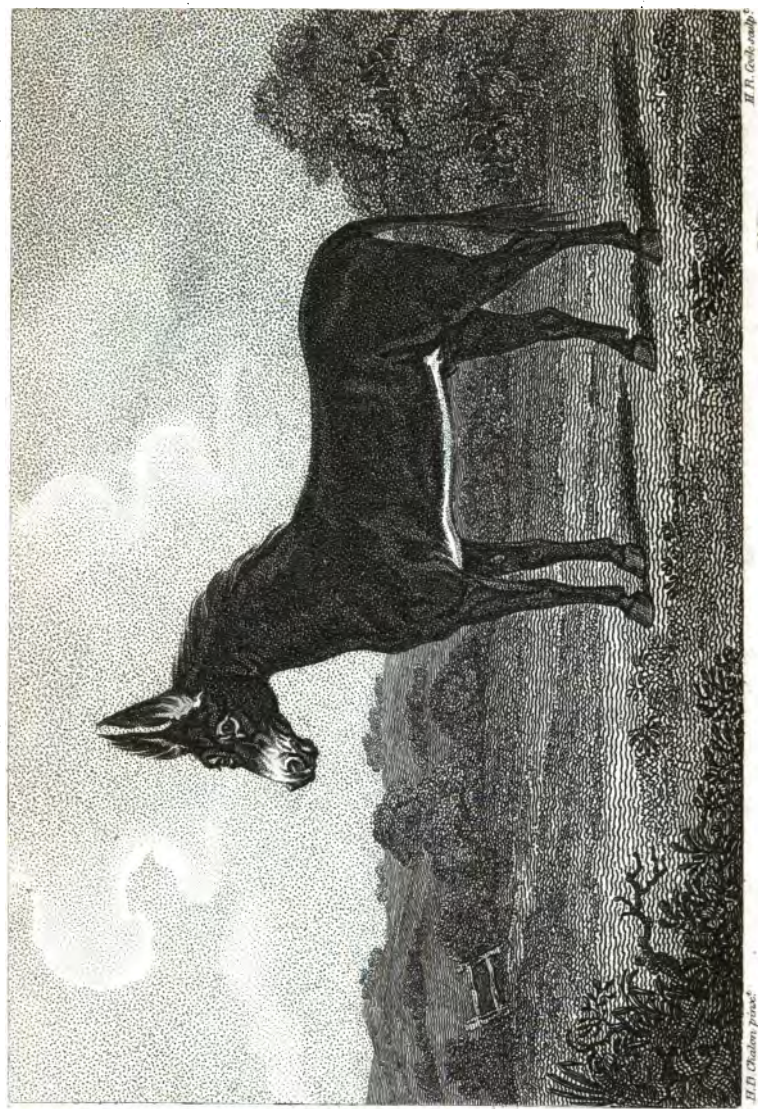
courage, and collared the defendant, and said, "You villain, how dare you come into my master's bed-chamber in his absence: go down stairs, and go out of the house immediately." Upon which the defendant rushed down stairs with great rapidity, and the maid went after him, with a wish to get before him to give him in charge to the watchman; but she was not in time for that purpose, he having effected his escape.

These facts were proved in evidence before the court. It appeared also in evidence, that the defendant had visited the plaintiff's wife so early as the month of August last, but at that time he had not accomplished his criminal purpose, because, after he had been there once, he offered a sum of money to one of the maids to be admitted a second time, which was refused, and that by the order of the mistress.

There was also evidence called, as to the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived together before the defendant became a visitor of the lady; and it appeared that there was some domestic strife between the plaintiff and his wife; that he had struck her several times; that he had struck her once because he had left with her a sum of money to pay bills, which, after he had returned from the country, he found had not been paid: there were some other disputes between them, about cording a box of her's, which was going into the country. However, all these instances were since her acquaintance with the defendant; and this was contended by the plaintiff's counsel to be the effect of her misconduct, on account of her affection having been estranged from her husband by the defendant.

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*Maltase & Co.*

Published Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> 1867, by J. Whible, Warwick Square.

A number of witnesses were called, neighbours of the plaintiff and his wife, from whose evidence it appeared, that they had formerly lived in a state of happiness together.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury on the part of the defendant; and he contended, first of all, that the crime of adultery was not proved to have been committed in this case. He admitted that there had been great indiscretion on both sides, and he had no doubt but that the parties had an intention to commit the offence; but he maintained that that was not sufficient, for the Jury must be satisfied on the evidence that the crime had been completed, before they could find a verdict for the plaintiff in this case. If they should be of opinion, contrary to his expectation, that the crime was committed, then, in mitigation of punishment, he observed, among other things, that a husband who could knock his wife down, for any provocation whatever, did not deserve more than one farthing damages.

Lord Ellenborough (before whom and a Special Jury this cause was tried) said, first of all it was the duty of the Jury to consider, whether this crime had been committed; and his Lordship, after reciting the material parts of the evidence, stated the probability to be, that the offence was committed,—if the Jury should be of that opinion, their next consideration would be, the amount of the damages.—One part of the case appeared to be more aggravated than the rest, and that was, that a considerable time before this offence was committed; if it was committed, the defendant had been paying attention to this lady, and had been extremely solicitous to continue his acquaintance with

her, which she did not appear to have encouraged, and therefore it might be supposed that she was then uncontaminated, and that it was owing to the defendant's conduct that this misfortune happened, always leaving it to the Jury to say, whether the offence was committed or not. There was some evidence of disputes and bickerings between the plaintiff and his wife: the Jury would consider all the circumstances of the case, and, if they were satisfied that the offence was committed, they would give to the plaintiff a verdict, with such damages as they thought the nature of the case called for.

The Jury, after a little consideration, found a verdict for the defendant.

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## MALTESE ASS;

AN ETCHING.

FROM the account which has been forwarded to us of this animal, we learn it was brought to England by Captain Marsden, who purchased him in Malta, from among sixty others which were shewn him, for the sum of one hundred guineas. He was a very handsome well-made animal, measuring upwards of thirteen hands high; his coat was a beautiful dark brown, and very fine, being as sleek as that of a blood horse; he was remarkably swift, having beat a celebrated horse in Malta, and was as gentle and tractable as any horse, not in the least partaking of that stubbornness for which, as most of our readers well know, our English asses are so remarkable.

Captain Marsden brought him to England about four years ago,

B b and

and on his leaving the country soon afterwards, the ass was sent to Tattersall's, and sold, but who the purchaser was we have not learnt. The late Duke of Richmond was so much pleased with the portrait of him, which was exhibited at Somerset House, that he applied to Mr. Chalon, the painter of the picture, to know to whom the ass belonged, having a desire to purchase him; but, as already observed, he had been previously disposed of.

The picture of him is now in the possession of Mr. Heaviside, to whom it was presented, and who has given it a place, among other curiosities, in his Museum.—The spirited Etching is by Mr. Cook, of Titchfield-street.

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### A RAMBLE, FROM GALTON TO DORCHESTER.

The Crumb of Profusion....The Outset....The Precious Sacrifice....The Smugglers....Lord Milton's Park....The Epitaph....The Landscape, &c.

While politicians urge the noisy strain  
For reformation, and still urge in vain,  
In humbler walks I tune the rural lay,  
And nature's beauties charm my wand'ring way:

Of rocks I sing, that frown above the wave,

Of ivy'd ruins, and the peaceful grave.  
And now the sportsman's toils my tablets grace,

For what's more grateful than the jovial chase?

At eve set down among the rustics gay,  
And fit my spirits for another day.

### THE CRUMB OF PROFUSION.

IT has been for ages a favourite doctrine with our best writers, that virtue is always neglected, that vice is caressed and exalted, that truth and justice are rarely found

in courts, and that flattery, and lying are the only wings on which the needy are certain to ascend to stations of eminence and comfort. That this doctrine is by no means general, I shall endeavour to illustrate in the following simple fact, and that the most safe and easy policy is that which is founded in justice and in truth.

This morning, while I was taking my first meal, a young man of very respectable appearance entered the room, followed by a brace of pointers; when he had placed his loaded gun upon the hooks above the chimney-piece, the sportsman sat down at the end of a long oaken table, and demanded of my landlord to bring forth his loaf and his cheese, with a mug of his best October. In a few seconds the mandate was complied with, and the buck's-horn-handled knife as swiftly performed its office. The rind was separated from the cheese, and divided between the hungry dogs at his feet, with a portion, not very small, of the ale-man's delicious brown manchet, a particle of which rolled towards the foot of a poor farming man, who sat at the other extremity—he was smoking a short pipe, and as silent as modesty could make him: the rustic beheld the crumb of profusion, snatched it from the clay floor, and conveyed it to his lips. "You must be hungry indeed, my friend," said the sportsman.—"I am not hungry," replied the man; "my conduct proceeds from a different cause."—"And what may that cause be?" rejoined the sportsman.—"The reverence I bear towards a grain of wheat," was the answer. "I am no stranger, Sir," continued he, "to the labour that attends on its vegetation, from breaking up the earth for its reception,

tion, to the blow of the flail that prepares it for the bushel. I have felt, Sir, the farmer's hopes after sowing that precious morsel, and I have partaken of his joy when he beheld it first divide the clod that covered it, and appeared green above the surface—when Summer has called it into ear I have sung with the reapers, and thrust, with them, my sickle into the waving treasure; and as the last load of the harvest has entered the barn, I have joined with the thrasher in blessing the bounteous hand that so generously provided for our necessities. And can I see that grain of wheat become the food of dogs? I trembled as I saw it fall, and conveyed it to that mouth Providence designed it should refresh. I say, I trembled as it fell; for at that moment I was thinking on the millions in want of this life-preserving agency. It was for these reasons I took up the crumb that fell before me, Sir."

"And pray what are you," said the sportsman, "that can reason so largely on so small a subject?" "I am nothing," replied the man.—"Are you acquainted with the business of a farm?"—"My father," returned the man, "was a farmer of some eminence in this county, but, from his humanity and his liberality, he failed; care, persecution, and ingratitude, rent his heart-strings asunder, and he left me with an informed mind only, to struggle with the mercenary for that which I obtain with great difficulty—a livelihood!"

"Then you have been used to the management of a farm?" said the sportsman.—"I have," returned the man, "as you may perceive, from striking the first furrow to housing the grain."—"How are you circumstanced at this time?"

"Without employment, or you had not seen me idle in a pot-house." "Could you look after a farm of three hundred acres?"—"I can," was the answer. "I want a bailiff," said the sportsman, "and I think one who can be so solicitous for the preservation of a grain of wheat, will as carefully look after the whole produce. There is my address," continued the sportsman, tearing off the superscription of a letter; "come to me to-morrow by ten o'clock; I will try your ability, and if I find you worthy, you shall say you have a friend."

The sportsman then paid the landlord, took his gun from the hooks, whistled his dogs, and departed. I saw the hand-writing—it was Lord M——, Milton Abbey.

#### THE OUTSET.

Mine host of the White Hart having business to transact on the coast, requested my company to the rocks, where he had to meet some friends by appointment, but those, he said, would not detain him more than a few moments, and he would then shew me the precise place where the India ship called the Halswell struck on the breakers and went down. The elements concurring to improve our pleasures, we set off together, and about noon came in sight of his trading friends, who had been some time waiting; good manners bade me stand aloof, and they all seemed well pleased at the observance. After a few significant nods and whispers, they received from my friend a canvas bag, containing money, and having heartily shook him by the hand, departed to their boat, and were presently lost to our sight in the great waters. My companion did not seem inclined

to make me acquainted with this mysterious meeting, nor had I the curiosity to require it of him; however, the cloud was by no means too dark for my penetration, and of which I shall say more in another place.

We now mounted the cliff, and approached the dreadful spot that overhangs the craggy points of the black rocks; the vast depth, together with the gloomy and irregular indentations of the coast, form a scene to fill the reflective mind with horror. We were near five hundred feet perpendicular above the sea; and now my landlord, being an eye-witness to the sufferings of the unfortunate crew, was the better able to describe them to me. It was (said he) on the 6th of January, 1786, about two o'clock in the morning, when the Halswell was dashed to pieces on these rocks, and Captain Pierce and his two beautiful daughters, with many other passengers, perished, and out of 250 persons, only 74 were saved from the violence of the irresistible elements. The melancholy recital awakened my pity, and writing some elegiac stanzas on the occasion, I think it no way improper in this part of my Ramble to give them a place, and by so doing, record

#### THE PRECIOUS SACRIFICE.

Thron'd on his car, with brow austere,  
Striking the trembling winds with fear,  
The God of Waters, on a day,  
Along our channel took his way;  
His slaves obsequious circling nigh,  
Await his nod, and watch his eye.

To these he cries,  
From yonder skies,

"Summon the Gods of Tempests to  
mine ear:"—

The blustering Gods with all their train  
appear.

To know his will all silent stand—  
The world of waters stretch'd his hand,  
And thus, majestically rude,  
Accus'd them of ingratitude:—

"Why hok! yewinds, what's due to me?"

What sacrifice have I from thee,

Who once could spare

A grateful share

To testify what all the world must deem;  
That I'm of the rotundity supreme."

The sable winds their duty own,  
And promise quickly to atone,  
When thus the dreaded Boreas broke  
(The winds impatient as he spoke)—

"Seest thou yon bark from mighty

Thames,

A casket fraught with living gems?

This we select,

Without neglect,

And yield it up a precious sacrifice—

The powerful Oceanus claims the prize.

"A virgin train its sides inclose,  
Pure as the essence of the op'ning rose,  
Whose beauty, grace, and high desert,  
Demand respect, and charm the heart;  
Beside a sire well known to Fame,  
For courage and a virtuous name:—

This bark go take,

In pieces break,

Amidst yon forked rocks perform the rite,  
An offering sure that must a God delight.

Well pleas'd, about it strait they fly,  
Curl up the billows to the sky,  
Obscure the heav'ns with pitchy clouds;  
Spread terrors 'mongst the trembling  
shrouds;

"Till stiff with fears and midnight frost,  
On Old Dorcesta's ragged coast,

Ah! pity here,

And drop a tear;

With one rude dash the winds the vessel  
brake,

And to the sounds of female grief the  
off'ring make.

Till Time, in sadness, led the day,  
Old Ocean, pleas'd, pursued his way,  
While sorrowing friends, with tears,  
explore

The windings of the cavern'd shore,  
And those surrender'd by the waves  
Humanely lay in quiet graves.

Thus \*sweetness fell,

Sad tale to tell!

This balm, to sooth, the friend and parent  
tries—

A hope that points to bliss beyond the  
skies.

\* Miss Pierce and her friendly female companions.



But from this melancholy subject let me turn to

#### THE SMUGGLERS,

for such were the persons from whom my fellow-traveller turned with dumb signs of a sincere farewell, and the bag of money was, no doubt, a payment for goods received, or for a future venture. Reflecting on the consequences of this kind of traffic, and the advantages that might in all probability accrue to my country upon its annihilation, I did not fear instantly to set down my thoughts on the subject. It is a well-known fact, that along almost the whole extension of the northern shores of France, the French brandy or moonshine (as it is properly called) is not of grapes, but from the apple presses of the farmers, and that no British smuggler receives the smallest quantity of the article without the ready money, which in a great measure contributes to the decrease of our national species, and of course injurious to the revenue. Now it is my firm opinion that both these evils may be speedily removed, and that a spirit may be produced of equal, if not of superior quality, to that we draw from foreign shores. Our own fruits, from an ingenious mixture of the *scion* with the *stem*, are incontrovertibly richer, and in all respects more potent than the apples of Normandy, or any other of the French provinces. Let the farmers of England, then, be permitted, under the Excise, to make use of the still, as the farmers do in France, where a spirit is even drawn from the cake of the cyder press. After this, it requires no great depth of penetration to discover what an incalculable advantage must arise to the state. The ready money would be kept at

home, the duties improved, and the subjects enriched, and their health in a less degree liable to injury from the improved quality of the dram. Such a mode, in my opinion, ought to be adopted, more especially at this time, when our financiers are at their wit's end to raise the governmental supplies, and the credit of the country is suffering from an enormous paper currency.—After a most gratifying walk to the coast, I found myself in the road to Piddle-town, and halting on the high ground, while my companion descended to give orders to the shopkeepers, I diverted the moments with my sketch-book, and with the singular beauties of

#### LORD MILTON'S PARK;

where the venerable remains of the Abbey must not be forgotten. This rural beauty was founded by King Athelstan, towards the middle of the tenth century, who also endowed it, and placed therein a fraternity of Benedictine Monks, to pray for the soul of his brother Edwin, against whom he had caused a false accusation to be brought, upon which poor Edwin was condemned, and his sentence was, to be thrust out to sea in a small boat without sails or oars to direct him, and he there perished, and was heard of no more.

The Abbey is about three miles from Milbourne, and contiguous to his Lordship's magnificent mansion. The injuries this fabric had sustained by time and tempests, have been effectually done away by the ingenuity of Mr. Wyatt, his Majesty's architect, who has not only restored the external appearance, but the interior also, and that to its original and beautiful simplicity.

My companion now joined me

on the hill ; we descended merrily together to the small cemetery at its foot, where the singular fashion of the wooden tombs, and their modest inscriptions, appeared to us no small satire on the pomp and vanities of the more refined world, and where I was not a little surprised to find one of a more polished description, to the memory of Thomas Edwards, a painter, plumber, and glazier, of the neighbouring town, with an epitaph so singular, that I could not resist a transcript.

Here lies Thomas Edwards, a man of  
good parts :  
Tho' unknown to the Schools, he was  
Master of Arts.  
The villages round from his skill oft im-  
prov'd—  
He lighten'd their darkness, and sadness  
remov'd.  
Whenever their comforts were fading  
away,  
Tom spread a bright colour, and made  
them all gay ;  
Whate'er their complaints, he examin'd  
the cause,  
Effect'd perfection, and solder'd their  
flaws.  
Tho' no student in physic, his fame wide-  
ly spread,  
And his cures were all work'd by the  
pow'rs of his lead.  
His equal our Thomas has not left be-  
hind :  
He was strength to the weak, and eyes to  
the blind.  
To reward him for ever, Tom's mounted  
on high,  
Where his tints shall be lasting as those  
in the sky.

As we were once more on the hills in our way to Galton, and on the precise spot so much recommended by travellers for its extensive views, I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to describe

#### THE LANDSCAPE.

The brilliant towers of the Abbey seem to rise more majesti-

cally from a vast cluster of beautiful beach trees. Between the park and the hills, from west to east, romantically wind the rivers Frome and Piddle, till they apparently diminish to a point near Wareham, while the immensity of sheep that scatter over the pastures communicate a sensation not easy to express. To the southward of the eminence, the variety of noble seats, the inclosures, and the farms, afford a most-striking proof of the riches of this divine county ; the scene terminating with two black rocks, between which the sea is seen in motion, and has a most attractive effect, sparkling like myriads of diamonds dropping through the beams of the sun. A good painter will do well to observe these beauties in the proper season ; they cannot fail to enrich his tablets with treasures most worthy his attention in less favourable moments, when confined to the temple of his domestic studies.

We were again in the main road, and my companion being but little inclined to accompany me on my journey, we parted with the greatest cordiality. I took my way through Warmwell, Broad Main, &c. After performing a journey of near thirty miles, I began to tire more through the heat of the day than the distance : and the town of Dorchester presenting itself most pleasantly, I cheerfully entered, and presently found a comfortable set-down at the White Hart, in the West-street, where, after a proper sacrifice to Bacchus and to Ceres, I sought my repose, and if to-morrow be fair, shall take a trip to Weymouth.

I am,

Your's, &c.

T. N.

## GRAND CRICKET MATCH.

for 1000 guineas, began playing on Pennenden Heath, and terminated on Thursday, the 23d, in favour of Kent, by 27 notches; Kent having got 189, and England 162 runs. The following was the state of England and twenty-three of Kent, the game:

## KENT.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Higgins	0 c. Freemantle	4 c. Bennett
Ayling	1 b. Wells	6 not out
Hooker	1 st. Hammond	22 c. Lambert
Fuller	0 run out	2 c. F. Beauclerk
Burgess	1 c. Wells	0 b. ditto
C. Read	14 run out	0 run out
Razell	18 c. Small	1 run out
Crisp	0 st. Hammond	3 b. F. Beauclerk
J. Willes	8 st. ditto	6 st. Hammond
Field	3 st. ditto	0 c. Beldam
Y. Willes	15 c. Leigh	5 run out
H. Russell	12 b. Howard	2 b. F. Beauclerk
R. Ayling	3 leg bef. wicket	5 c. Hammond
Winter	4 st. Hammond	0 c. Beldam
J. Read	1 run out	0 c. ditto
Tomlin	4 c. Small	0 c. Hammond
Wenman	0 st. Hammond	1 c. Robinson
Elgar	0 c. Robinson	1 c. Hammond
Larking	5 c. Bennett	3 st. Hammond
Nordish	10 st. Hammond	8 c. Bennett
Ashby	1 not out	0 st. Hammond
Fullagar	6 run out	0 c. Lambert
C. Russell	9 not out	0 c. Hammond
Byes	4	0
Total	120	69

## ALL ENGLAND.

Freemantle	0 st. Read	0 not out
J. Small	0 c. Larking	4 c. Russell
Lambert	6 c. ditto	9 b. Field
Beldam	14 c. ditto	27 c. Burgess
Hammond	1 run out	0 c. E. Burgess
Robinson	9 b. J. Willes	2 c. Burgess
Lord F. Beauclerk	2 c. Razell	34 c. Larking
— Smith, Esq.	18 hit his wicket	0 c. Read
T. Walker	0 c. Larking	5 c. ditto
Bennett	13 c. ditto	3 c. Ashby
Howard	1 run out	0 c. Burgess
J. Wells	10 c. J. Willes	1 b. Ashby
— Lee, Esq.	0 not out	0 run out
Byes	1	2
Total	75	87

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This was reckoned the greatest match that had been played in Kent for upwards of twenty years; bets to a very large amount were depending on both sides. The straight-arm bowling introduced by John Willes, Esq. was generally practised in this game, and fully proved an obstacle against getting runs, in comparison to what might have been got by the straight-forward bowling.

The weather, being uncommonly fine and serene, drew together a much greater concourse of spectators than ever before seen on a similar occasion, among whom were a great number of the principal families in that part of the county.— That old amateur of the bat, Sir Horace Mann, was present every day, and dined at the ordinary, which was sumptuously furnished and well attended.

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### THE FORTRESS.

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**T**HIS Melo-Drama, just brought out at the Haymarket, is a translation from a French piece, called *La Fortresse du Danube*, performed with great success at Paris. The principal characters were as follow:—

Count Everard.....	Mr. Young.
Count Adolphus.....	Charles.
Major Valbon.....	Chapman.
Oliver .....	De Camp.
Philip .....	Liston.
Thomas.....	Taylor.
Vincent.....	Matthews.
Celestine .....	Mrs. Taylor.
Pauline.....	Liston.
Alice.....	Gibbs.

The scene lies in one of the German States. The principal interest arises from the imprisonment of Count Everard, on a charge of treason, originating in private

hostility on the part of the Minister, and the devices employed by his daughter, Celestine, for his escape. The latter obtains admittance into the prison, which is a fortress on the Danube, in the disguise of a Savoyard. After various expedients, she contrives to pass a disguise through the grating of her father's cell; and, whilst Philip, the Commander of the Guard, and an old campaigner, is engaged in telling a story of his exploits, in which he discloses the circumstance of being blind of one eye, Celestine passes with her father on his blind side, and effects his escape, the key having been inadvertently left in the door of his cell. Several other interesting situations occur after the escape of Everard; who surrenders himself up again, in order to rescue Oliver, a brave young Officer, who is suspected of having assisted in his escape. A dispatch at length arrives from the Prince, imparting his discovery of the unjust charges against the Count, with an order for his release.

The situations of this piece are much of the same cast with those of *The Escapes*, *The Prisoner*, *Tekeli*, and other entertainments, for which we have been indebted to the French stage. They are enlivened by an underplot of a cottager and his wife, in which some beautiful airs and duets were admirably sung by Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Liston. Mr. Liston, always comic, was irresistibly so in Philip. Matthews' is a very good part, and he appeared to great advantage in it. Mr. Young, in Count Everard, was impressive and dignified. Mrs. Gibbs gave extreme interest to the part of Alice; and Mrs. Taylor, as Celestine, disguised as the Savoyard or villager, looked very pretty and

and interesting. The piece has been translated and adapted to the English stage by Mr. T. Hook; the overture, music, and songs, are by the same gentleman, and possess great merit. The liberality of the managers is displayed in the beauty of the scenery, decorations, and dresses.

Mr. Young announced the piece for second representation, amidst reiterated plaudits. The house was extremely full.

### BOXING.

THE long-depending pugilistic contest between Samuels, (better known by the appellation of Dutch Sam) and Tom Belcher, took place on Tuesday, the 28th, at Moulsey Hurst, opposite Hampton, for 200 guineas. It would be superfluous to give a history of the heroes of the day's diversion, each being well known to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* as the most scientific on the pugilistic list.—They fought a battle in February 1806, on the same ground, which was contested in a manner never since, and seldom before, witnessed. That contest lasted upwards of an hour, and until the last round, victory was doubtful. Belcher was considered in ill health at that time, and in the present instance he was not only very fresh, but a stone heavier than before. A report had prevailed that Sam had trained badly, and consequently, with the advantage Belcher had gained since the former contest, 5 to 4 was betted freely against Sam.

No fight, of late, had caused such universal anxiety, which has been on its full stretch amongst all classes. This was to be accounted

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for only from the equality of the match, as no two from the list of pugilists would produce equal diversion in the several requisites of the art. The road to the field of action surely was never before so crowded; St. James's, St. Giles's, and Duke's-place, seemed to have furnished their complement; and the Sandman, Jew, and Gentile, vied with each other for superiority in pace. A roped ring of 28 feet was formed for the listed knights to exhibit in, which was surrounded as early as nine o'clock in the morning by some thousands of persons. At twelve o'clock the spectators became so numerous, that the outer ring between the carriages, and the inner ring, would not contain them; and consequently two hours were occupied in removing the ropes to another spot, where an immense ring was formed for the accommodation of the spectators. Belcher first appeared, and was soon after followed by his opponent. The former had been full of confidence as to the result of the battle ever since the match was made.

### THE BATTLE.

1st Round.—Very little ceremony in sparring.—Sam made a short blow at Belcher's ribs with his right hand; Belcher put in two dexterous blows on Sam's head, right and left, and retreated. A good deal of cautious sparring followed. Sam rallied and closed, and both fell, Belcher undermost.

2.—Sam hit his adversary a right-hand blow on the loins, after throwing away several hits, which Belcher returned by a severe blow in the face. Some cautious sparring followed, and the round closed by Sam hitting his opponent down by a dexterous and desperate blow in the neck.—Even betting.

C c

3.—

3.—Sam rallied with courage and confidence; some sharp blows were exchanged, and some dexterous stopping was exhibited.—Belcher was thrown.

4.—Belcher exhibited some severe marks of the rally, and he bled copiously from the nose. Sam also had a swelled eye. Belcher hit his opponent in the face over his guard, when Sam closed, threw him, and fell on him heavily.

5.—It would be difficult to describe the courage and skill displayed in this round. Sam rallied, some sharp blows were exchanged, and the combatants closed. They disengaged, and Belcher rallied; but Sam had a most decided advantage in the round, and by superior strength he drove his adversary to all parts of the ring, and at length Belcher fell with a slight blow. Five to 4 on Sam, but little betting.

6.—This was also a desperate rallying round, and after some hits had been exchanged, Belcher stopped two well-directed blows at his head, and fell weak. Six to 4 on Sam.

7.—Sam hit twice short, as he had frequently done, by not judging his distance. An irregular close ended the round, by Sam giving his adversary a heavy fall, and falling on his head.

8.—An irregular round, which ended without a blow being struck.

9.—The advantage in this round was decidedly in favour of Belcher, who hit his adversary right and left in his face, and after an irregular close, threw him a heavy fall. Bets nearly level.—Sam still the favourite.

10.—Sam made a long hit at Belcher's body, and afterwards threw him.

11.—Two well-directed attempts to hit Belcher's head were dexterously

stopped by him. Sam threw away several blows, and after closing, Belcher threw him.

12.—Belcher, although much fresher than he had been, seemed to be very cautious of his adversary hitting him. He retreated round the ring, but Sam followed him closely, and ran him down on the spot.

13.—Belcher stopped two of his adversary's blows skilfully, and returned one forcibly. Sam seemed for the first time rather weak, and fell with a slight hit.

14.—Bettings were again as in the 9th round. Sam exhibited two black eyes, and Belcher had received a good deal of punishing on the left side. Sam hit Belcher slightly on the left side, and was afterwards thrown a heavy fall.

15.—In this round Belcher retreated, and was followed; but there were no blows exchanged, Belcher having fell again in a weakly state, whilst hugging his adversary. Six and 7 to 4 on Sam.

16.—A rallying round, in which, as before, some blows were struck. Sam hit his adversary in the throat, and Belcher, after returning the blow ineffectually, closed, and threw his man.

17. No blow struck.—An irregular close ended the round.

18.—No blow of consequence, Sam fell on a blow made at his opponent's ribs.

19.—A hard-fought round—each exerted himself to the utmost, and they exchanged blows at arm's length, in a rally, until both fell, as if by word of command.

20.—Sam hit Belcher on the nose, and he was thrown by closing.

21.—Another desperate round at arm's length, in a rally made by Belcher; each stood hitting and stopping as in the 19th round; but Sam

Sam had the advantage by his strength, and Belcher gave way through excessive weakness.

22.—Two blows were exchanged, and both fell.

23 and 24.—Closing rounds, without blows.

25.—Belcher received two blows right and left—he closed and threw his adversary. Seven to 4 on Sam.

26.—In this round, Belcher exerted every nerve for superiority; he followed his opponent to the ropes, and hit him several times, as well as stopped, with superior skill.

27.—This round altered the betting considerably, and seemed to create but faint hopes of the success of Belcher. Sam made play, and in a rally he had so decided an advantage, that he hit his adversary three hard blows on the left side. He was, however, ultimately thrown.—Two and 3 to 1 on Sam.

28.—This round was as much in favour of Sam as the last; he put in several blows on Belcher's head, and he fell.

29.—This was a hard-fought round, as much to the advantage of Sam as the two former. Belcher's blows were too feeble to give him hopes of victory. Sam threw him.

30.—Sam, to all appearance, was as fresh as when he began the battle, although his eyes were half closed. Belcher was too weak to resist his rally, and he was knocked down. Four to 1 on Sam.

31.—Belcher's situation excited sympathy; his exertions to maintain the contest were truly courageous; but Sam, elated at the situation of his adversary, beat him out of the ring. Any odds offered in vain.

32.—Belcher hit Sam two feeble blows, and tried in vain to rally. He fell.

33.—Belcher's blows were unavailing, and he had not a shadow of chance with his adversary; he fell before he had even received a hit.

34.—This round decided the contest, and created a disgusting wrangle. Belcher made a blow at Sam, and fell on his knees. Sam, whose blow was intended to hit his opponent whilst on his legs, struck him in the face before either of Belcher's hands were on the ground. A cry of *foul* was vociferated from those who were on the wrong side of the question, and the business was referred to the two umpires; one of whom gave the blow fair, and the other foul. It was, however, explained by Mr. Jackson, that a man, according to the rules of boxing, was not considered down until one hand was on the ground; Sam was consequently declared the victor. His blows received were in the face, and Belcher was hit from his kidneys to the top of his head on the left side.

A battle conducted throughout with equal skill, courage, and bottom, has not taken place since the last between the same pugilists.—The field of amateurs was more numerous than ever before witnessed. Belcher fought with his usual skill, but his strength has decreased, which lost him the battle.

Mendoza and Pittone seconded the victor, and Bill Ward and Watson seconded Belcher.

Other fights took place; and, with the baiting of a bull, the sports were not over until midnight.

The Duke of Clarence, and a number of nobility, were present. It would be no exaggeration to say, that to mention the names of the gentry present, would be to enumerate about one-fifth of the Court Calendar.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following match was made at Beverley Meeting, to be run on Monday in the York August Meeting:—The Hon. Martin Hawke's Bright Phœbus, by Hammer, 12st. 7lb. against Mr. Thompson's Scapefire, by Stride, 12st.—Two miles, 200gs.—To be rode by Gentlemen.

THE favourite horse *Eagle*, that covered this spring at Mr. Richard Prince's, at Newmarket, at 20gs, a mare, was sold and delivered, on the 7th instant, to Mr. Johnson, of Ascot, for 1000gs.—We are informed, that Mr. Morland is joint in one half of the purchase.

In the York Spring Meeting, Mr. Kirby purchased *Matilda* of Sir Hedworth Williamson.—He has since won a Stakes at Newcastle, and was second to Cassio for the Gold Cup at the same place.—He is named for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and is got by Beningbrough, out of a daughter of Spadille.

Mr. Wyndham has purchased *Gladiator*, with his engagements, of General Gower.—He is got by Buzzard, out of an own sister to Champion, by Pot8o's. And Mr. Mellish has purchased *Ferdinand*, with his engagements, of Lord Grosvenor.—He is got by John Bull, out of Isabella, by Eclipse.

THE Knights of the trigger will regret to hear, that the scythe has, this season, been a great enemy to the incubation of partridges. Hundreds of eggs were mowed over in this neighbourhood. Ten that were

taken up and placed under a hen, belonging to a person here, were hatched in a few days afterwards, and afford the promise of being all reared.—*Lewes Paper*.

THE long talked of pedestrian match between Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian, is at length made for 200 guineas. The parties are to go as great a distance as they can in twenty-four hours, and Captain Barclay is allowed twenty miles at starting. There are many bets already made on the event, and although Wood is the favourite, the *flectors* are shy at betting the odds against the Captain, who is capable of performing pedestrian wonders.

A FEW days since, a mare, the property of Mr. Samuel Ollerhead, of Bangor, near Wrexham, parted with 207 stones, six of them the size of a large pigeon's egg, weighing one ounce each, the others of inferior size; but the whole 207 weighing one pound eleven ounces. The mare had been perfectly well, and did her work as usual, and has never been the least amiss since, but works regularly; never parted with any before or since; they all came away at once.

AFFECTION in a Bird.—Some boys, in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, having taken three young Linnets from two nests, carried them home and placed them in a cage. Two days afterwards, when the mistress of the family entered the room, she saw a bird on the cage, which had entered the room by



by a broken pane, and seemed endeavouring to get through the wires. Supposing it had got out of the cage, she went forward to catch it. It allowed itself to be taken, and was placed in the cage, when a striking scene of mutual affection took place: two of the young ones flew to the stranger, who as warmly returned their caresses, and proved that she was the fond mother that had been bereft of her offspring. Some meat was put into the bottom of the cage, which she instantly broke down and fed her young with. The third young bird, neither noticed by the mother, nor claiming a share of what she divided to her young, proves to be of a different family. The whole continue in the same cage, and the mother seems unconscious of her lost liberty in the enjoyment of her restored young ones.

**HOPPING.**—The latter end of last month a match, twenty hops for 10 guineas, took place at Loughborough, Leicestershire, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and a person named Moore, of Leicester; it was very closely contested, so much so, that bets of 4 to 1 were laid and taken on each side. The match, however, was won by Shipley. On measuring the distance, it appeared, Shipley had hopped 75 yards 9 or 10 inches, and Moore something more than 75 yards.—The latter was to have run against Shipley on the same day, 140 yards, for 40 guineas, but declined, and in consequence forfeited his deposit.

**FOOT RACE.**—A match for 50 guineas, between Lord Frederick Beauclerk and the Hon. Mr. Brand, took place on Wednesday, July 15, in Lord's Cricket-ground. Lord Frederick beat his antagonist hol-

low. The parties were to run 100 yards. Mr. Brand gave in before he had got 150 paces, being quite winded. The Duke of St. Alban's made the bet. Many sportsmen were present.

A FOOT-RACE, which excited a good deal of attention and anxiety amongst the sporting circle of St. James's, was run against time, the 23d of July, at four o'clock in the morning, for 100 guineas, by Mr. Wilding, famed for feats of agility in the West of England some time since. The pedestrian undertook to go from the Parliament-street end of Westminster-bridge to Cupar's-gardens, Lambeth, a distance of nearly a mile, in six minutes, over a rugged road, and frequently obstructed by posts. Although at an early hour, a considerable concourse of spectators were present at the match, and Mr. Spraggs, of sporting celebrity, condescended to start the hero of the sport, and he also accompanied him the whole of the journey, and gave him the office respecting time. Mr. Wilding performed the distance in 40 seconds less than the given time, and he has set all pedestrians at defiance in a one-mile race.

THE 6th instant, Mr. George Mills, 101 years of age, walked from his house, at Tarring Neville, to Newhaven, Sussex, four miles, to witness a cricket-match played there on that day, at which he found amusement till it terminated, when he returned home, and felt such little fatigue from his journey, that on the following morning he challenged a man, of nearly the same age, in the next parish, to walk with him over Lewes Race Course for four guineas, to be placed, one at the extremity of each mile, and become the property of him who shall be first enabled

bled to pick them up, from his pedestrian exertions.

On Monday July 20, in the neighbourhood of Brooke, Norfolk, a race was run against time by an ass, rode by a lad. The wager allowed seven minutes to perform a distance of two miles, which the animal ran in most excellent stile, having eleven seconds to spare. The ass was the property of a young man, named Wolterton, of the above place.

On Wednesday, the 8th instant, a single game of cricket was played between two gentlemen of the Thetford club, against two gentlemen of Newmarket, which was won by the former with great ease, having 37 runs to spare; and on Monday the 13th, the gentlemen of the Thetford and Bury clubs met to play the return match:—Thetford first innings amounted to 150 notches; six members only of the Bury club went in that day, whose notches amounted to 33; a heavy rain coming on, it was agreed to decide the match on the following Monday, but in the intermediate time the gentlemen of the Thetford club received forfeit.

The grand match of Cricket, in Lord's ground, which commenced playing on Monday, July 6, between 13 of All England, against 23 of the county of Kent, for 1000 guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday, in favour of the latter, by 12 wickets.—*For a detailed account of the return match, see page 191.*

On Tuesday, July 14, the long-depending match of Cricket, between eleven gentlemen of Bishop's Stortford, Herts, and eleven Gentlemen of Bishop's Walden, Essex, for 100g. a side, was played at Wal-

den Common, which was won by the former by one innings and two notches. The public expectation was considerably excited by the supposed equality of the players; and this, with the fineness of the day, attracted a numerous and genteel company from the neighbourhood, who were highly gratified by the science displayed in this noble game.

On Saturday, July 11, was played a Grand Match in Lord Essex's Park, Herts, between eleven gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against ten gentlemen of the Rickmansworth Club, with Hammond, for 500 guineas a side, which was decided in favour of the latter, by 32 runs.

The Grand Match in Lord's Ground, which commenced playing on Monday June 29, between eleven of Surrey, against eleven of All England, for 1000 guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday, in favour of England, by ten runs.

A SINGULAR game of Cricket was played on Monday, June 29, in Leed's Park, Kent, by seven gentlemen against twenty-two. The seven went in first, and got 44 runs; the twenty-two then went in and gained 46.—Second innings, the seven gentlemen went in, five of whom were bowled out without getting a run, and one put out by having his leg before the wicket, consequently lost the game.

The 24th and 25th instant, a match at Cricket was played on Southsea Common, between eleven officers of the Nottingham militia and eleven gentlemen of Portsmouth, which was won by the latter.—There was excellent play on both sides.

**PEDESTRIAN Performance.**—On Saturday, the 11th of July, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Pearson started from Pimlico, to go to Datchet-bridge, near Windsor, and return, in five hours and a half, for a wager of one hundred guineas. The distance which the pedestrian had to perform was upwards of 37 miles. Mr. Pearson started on a shuffling walk, and arrived at Hounslow (ten miles) at a quarter past four o'clock, where he took some light refreshment, and halted again at Colnbrook (17 miles) at 25 minutes past five o'clock. He proceeded across the fields, and arrived at Datchet-bridge at forty minutes past five o'clock, the half of the distance having been performed in two hours and forty minutes. Half the time allowed had expired within a few minutes, and bets ran two and three to one against the performance. The pedestrian quickened his pace back, and arrived at Hounslow at five minutes past seven o'clock, much fatigued. Mr. Pearson had an hour and twenty-five minutes to perform the last ten miles, and, by great exertion, he did it in three minutes less than the given time. He was a good deal fatigued, and the performance was considered wonderful at this season of the year.

A **MELANCHOLY** accident happened on Wednesday, July 8, at Longport, Wilts:—Mr. Weldon had invited a party of friends to spend the day, and a quantity of pigeons were provided for the morning's diversion. The visitors divided themselves, and formed a match at pigeon-shooting; but unfortunately the third bird, on being released from the trap, took a winding direction to the left, and the gentleman who shot, lodged part of

the contents of his piece in the body of Mr. Jacques, his friend, who was an out-scout, and was standing about eighty yards in a parallel direction from him. The unfortunate man survived but a few hours.

On Friday, the 10th, Thomas Canham, carpenter, of Wymondham, was committed to the Castle of Norwich, on a violent suspicion of entering a pasture in Wicklowood, belonging to the Rev. J. Coleman, on Monday, the 29th ult. and cutting and stabbing a pony; and also on the following morning, in the same pasture, killing a favourite cosset lamb, by severing its head almost from its body, the property of Miss Colman.

A **SHOCKING** accident, attended with circumstances truly singular, occurred on Wednesday the 15th instant, at a gentleman's house, on Maize-hill, Blackheath. A Newfoundland dog, which was tied up near the stable belonging to the mansion, had broken the chain by which he was tied up, and for some time kept a continual howl at the house-door. On its being opened, the sagacious animal gently seized the garments of the lady belonging to the house, and conducted her towards the stable. On one of the servants opening the door, the corpse of the man-servant who took care of the horses presented itself. One of the horses, to all appearance, had kicked the man in the stomach, and he fell between the horses' legs and the boarding of the stable. The animal, from the state of the body, had continued to kick and plunge until the stable-door was opened.

**PUGILISM.**—Last month, at Upton-Scudamore, near Warminster, a desperate battle was fought by  
two

two tradesmen of the neighbourhood, a hair-dresser, and a hatter. Bets, at the commencement, were in favour of the former; but after 22 well-contested rounds, the battle terminated in favour of the hatter.

THE early part of the month, two labouring men met in Conduit-fields, to determine, by a pugilistic combat, their pretensions to the favour of a girl, the object of admiration to both. After fighting nearly forty minutes, and beating each other most brutally, the fair one appeared on the field of battle, and probably disgusted by their appearance, renounced them both, and insultingly upbraided them with folly and presumption, in attempting to decide a question which exclusively belonged to her to determine. This put an end to their conflict, but gave rise to another affray; the woman's conduct was universally disapproved, particularly by the spectators of her own sex—and after hustling her, and abusing her for some time, a girl, a brick-maker in the neighbourhood, challenged her to fight. They set to, and after nearly twenty minutes severe contest, the brickmaker closed both her adversary's eyes, and was carried off in triumph.

A FEW days ago, a desperate battle was fought at Wanborough, in Wilts, by Farmer Thomas Harding, and Robert Hatten, taylor. Each party paid his addresses to the same lass, and the farmer, becoming jealous of his rival's success, gave Snip a guinea to fight him for half an hour, conceiving that "None but the brave deserves the fair." The combatants set to in good earnest, and fought for an hour and a half, in which time there were 53 knock-down blows

given, when the bye-standers parted the desperate lovers.

BOXING.—The pugilistic contest for 200 guineas, between Flowers, a coachman, and Sweet, recently a waiter in the vicinity of Bath, was decided on Tuesday, the 14th inst. in Windsor Forest. At ten o'clock in the morning, the parties met on a piece of ground near Wingfield, Berks, but some symptoms of prevention being manifested, they repaired to the Forest, where a ring fence was formed in the presence of about two hundred spectators. At the commencement of the contest, the coachman seemed to aim at making a short business of it, by going in and beating his adversary off hand, but he dropped this mode of proceeding in the 5th round, having suffered severely on the left side, by the skilful blows put in by his adversary. Bets were two to one on Sweet, at this time, who remained untouched. The battle continued in favour of Sweet, until the combatants had fought nearly half an hour, when one of the coachman's right-handed blows told under the ear of his adversary so violently, as to cause, in a few seconds, a swelling little less than a hen's egg. Sweet appeared undismayed, although his strength seemed to fail him: but he shifted, stopped, and hit, and had the best of the battle, after it had lasted 40 minutes. The coachman's head and left side, proved him, to use the technical phrase, a *glutton*; for, although he exhibited the utmost marks of violence he never once appeared shy. In the 36th round, Sweet was so weak, that he was unable to resist the fury of the coachman, who hit him down, and Sweet being unable to rise again in time, lost the battle.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## THE COUNTRY FAIR.

THE happy morning comes, expected  
 long  
 By lads and lasses.—Soon as light appears,  
 The swain is ready in his Sunday frock,  
 And calls on Neil to trip it to the fair.  
 The village bells are up, and, jangling loud,  
 Proclaim the holiday. The clam'rous drum  
 Calls to the puppet-show; the groaning horn  
 And twanging trumpets speak the sale begun  
 Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs bark,  
 Astounded at the noise; old women laugh,  
 Boys shout, and the grave Doctor mounts with glee  
 His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes a speech;  
 Maintains the virtue of his salve for corns,  
 His worm-cake and his pills; puffs his known skill,  
 And shews his kettle, silver knives and forks,  
 Ladle and cream-pot, and, to crown the whole,  
 The splendid tankard. Andrew grins, and courts  
 The gaping multitude, till Tom and Sue,  
 And Abigail and Ned, their shoulders shrug,  
 And laugh and whisper, and resolve to sport  
 The solitary shilling.—See produced  
 Their unwash'd handkerchiefs! Ah! simple swains!  
 Ah! silly maids! you laugh, but Andrew wins;  
 And what remains for you but sad remorse,  
 Or box of salve to plaster disappointment?  
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Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd  
 By Andrew's merry pranks, the dancing girl,  
 And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd  
 With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,  
 Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a trice.  
 Amusements here for children of each kind;  
 For little master's pence a coach, a drum,  
 A horse, a wife, a trumpet; dolls for miss,  
 Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.  
 For idle school-boys, Punchinello rants,  
 The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame  
 Extends the lucky bag. For infants tall,  
 Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games—  
 To whirl the horse-shoe, at the nine-pins bowl,  
 Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,  
 Rant, rave, and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.  
 Now chilly ev'ning puts her grey coat on,  
 And, from the east advancing, puts to flight  
 The rear of day, girl with a zone of stars.  
 The busy fair is ended. The rank booth  
 Ejects its beastly habitant; the mob  
 Disperse, and Andrew's merry pranks are done.  
 Home reels the drunken clown, or stays to fight,  
 Nothing the cause, yet honour much concern'd.  
 Confusion reigns, uproar and loud misrule;  
 Distinctions cease; and still the oath, the scream,  
 The shout, the hoot, disturb the midnight ear  
 Of sober people, timely gone to bed.  
 D d LINES

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MR. PEILLIAT,  
BELL-FOUNDER AND CHIME-  
MAKER,

*Who cast the new and harmonious Peal of  
Bells, at St. Dunstan's, Stepney.\**

BY A RINGER.

**SINCE** you, good Sir, (whose fame  
each county tells,  
For founding, changing, and attuning  
bells)  
Since you to them adjust harmonious  
chimes,  
Soft, artful echo of the poet's rhymes,  
The music, in verse, with pleasure shall  
relate  
Thy art, assistant both to Church and  
State.

She means not, Sir, her time and pains  
to waste

On tinkling hand-bells of inferior cast;  
What Stentor rings, with gravity of phyz,  
To usher in his important "O yez;"  
Nor those which, jingling from the fore-  
most load,

Cheer each slow-footed pack-horse on  
the road;

Nor those that ring a thousand times a  
day,

Whom waiters, maids, and footmen all  
obey.

Far nobler themes I sing—the lofty  
power

Of sound from yon old venerable tower;  
Which, in loud clangor, rends the echoing  
air

When happy Damon weds the blooming  
fair,

Or valiant Britons on th' embattled plain,  
Vanquish their foes, the field's great mas-  
ters reign.

When Roman heroes, with the spoil of  
wars,

Approach'd the city in triumphal cars,  
While gladsome peans hail'd the glorious  
day,

And fresh-cull'd flow'rs bestrew'd the  
public way,

Had bells but rung, complete had been  
their joys,

And fuller shouts of triumph rent the skies.  
E'en fancy now brings to my ravish'd  
ears

Notes like the music of the heav'nly  
spheres.

Hark! they come floating on each spread-  
ing gale,

Down Tiber's stream, thro' all the neigh-  
b'ring vale;

From Jove's high Capitol how strong  
they sound,

And Rome's seven hills re-echo all  
around.

The nice divisions viols boast; the harp  
Abounds with strings, whose notes are  
flat and sharp;

Tho' various stops, the solemn organ  
trace

The sprightly treble and majestic bass:—  
Yet say what bass, what treble can excel,

The cheerful main, or the fun'ral knell?  
What note like that which sounds from  
Paul's high dome,

From Oxford, or fam'd Lincoln's mighty  
Tom?

What diapason like their lofty hum?

Nor less have Bells our passions at  
command

Than vocal choir, or instrumental band.  
When the deep sound tolls slow o'er so-  
lemn biers,

See! pity droops, and sorrow sheds her  
tears:

But when that gay festivities draw nigh,  
And happy seasons call forth public joy,

What notes more lively can our senses  
know

Than the loud changes, which melodious  
flow,

From Bride's, Saint Martin's, Michael's,  
Overy's, Bow?

And thence, convey'd along the bord'ring  
streams,

Rejoice each village on the banks of  
Thames,

When bells hail in great George's natal  
day,

When ev'ry village, ev'ry town, is gay;  
On market-hills, when crackling bonfires  
blaze,

While ev'ry street re-bellows with huz-  
zas;

When then our souls true patriot plea-  
sures feel,

As each high steeple gives the joyful peal,  
In ev'ry tavern honest healths go round,

And Jacobins grow loyal at the sound.  
Let Weischell play, and Braham charm  
the fair,

With Op'ra songs, and soft Italian air;

\* See an account of the first and subsequent peals on these musical bells, in our  
Magazine for May, pages 90 and 91.

Our country swains, with greater pleasure  
 hear,  
 Fam'd Majors, Caters, Tripples, and  
 Grandsire,  
 Which, while they ring, sonorous, clear,  
 and sweet :

The face of commerce smiles along the  
 street :

Their merry sounds e'en some refresh-  
 ment yield

To toiling husbandry amidst the field.  
 Let skilful Germans, with their hands  
 and feet,

Still play their chimes, and labour still,  
 and sweat ;

Far more the barrel does our wonder move,  
 Which strikes the hammers on the bells  
 above.

Taught thus, with sounds melodious, to  
 prolong

Playford's grave psalm, and Purcell's  
 tuneful song,

No longer Albion, for the time to come,  
 Shall raise her armies by the beat of  
 drum.

Her youth but coldly mind what captains  
 say,

Of pleasant quarters, or of present pay ;  
 But when they hear, in notes exalted  
 higher,

" Britons Strike Home," from yonder  
 sacred spire,

Their spirit kindling at the martial song,  
 Rush furious to " revenge their country's  
 wrong."

In vain a sister bids her brother stay ;  
 In vain invents new causes of delay ;

In vain the mother would her son detain ;  
 And black-ey'd Susan sheds her tears in  
 vain.

See the brave lads, whilst brighter glory  
 charms,

Resistless break from their opposing  
 arms ;

Cheerful to war in burning climes they  
 run,

As if, the labour of the harvest done,  
 They meant themselves a while but to  
 regale,

With merry dancing, cakes, and spark-  
 ling ale.

Nor here forget the skilful founder's care :  
 When notes discordant strike th' offended  
 ear,

Soon as the constant sounds are clearly  
 known,

He pares off all excrescences of tone,  
 Studious examines all, till all agree,

Note following note in truest harmony.  
 Thus bards retrench each rough poetic  
 draught,

And lop off all redundancy of thought,  
 Correcting long what they had wrought  
 too soon,  
 Smooth each harsh line, and chip them  
 into tune.

Proceed, great man, whose fam'd me-  
 chanic hand

Works wond'rous service to thy native  
 land :

Proceed, till bells, by thy auspicious art,  
 Raise noblest passions in each British  
 heart :

Proceed till squeamish schismatics shall  
 deign

To hear their sounds, nor think their  
 music vain ;

No longer Bells with Popery condemn,  
 But, turn'd to peace, learn harmony  
 from them.

Hence village swains thy bells and fame  
 shall raise ;

The muse you aid shall chime in grateful  
 lays,

And ev'ry town ring loudly of thy praise.

## MISCONCEPTION ;

### A TALE.

ERE Night her sable curtain spread ;  
 Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed  
 In Thetis' lap ;  
 Ere drowsy watchmen yet had tak'n,  
 Their early nap ;

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,  
 To Farmer Fitz Maurice's fold  
 Did slyly creep,  
 Whose num'rous flocks were quiet laid  
 In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal,  
 But, hapless, close behind his heel  
 Was ploughman Joe,  
 Who just arriv'd in time to stop  
 The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait !  
 The felon-must to justice strait  
 Be dragg'd perforce ;  
 Where prosecutors urge his guilt  
 Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd, the victim stands,  
 Anticipates the dread commands  
 From th' elbow chair,

Where

Where justice sits in solemn state.  
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for  
this;

For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice  
Thou know'st full well

The sheep within that fold belong'd?  
Come, quickly tell:

"Confess thy crime;—'twill nought  
avail

To say the mark above the tail  
Thou did'st not heed;  
For G. F. M. in letters large,  
Thou plain might'st read."

"'Tis true I did," the thief replies;

"But man is not at all times wise;  
As I'm a glutton,

I clearly thought that G. F. M.  
Meant *Good Fat Mutton!*"

### ON TOBACCO.

WRITTEN BY BARTEN HOLIDAY, IN THE  
YEAR 1618.

**T**OBACCO's a musician,  
And in a pipe delighteth;  
It descends in a close through the organs  
of the nose,  
With a relish that inviteth.

This makes me sing so ho, so ho, boyes,  
Ho Boyes sound I loudly.  
Earth never did breed so jovial a weed,  
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,  
His pipes do love long cases,  
When our brains it enters, our feet do  
make indentures!  
While we seale with stamping paces.  
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a Physician,  
Good both for sound and sickly;  
'Tis a hot perfume, that expels cold  
rheume,  
And makes it flow down quickly.

Tobacco is a traveller,  
Come from the Indies hether:  
It passed sea and land, ere it came to my  
hand,  
And scaped the wind and weather.

Tobacco is a Criticke,  
That still old paper turneth,  
Whose labour and care is as smoke in fire  
aire,  
That ascends from a rag when it  
burneth.

Tobacco is an Ignis Fatuus,  
A fat and fyrry vapour,  
That leads men about till the fire be out,  
Consuming like a taper.

Tobacco is a whyffler,  
And cries huff snuff with furie,  
His pipes, his club, his linke, he's the  
wiser that dos drinke;  
Thus armed I fear not a furie.  
This makes me sing, &c.

### SONNET,

TO THE GOUT IN MY LEFT LEG.

**O**H, pleasing pain!—pshaw! what a  
lie I'm telling;—

Oh, piercing pain!—confound you,  
quickly fly;  
Prythee be off, and then this angry swell-  
ing  
May gradual, with gentler twitches,  
die.

This wrap of flannel makes me look as  
wise  
As some fat Aldermah, with fair round  
belly:  
But though you're pleas'd to take me  
by surprise,  
I'm but a half-starv'd poet, let me tell  
ye.

Oh! what a horrid twinge!!—Good Mr.  
Gout,  
If you'll be pleas'd to vanish from me  
quite,  
In your sweet praise I'll kick up such a  
rout,  
And swear that all you do is good and  
right,  
That those who have you shall forget  
their pain,  
And those that have not, wish for you  
again!

J. M. L.

July 2, 1807.



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF

## THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

AUGUST, 1807.

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*Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of Charles, late Duke of Richmond.  
II, The Wild Horse of Arabia pursued by a Lion.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FLEET STREET,  
J. ROOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;  
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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A. B. again in our next.

Jacob Quirk, who dates from Grub-street, is informed, that his dwelling-place and his delicacy are equally disgusting. His Sonnet to a Brother Sonneteer, is a Burlesque upon all Satire.

The Spark who thus introduces his obscenity—"Sir, or Gentlemen, I wish to have the following inserted," is informed, that it is mis-placed as well as mis-timed; there are no back-sides to the houses in the South of Britain, and therefore, as we do not wish to appear ignorant as well as indecent, we wish not to have it inserted.

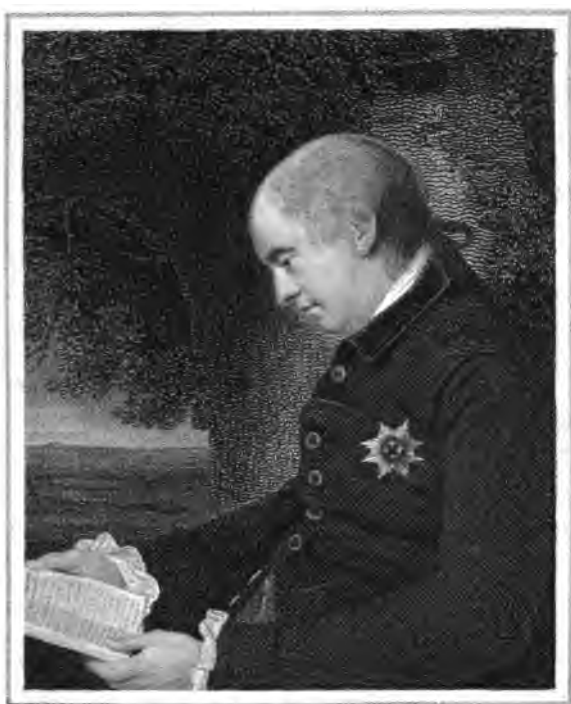
J. J. B. from Shropshire, will see his Origin of Archery among our Poetry for this month; we shall be happy to hear from him on professional subjects.

---

*Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.*

---





*G. Kemmerling sculp.*

*H. R. Cook sculp.*

**CHARLES, LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND, KG. &c.**

*Published Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1807 by J. Wharfe, Warwick Square.*

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; FOR AUGUST, 1807.

## CHARLES, LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND,

### ANOTHER NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

THE delicate Engraving which is furnished for this part of our work, is of Charles, late Duke of Richmond. His Grace has not, by any means, been so great a racer as the Duke of Grafton, whose portrait was given in our Magazine for June last; the Duke of Richmond has, nevertheless, an established character on the turf, and particularly for his creation and patronage of Goodwood Races.

We have waited, and have again been disappointed, of the Duke of Grafton's Sporting Memoirs; we shall likewise be compelled to wait for those of the Noble Duke now named. Should any of our correspondents be inclined to favour us with the sporting characters of one or both of these Noblemen, we shall be obliged; at the same time, we only wish to report them as sportsmen, without reference to family or pedigree, or to public, political, or private life.

## COCKING.

### PRESTON.

IN the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought (which consisted of 40 battles) between the

Earl of Derby, (Goodall, feeder) and Richard Leigh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, which was won by his Lordship as under:—

Lord Derby. M. B.	Mr. Leigh. M. B.
Monday, .... 6 3	..... 6 1
Tuesday, .... 4 0	..... 3 1
Wednesday, ... 8 0	..... 6 1
Thursday, .... 2 1	..... 4 2
20 4	19 5

There was a drawn battle on Thursday.

## CARDIFF.

During the race week, at Cardiff, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Cardiff, (Miles, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Cowbridge, (Morgan, feeder) consisting of 16 main, and 9 byes. The following is a statement:—

Morgan. M. B.	Miles. M. B.
Wednesday, ... 1 2	..... 2 1
Thursday, ... 2 2	..... 1 1
Friday, .... 3 0	..... 0 2
Saturday, ... 7 1	..... 0 0
13 5	8 4

Current betting 6 to 4, 7 to 3, and 21 to 14, on the Cowbridge cocks.

There is to be fought next year a main of 40 cocks, 9 byes 1 guinea each, 31 main 2 guineas, and 10 guineas the odd battle, between the same parties. Confined to Welsh feeders.

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

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## EGHAM RACES.

**T**HESE Races commenced on Tuesday, the 25th instant, at Runny Mead. They, with others, will be arranged in due order, and given in our Racing Calendar for next month.

The Gold Cup of 100gs. value, and 80gs. in specie, after the second horse has received back his stake, a subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages, was won by Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort, beating Mr. Durand's Master Jackey and three others. Six were drawn.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate of 50l. free for all ages, was won by Mr. Henry's Gnat-O!

beating Mr. Ladbroke's Sir Peregrine.

*Wednesday.* — The Magna-Charta Stakes, of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds, the New Mile, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Corsican.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for all ages, two-mile heat, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Corsican.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three and four year olds, the best of three two-mile heats; — not run, for want of a third horse, as only Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort, and Mr. Durand's ch. c. Master Jackey, were entered.

*Thursday.* — For the second year of a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for four-year olds, to carry 7st. 11lb. one three-mile heat, Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft. for two-yr olds, the last half of the new mile, was won by Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Gohanna, beating four others.

The Town Plate of 50l. free for all ages, was won by Mr. Forth's Pelisse, beating two others.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Mr. Fermor's Hawk, beating three others.

Tuesday and Thursday the Queen and Princesses were present, and several of the Royal Dukes.

## CALEDONIAN HUNT.

**T**HE Caledonian Hunt Meeting commences at Ayr, on Monday, October 19, and the four following days, when the under-mentioned Plates will be run for: —

*Monday*, the King's Plate, for horses, &c. 12st. four-mile heats.

*Tues-*

*Tuesday*, 50gs. for four-year olds and upwards, four-mile heats.

*Wednesday*, 50gs.; conditions the same as on Tuesday.

*Thursday*, 50gs. for Scots Hunters, 12st. four-mile heats.

And on *Friday*, 100gs. for three-year olds and upwards.

William Macdowall, Esq. of Garthland, Preses; Sir William Erskine, Bart. Treasurer; Sir J. H. Maxwell, Bart. John A. Thompson, Esq. and Robert Dundas M'Queen, Esq. Counsellors; — William and Henry Hagart, Secretaries.

son *assaulted*, for "though she did not want to have no call to Mrs. Gibson, she cocked her hands a-kimbo, and told her that *she* was no *coiner* nor *smasher*, nor had a brother transported for thieving, nor a sister in Newgate for shop-lifting." It was true, that some of her family were so unfortunate, but she did not want to have them run down at such a rate.

The Magistrate, unable to allay the storm of eloquent recrimination, ordered Mrs. Crawford to make compensation, which she did in the important sum of *three shillings*.

#### PUGILISTIC RENCONTRE BETWEEN TWO OF THE FAIR SEX.

A Few weeks since, at one of the Police Offices, a lady named Gibson, one of the *sphinxes* of Fleet-market, charged another nymph of the same order, named Crawford, who trundles an oyster-gig upon Holborn Hill, with having *murdered* her. In this, as in most similar cases, there were seven or eight witnesses adduced by the parties, all of whom, for the greater dispatch and clearness in the affair, spoke together. Mrs. Gibson, in proof of the *murder*, exhibited a jet-black eye and a head miserably cut, which, she contended, were the effects of the dexterous fists of Mrs. Crawford; and, at the same time, drew forth from her bosom a *tress of red hair*, cruelly torn from her *classic ringlet* by the assailant. Her mother, who interfered to cover her daughter's retreat, also exhibited many *striking* tokens of Mrs. Crawford's pugilistic powers.

Mrs. Crawford, in her defence, pleaded that she was the first per-

#### A METHOD

##### TO PREVENT HARES AND RABBITS FROM

##### BARKING YOUNG PLANTATIONS.

HARES, rabbits, and rats, have a natural antipathy to tar; but tar, though fluid, contracts, when exposed to the sun and air for a time, a great dryness, and a very binding quality, and if applied to trees in a natural state, will occasion them to be bark-bound. To remove this difficulty, tar is of so strong a savour, that a small quantity, mixed with other things, in their nature open and loose, will give the whole mixture such a degree of its own taste and smell, as will prevent hares, &c. touching what it is applied to.—Take any quantity of tar, and six or seven times as much grease, stirring and mixing them well together. With this composition, brush the stems of young trees as high as hares, &c. can reach, and it will effectually prevent their being barked. Even if a plantation of ash, of which they are very fond, were made in a rabbit

rabbit warren, this mixture would certainly preserve it.

These animals do great mischief among flowering shrubs; and are particularly fond of Spanish broom, scorpion, fenna, and evergreen cypress. These shrubs have been known to have been eaten down to a stump; but as the mixture cannot be conveniently applied to them, their branches may be inclosed with new tar-twine, by putting it several times round the shrub, which has had the desired effect. But as the tar-twine, by being exposed to the air and rain, will lose its smell, it must be renewed as occasion requires. Let it be observed, however, that the mixture is always to be preferred, where it can be used.

#### SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

**WE** have reason to believe, that a celebrated political writer, Mr. Cobbett, is an amateur in the manly exercise of Single-stick Playing, and an encourager of the sport. Being told that Mr. C. has a residence at Botley, in Hampshire, and the following advertisement appearing in the Salisbury Journal of the 24th instant, confirms us in this opinion.—The language of the advertisement, it is to be noticed, is not that of an illiterate person.

“*Single-stick Playing, at Botley, near Southampton.*—On Monday the 14th of September, will be played in the village of Botley, a grand Match at Single-stick, for a Prize of Thirty Guineas and a Gold-laced Hat.

“It being the desire of the Gentlemen, who give these Prizes, to encourage, to reward, and to honour bravery and hardihood, from whatever part of the kingdom they

may come, they hope to see many players from a distance; and every player who may come from any other county than Hampshire (if he play and win not the Prize, and do not give in) will be allowed half a guinea to bear his expences home again.

“The regulations for conducting the Match will be given out upon the spot; and great care will be taken to observe the same impartiality which was so strictly observed during the admirable match played at Botley last Michaelmas.

“The playing will begin precisely at ten o'clock in the morning, and the whole will be ended on the same day.

“For any further information that may be required, application may be made, either in person or by letter, to Mr. Richard Smith, of Botley. Gentlemen coming from a distance will find excellent accommodations of every kind, at and in the neighbourhood of Botley, which is situated at only about five miles from Southampton, and at less than four miles from Bishop's Waltham; the distance from London, through Fareham, Alton, and Bishop's Waltham, is 68 miles.

“N. B. The playing will begin precisely at the hour above-mentioned, and gentlemen who come from a distance will do well to be early in providing places for their horses and carriages.—*Botley, Aug. 18, 1807.*”

WM. PEARCE,  
THE HORSE STEALER.

**THIS** William Pearce, who had stolen a number of horses from Oxford, Cirencester, Hinckley, Leicester, and various other parts of the country, was apprehended with some



some difficulty by Adkins the officer, on Monday the 8th of June, in Hackney-fields. Adkins had been in pursuit of him for three weeks previous, and in the course of that time he traced out his residence to be in Hackney-fields. On Monday morning early he went and watched his house, and saw a horse saddled waiting near the door, and in a short time Pearce came out, mounted the horse, and observing Adkins approaching him, made off with great speed, when hesitating which road to take, Adkins gained ground, came up to him, and seized hold of his bridle; Pearce struck at him with a large stick; Adkins then threatened to shoot him if he made any resistance, and pulled him off his horse. Being asked by the officer, what he had done with the black poney belonging to Mr. Baxter, of Leicester? he said, he had put it out to grass in a field in Hackney-marsh. The officer and his assistant, with their prisoner, all went together to the marsh, where Pearce caught the poney. It had been hired for two days of Mr. Baxter, in Leicester, but never returned, and which constituted the capital offence of stealing. For this felony Pearce was taken to Bow-street, and committed for trial; he was arraigned, tried, and condemned in the July session, and was executed with two other culprits before the debtors' door at Newgate, on Wednesday the 19th of August; he appeared very weak, and fainted away before the platform had dropped.

Since the execution of Pearce, a Mr. Williams applied to the Lord Mayor for a summons to compel Mr. Morris, a horse-dealer, in Bishopsgate-street, to appear at the Mansion-House. On the attendance of Mr. Morris, Mr. Williams

stated, that he had had a brown mare stolen from him some time ago, and could hear nothing of her, until William Pearce, the late convict, previous to his execution for horse-stealing, sent for Mr. Williams, and told him it was he who stole his mare, and also named the person to whom he sold it. Mr. W. traced his mare from this person through two or three different hands, into those of Mr. Morris. —Mr. Morris, on his part, said he dealt largely in horses, and that he could not tell whom he sold horses to, except when he sold them on credit. The magistrate discharged the summons.

---

### THE GUILDFORD TAILOR.

THERE was much talk some years ago of the feats of the Brighton Tailor, and we have now to recount the exploit of a Guildford Tailor, as it came out upon a late trial at the Surrey assizes. We, however, must premise, that the report is not given to furnish the Tailor with any popularity, but to shew the *singularity* of the case, and which can by no means serve as an excuse for the infamous conduct of the fellow who occasioned it.

---

### SURREY ASSIZES.

*Croydon, Friday, August 14.*

W. Wilson was indicted for ravishing, and carnally knowing Elizabeth Palmer, at Guildford, against her will.

The prisoner is a tailor at Guildford, and was very little known to Mrs. Palmer, she having never seen him above three or four times when he came to her husband's, the Greyhound

Greyhound public-house, at Guildford. On the 9th of June, there had been a cricket match at Guildford, which was attended by the prisoner and others. About seven o'clock, several people went to the Greyhound, and remained drinking all the evening, amongst whom was the prisoner. About eleven o'clock Mrs. P. went to bed, and her husband sat up to attend the guests. The maid also went to bed. The prisoner was drinking in the back parlour, which is detached from the house. About one o'clock, he quitted the room, and passed out of the yard into Mrs. Palmer's room. She was asleep, but was soon awakened by finding a man in bed with her, and very familiar. Supposing it was her husband, she was passive, but perceiving he had his clothes on, she said, "Palmer, what do you do with your clothes on?" he made no reply, but, after a short time, she said, "Are you drunk? If you are, and can't pull your clothes off, I will get up and do it for you." He got out of bed, and got behind the curtain, and she said, "Palmer, surely you are not going down any where!" He then feigned the voice of Palmer, and said that he must go down stairs, and see if any thing was wanted, for all the guests were not gone. She immediately discovered the trick, and jumped out of bed, and by the light of the window, she saw it was the prisoner. She exclaimed, "You blackguard, you are not my husband." She seized hold of him, and cried—"Murder—help—Murder!"—three times. The prisoner dragged her across the room, and ran down stairs, and she followed him, and was met by her husband, who came out of one door as the prisoner ran out of the

other. He followed him, but the prisoner turned the corner, and the husband went to his lodging, where he was taken. When accused of the fact, he at first denied it, but afterwards said he would make him any recompence, and quit the town. Palmer replied, that neither he nor any man in England could recompence him.

Upon cross-examination, the prosecutrix admitted, that when she first awoke, she believed it to be her husband, and acted accordingly, and that she did not discover the prisoner till after his purpose was effected.

Sir J. Mansfield said, that it was necessary to constitute a rape, that it should be against the will of the female. Here, she had consented, believing it to be her husband.

The prisoner was therefore acquitted.

He was afterwards tried for an assault with intention to commit a rape, and for a common assault.

Sir J. Mansfield held, that as the offence, when actually committed, was not a rape, and as it was very unlikely the prisoner should choose such a time and place to commit a rape, he must be acquitted of the former part of the charge. His intent was to lie with the woman by stratagem and fraud, which was a very wicked act, and there was an assault upon her person.

The prisoner was afterwards indicted and found guilty of an assault, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

A similar circumstance actually occurred several years ago at a public-house at Hoxton, when, though the plaintiff obtained all the redress the law could afford him, he became so far the butt of wanton sport and ridicule, that he was compelled to leave the house.

## CRIM. CON. TRIALS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 9.

Sir George Brograve v. Captain Elwin.

**T**HE plaintiff is Lieutenant-Colonel in the Norfolk Militia: the defendant was lately a Captain in the same regiment. This was an action for Criminal Conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

The Attorney General said, that the plaintiff was formerly in the profession of the law; but being possessed of a large fortune, he had retired from the public duties of such a situation, and resided principally, prior to his entrance into the Militia, at his seat in Norfolk. On the occasion of the regiment to which he belonged being called out in 1803, he accompanied it to Coxheath, Hastings, Colchester, and the several places where it was either encamped or in barracks. It was at Colchester that suspicions arose in the mind of the plaintiff: his lady having one day suddenly disappeared from the mess, a search was made for her, and she was discovered in the chamber of the defendant. Nothing, however, at that time, fatal to the virtue and purity of this lady, had probably occurred; but a disagreeable quarrel arose in consequence of this singular act of indiscretion, which was followed by a reconciliation, and to tranquillise the mind of the lady, it was proposed that she should take a journey into Yorkshire, to visit her sister, Mrs. Store. She did so, and it was expected that the society of an amiable and accomplished woman, and her removal from the immediate scene of dissipation and misconduct, would have an effect favourable to her morals and connubial happiness. It would

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scarcely be believed, that as soon as she departed, the defendant contrived to leave his regiment, regularly met her at Cambridge, Newmarket, Stamford, Newark, and other places, where she stopped in her journey; and it would be established, on the most unquestionable evidence, that he committed the crime of adultery on the occasion of these interviews.

The defendant had been received with great hospitality by the plaintiff, and that intimacy subsisted which is extremely common with brother Officers; not the slightest suspicion entered the mind of the plaintiff that the sacred rights of hospitality were to be violated, and that the honour of his wife was to be assailed and destroyed. The marriage of Sir George would also be proved, and the perfect state of matrimonial felicity he enjoyed until this scene of iniquity was exhibited. The plaintiff was about twenty-five years old, when he accompanied his brother, in an infirm state of health, to Bath.—While in the exercise of fraternal affection, he accidentally met with a gentleman of fortune and consequence, of the name of Whitfield, who had two daughters. With one of them, who was the unfortunate lady concerned in this cause, he became enamoured; and, with the consent of the father, he married her. It was impossible that the Jury could restore to the plaintiff his peace of mind; no damages they could assign could be an adequate compensation; but they would take care to guard public morals, by not suffering the adulterer to escape with impunity.

Mr. Peters, who lived within two miles of the seat of the plaintiff, said, that he had known the

F f

plaintiff

plaintiff and his wife since their marriage, and that the greatest apparent affection subsisted between them.

Mr. Cubit, a gentleman in the same neighbourhood, deposed to the like effect.

Anne Wyse said, she was lady's maid to Lady Brograve; that she lived with her from May, 1805, to October in the same year; and that she accompanied her in one of her journeys to Yorkshire. She said, the defendant used frequently to arrive at the inn they were to sleep at in a post-chaise before her Ladyship, when he bespoke beds for the lady and himself in adjoining rooms, and the witness was desired not to come to her mistress until she was either called or rung for. She particularly spoke to the means of intercourse in this way afforded at Cambridge, Stamford, and Newark. On her cross-examination she said, that Colonel Birch, Colonel Harwood, and Captain Bevan, were not admitted by the lady to the same intimacy as the defendant; and being asked to distinguish the peculiar civilities shewn to the defendant, the witness said, that he used to be permitted to assist her in mounting her horse, and he used to accompany her with a book to a marquee on the lawn, while Sir George was sitting in a boat, not in the water, but a sort of fancy structure on an adjacent eminence. In addition to this, whether walking or riding, attended or otherwise by her husband, the Captain was always of her party.

Mr. Hope, Paymaster of the regiment in which the parties served, proved the hand-writing of the defendant to certain letters addressed to the lady.

These letters being read, it appeared that they contained expres-

sions of the most animated and ardent affection. Life was of no value to the defendant, but as it would enable him to conduce to the happiness of his adorable Emma; and the letters likewise noticed the threatened action by the plaintiff, the best means to establish her innocence before the world, and to avert its consequences.

Further evidence was offered to prove the guilt of the defendant; but his Lordship and the Jury indicating that they were satisfied as to the act of adultery, the Attorney General closed the case on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, on behalf of the defendant, expressed great satisfaction that, in addressing the present Jury, he had to submit the cause of his client to men of the world, possessing considerable talents, and eminently gifted for the discharge of the duty they had undertaken. He upbraided the plaintiff for great indiscretion, in permitting his wife, after the discovery at Colchester Barracks, to leave that place on a journey to Yorkshire, attended only by a single maid-servant, not even accompanied by that domestic suite which was consistent with her state as a woman of fashion and consequence. If it were not perfectly convenient for the plaintiff to accompany her himself, had a confidential friend attended her, none of these meetings at Cambridge, Newmarket, Stamford, and Newark, could have taken place. The plaintiff was of a most respectable family; he was possessed of an ample fortune, and made a great figure in the county where he resided; he was surrounded by a numerous society of friends, and it was easy for him to procure some one of these to have protected the lady on such a distant excursion.

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Did not the Baronet suspect any thing, when his brother Officer was absent from the mess and from the parade? After the affair in the barracks, was it possible for his credulity to be any longer deceived? No one could doubt that the lady was herself the seducer. It was not the case of an old sinner surrounding a female with tricks and artifices to undermine the fortress of her honour. She met him at the first stage by her own appointment, and for every future interview he was indebted to her information. In England it was difficult to travel *incog.*; the servants of the itinerant party, and the domestics of the inns, were eternally quizzing those who paid and employed them; and it was not to be supposed that the intimacy of the lady and defendant could escape their inquisitive curiosity.

It was most singular in this cause, that the regimental acquaintance of the plaintiff, the Officers and their wives, who must be best acquainted with the habits of intercourse of Sir George and his wife, had none of them been called to depose to the ardour of their affections, and the purity and innocence of her deportment. Had they chosen to trust these witnesses in the box, in the course of the cross-examination some facts might have been disclosed, at least not directly indicative of his discretion, or of her simplicity.

The testimony respecting the marquee on the lawn, and the curious specimen of naval architecture on the summit of a hill, where no water could approach, reminded him of a Reverend Prelate (Dr. Horsley), who was most religiously attentive to his important duties in the House of Lords, on every occasion where an illicit intercourse

between the sexes was the subject of investigation. "My Lords," said he, on one occasion, "I desire to know if their green-houses are built in Ireland in the same manner in which they are constructed in this country?" "Yes, they are, my Lord," said the witness. "What," said his Lordship, "are they glazed on three of the sides?" "Yes," returned the witness. "I only wanted to know," resumed the Ecclesiastical Peer, "if they did these things in Ireland in a lanthorn." What furniture was there in this marquee? not a table nor a chair; the verdant bank, descending to the sea, was the natural sofa on which they reclined, and what more was necessary to fulfil the purposes of the amorous god? The defendant was there drinking deep of the draught of love; he was imbibing to excess and intoxication such libations, with the cognisance of the husband; and to a boy, educated in military habits, the consequence was inevitable. Who was the wife? Her father forced her to a marriage to which she was disinclined; and it was somewhat derogatory to a girl of spirit, that the proposal for the marriage was, in the first instance, made to the parent, as if her consent were the necessary result of his *fiat*. The Learned Counsel admitted that the verdict must go for the plaintiff; but he was confident that the Gentlemen of the Jury would comprise in their observation all the circumstances, and that this boy would not, by their verdict, be consigned to ruin.

Lord Ellenborough stated the general nature of the action, and said, that in the consideration of damages, the Gentlemen of the Jury would not fail to consider the evidence that applied to the negli-

gence of the plaintiff, as conducive to lessen the damages. With respect to the adultery itself there was no doubt; and if the crime were not satisfactorily established, no human evidence, in any case, could be successfully employed. His Lordship here entered very shortly into the particulars of the testimony, commencing with that of Mr. Peters, and terminating with that of the last witness whose evidence was of any importance in the cause. The misfortune, perhaps, had originated in the removal of the plaintiff from domestic habits, in Norfolk, to the dissipations of a military life. In the acquaintance of Colonels Birch and Harwood, and with Captain Bevan, there did not appear any thing tending to contaminate her conduct, or which a provident and judicious husband should not allow. It was very properly put to the consideration of the jury, whether the plaintiff himself were instrumental in the dishonour of his wife, as their view of this part of the subject would materially affect the quantum of damages. The defendant was represented to be a man of amiable manners, who was received in the family of the plaintiff with peculiar civility and confidence. He went on horseback with this young lady, and he was permitted to assist her to mount her horse. We must bring ourselves to manners familiar in countries where jealousy was particularly indulged, to suppose any indiscretion in a case of that kind, and to imagine, that if a lady permitted such a freedom, the favoured person was to have the door of the house shut upon him by the husband. Another consideration for the jury was, if there were any thing in the behaviour of the lady by which the

defendant was betrayed into the adultery of which he was accused. His Lordship concluded with observing, that perhaps he had very unnecessarily occupied the time of the jury, in observing on the facts of this case: he most confidently and satisfactorily resigned it to their decision, fully persuaded that they would exercise a sober judgment, and distribute justice between the parties.

The Jury, without retiring from the box, after a few minutes consideration, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 2000*l*.

#### SHERIFF'S COURT.

Campbell, Esq. v. Thos. Sheridan, Esq.

THE execution of the inquisition in this case came on before Mr. Burchall, Deputy Sheriff for the County of Middlesex. It was an action at the suit of P. Campbell, Esq. against T. Sheridan, Esq. for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Yates and Mr. C. Warren attended as Counsel for the plaintiff, and the case was stated by the latter gentleman, as follows:—Mr. Campbell was a gentleman of fortune, who married his lady in 1790, at Jamaica, (the plaintiff at that time being only twenty-two, and the lady scarcely sixteen years of age) and shortly after his marriage came to reside in this country, where they lived in a state of happiness, which was more like a "child of the imagination, than a real state of existence," till the year 1802, when the plaintiff, from family affairs, was obliged to go to the West Indies, leaving Mrs. Campbell in London, resident in Baker-street, Portman-square. While

While he was absent, Mrs. Campbell gave more into fashionable dissipation than she had done before the absence of her husband. In fact, Mr. Campbell returned from Jamaica, in 1803, and found his wife had in some measure altered her domestic habits, but being passionately devoted to her, he did not thwart her, but became her constant attendant at all her fashionable resorts. In the autumn of 1803 they went to Edinburgh, where the defendant was at the time as Aid-du-Camp to Lord Moira, who commanded in the North. From his rank in life, and insinuating manners, he was shortly admitted into the first circles, and was a welcome visitor to the house of Mr. Campbell. He then formed an intimacy with Mrs. Campbell, which ended in the destruction of her honour, and the ruin of her husband's peace. This took place in the month of February, 1804: but he should call a witness who would state, that it was not until April last that Mr. Campbell was acquainted with the fact. They returned to London after this period; but it was evident that the affections of Mrs. C. were wholly estranged from her husband. She was anxious to separate from him, and at last, in the year 1805, they separated, but without a deed. But even at that period so affectionately was Mr. Campbell attached to his wife, that he gave her half his income, and entreated his friends to continue their visits to her, hoping that when alone she would soon discover how infinitely preferable it was to live under a husband's protection, than in a state of unprotected solitude; but alas! all the hopes of re-union vanished when he discovered the extent of her guilt; and he had now only to de-

mand from the jury such recompence as they could give him, for complete recompence for his injured feelings he could never receive. The learned Counsel then called several witnesses, who proved the most exemplary good conduct on the part of the plaintiff towards his wife, down to the moment of their separation in 1805.—Mary Brotherton, housekeeper to Mr. Campbell, proved the adultery.

Mr. Curwood, as Counsel for the defendant, stated, that he was a young gentleman, much a favourite of Nature, but not so much a favourite of Fortune. The plaintiff was truly described as a gentleman of large fortune; that his client had no fortune at all; he was the son of a gentleman well known and much admired; from his father he inherited wit and fancy, and genius, and learning. But of that wealth which must go to pay the damages in this action, he had but a very slender portion. He contended, that it was clear the affections of the lady were estranged from her husband before she became acquainted with Mr. S.; that she had lost her domestic habits, and had plunged into the vortex of dissipation; and that the defendant, although he assuredly had been guilty to a certain extent, he had not been the absolute author of the husband's misery in the loss of the affections of his wife.—Verdict for plaintiff—Damages, *One Thousand Five Hundred Pounds!!!*

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#### KEEPING FEROCIOUS DOGS.

AT an adjourned Quarter Session, held in Horsemonger-lane, Alexander Fulton, of Blake-Hall Farm, in the parish of Clapham, Surrey,

Surrey, was indicted for having unlawfully kept two large dogs, of a fierce and ferocious nature, which dogs were unmuzzled, and at large on the King's highway; and that the said dogs did fiercely and furiously run at, and bite divers liege subjects of the King, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Lawes, for the prosecution, stated a variety of injuries done by these dogs to the human, as well as to the brute creation; and then called on the court and jury for an ample punishment on the defendant, for having knowingly, and in despite of all advice and admonition that had been given him, kept and protected such dangerous animals.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then called, who proved the various instances in which these dogs had shewn their vicious and destructive propensities. They would, in all probability, have killed two children, had they not been prevented by Mr. Esdaile's gardener. One of them attacked a man in the harvest field, tore him to the ground, and made several deep wounds in one of his arms. They attacked a lad going to the defendant's house on business, and tore his arm terribly. A little boy, who had been carrying his brother's dinner to the harvest field, in all probability would have been killed by one of the dogs, had he not been almost miraculously preserved by one of the labourers, who accidentally turning his eyes that way, and seeing his danger, flew to his assistance, where he did not arrive, however, although the distance was very short, until the dog had seized the child, torn him down, and fastened on his belly, in which he had made two or three wounds through two thick waistcoats and a

shirt. Mr. Reeves, the coach-master at Clapham, proved that the defendant was at the Cock public-house, at Clapham, with one of his dogs; and while there, the dog seized a little boy of his, about three years of age, and bit him in the cheek and jaw; and the child was produced in Court, with all the scars about him. Several witnesses proved the killing, maiming, &c. of cows and sheep by these dogs, and particularly of the latter, to a very great extent, defendant well knowing their vicious propensities.

Mr. Marryat, for the defendant, did as much for him as the cause would admit of. He called several witnesses to prove, that these dogs were neither fierce nor furious.

Mr. Lawes, in reply, pressed the jury to consider the importance of the subject before them. It was the cause of the insulted and injured poor, who, in most of the instances, had been the sufferers. It involved the security of person and property, and was of the highest importance to the community at large.

The jury found the defendant guilty, to the very great satisfaction of a crowded Court, who had assembled on the occasion.

The Court subsequently adjudged that Mr. Fulton should pay 40l. to the use of Mr. Forster, who, from public motives, brought forward the prosecution, enter into sufficient sureties for his future good behaviour, and then pay a fine of One Shilling.

The 40l. we presume is to enable Mr. Forster to pay the expence of the prosecution, and make satisfaction to the poor persons injured by the dogs.



BREACH OF THE GAME  
LAWS.*A Cause tried at the Maidstone  
Assizes.*

Spiller v. Sherwood.

MR. Warren stated, that this was an action to recover a penalty of 5l. for a breach of the game laws, by using a gun for the destruction of game.

Mr. Serjeant Best said, the circumstances of the case would be very short. The defendant was a farmer, residing near Sittingbourne, in that county, but not qualified to kill game. On the 6th of September last, he should prove, by a most respectable witness, that the defendant was out with dogs and a gun, beating the cover for game, and when he had proved this fact, it would entitle him to the verdict of the jury.

The witness he called to prove the fact was the Baron Hompesch, who appeared with a most enormous pair of *mustachios*. He stated, that the defendant used the lands of a Mr. Chambers, who was now a prisoner at Verdun, and whose manor he, the Baron, rented. He saw Sherwood on the 6th of February last, in a small cover near Sittingbourne, with a gun on his shoulder, and a dog following; the dog was between a setter and a sheep-dog. He said to him, "Farmer Sherwood, you have been beating this cover;" he replied, "What if he had?" The Baron answered, "Who gave you leave?" He replied, "He had taken leave, and what was it to the Baron?" The latter answered, "That it would appear hereafter what he had to do with it."

Upon cross-examination, the Baron said he should know the dog

again if he saw it—it was something like a sheep-dog, but Farmer Sherwood told him it was one of the best dogs in the country for a hare, and he had been offered a great deal of money for it. He admitted, that formerly he and the defendant were upon good terms—that the defendant came to him, and drank some time with him, and they played sixpenny whist together, at the Baron's house, until one evening the defendant's wife came, and gave him a good trimming. She boxed her husband's ears, and made him immediately go home. A few days afterwards, the Baron admitted that he sent the defendant a small present, consisting of a little wine, to refresh his spirits after the beating his wife gave him, and a horse-whip, very neatly ornamented with ribands, which he recommended him to use as a good alternative medicine for his wife. He, however, denied that he had written any libel on the defendant, or had behaved with indecency to any lady, which was the subject of the present complaint.—But Mr. Garrow assured him he should hear of something of the kind before the Assizes were over. The dog was then produced in Court, which the Baron admitted to be his old acquaintance, as an evidence to prove that he was no lurcher.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, made a most animated address to the jury. He said the cause had been supported by two witnesses, the Baron and the dog, of which the last was certainly an *honest* witness; and with respect to the former, as he called himself, "His Excellency the Baron Hompesch," he supposed he had just and legal claim to the title; but he insisted that the jury ought not to convict the

the defendant on his evidence, because it was most clear that there were other motives in his mind than the mere desire of enforcing the law. He adverted with great force to the virtues which ought to adorn high rank and fortune, and dwelt with energy on the conduct of his Excellency the Baron, in sending a horse-whip to a man for the purpose of chastising his wife. If he had himself received a good drubbing with it from the strong arm of the Kentish farmer, he would have met his deserts. He then alluded to some matters which we did not distinctly understand, but which seemed to apply to some improper conduct in the Baron towards the defendant's wife. He said there was no evidence whatever that the defendant used his gun for the destruction of game. In these times, every man ought to have his gun; and as well might you convict a professed duellist of a design to commit a footpad robbery, because he had a brace of dragoon's hair-trigger pistols in his pocket. He admonished with severity on the conduct of the Baron in attempting to introduce discord into the family of the defendant, which he described as most harmonious before their acquaintance with the Baron.

Baron Hompesch betrayed considerable impatience during the speech, and as soon as it ended, he addressed the Court, observing, that he did not think it regular to interrupt Mr. Garrow, but now he begged leave to say, that he had been uttering most foul and malignant lies.

Mr. Garrow, in answer to this language, threw himself upon the Court.

Lord Chief Justice Mansfield—"Sir, that language must not be used in a Court of Justice."

His Lordship then summed up the evidence, and the jury found for the plaintiff in one penalty for 5l.

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## POACHING.

### *Norfolk Assizes.*

Lord Albemarle v. Brooke.

THIS was an action for the recovery of penalties under the game laws, to the amount of 700l. The defendant is a poulterer and wholesale dealer in game, at Thetford, represented to be connected with the poachers and game-keepers in his own neighbourhood, on the one hand, and with the poulterers in Leadenhall-market, on the other. The interception of his commerce had created as much alarm in Leadenhall-market, as the stagnation of the trade between this country and the North of Germany had occasioned amongst the merchants at the Royal Exchange. The defendant had the means, as a poulterer, of carrying on this trade to a great extent, and with much facility. On the 7th of December last, he brought to the waggon-office, at Thetford, three baskets, called flats, one of which weighed two cwt.: on the road this flat was removed to make room for more luggage; and on its removal, part of the game fell out of it, namely, four partridges, two pheasants, and two hares. The witness on the part of the plaintiff, to prove this fact, and the delivery of the flat into the waggon by the defendant personally, was the wagoner. An attempt was made to discredit his testimony, but it did not succeed.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that having game, in one's possession, not being qualified, was sufficient

icient evidence of an exposure to sale, to bring the party within the penalties of the Act.—Verdict for plaintiff, damages 40*l.*, being 5*l.* for each head of game which had fallen out of the basket.

clusive, as the game played in the Court of Chancery, as far as Counsel were concerned, was for *guineas*. He should therefore allow the demurrer.

## GAMBLING TRANSACTION.

*Court of Chancery, Saturday,  
July 25.*

Nelthorpe v. Law.

**THIS** came before the Chancellor on a demurrer to a bill filed for a discovery.—It appeared that Mrs. Law, executrix of George Law, late proprietor of the Smyrna Coffee-house, St. James's-street, found amongst her husband's papers several notes and memorandums of money advanced to the plaintiff, which she put in suit; but the plaintiff alledging they were advances for gambling purposes and transactions, filed his bill for a discovery, and called upon Mrs. Law to say whether her husband did not keep a common gambling house? To this she demurred, observing, that such a disclosure, if she could in truth make it, would subject her to certain penalties. This day the demurrer came on to be argued, and Mr. Agar contended, that it did not necessarily follow that she would be subject to penalties, because gambling was carried on in her house; for instance, chess, billiards, and *rogue et noir*, were not penal games, within the statute. It was clear that the notes were given for gambling transactions—they were for 100 *guineas*, 200 *guineas*, and so on, disdaining the vulgar enumeration of *pounds*.

Lord Eldon observed, that that fact could not be considered con-

## CHESS.

**THE** Chess-parties at the Hon. Francis H. Egerton's, which so much interested the amateurs of that game at Paris, were, in their manner, entirely new, inasmuch as they were played by two separate Committees, consisting each of several persons, and not by single persons only, sitting over the same board opposite to each other.

Hence, each Committee had an opportunity of conferring, privately and in secret, amongst its several members, of reasoning upon the moves, and of talking over and combining the whole plan, arrangement, and system of their game, without the intervention or privy of the adverse Committee.

The manner was as follows: there were two Committees: one consisted of Monsieur Guillaume Le Préton, and six or seven other gentlemen: the other, of Mons. Carlier, and six or seven other gentlemen, all first-rate players.

Each Committee had a separate room, a long way apart from each other; and a chess-board was placed before each Committee, with the several pieces, white and black on either side, regularly arranged on the board.

In a middle room, between each committee-room, was placed a separate chess-board with all its pieces, white and black, regularly arranged; and this intermediate chess-board was common to both in relation to the game, being the very

G g board

board at which the game really was played, and upon which it really was decided: but no members of either Committee were permitted to go into the common room B, or into the room appropriated to each other, during the continuance of the games.

As soon as Committee A, had decided upon its move, and had made it on its own board A, Monsieur Calma and another gentleman with him, went into the middle room B, to the common chess-board B, made the move upon the common board B, and so, going through that room, went into the farthest room C, to Committee C, announced the move of Committee A, to Committee C, in room C, and saw it regularly made on board C, waited to know the move of Committee C, saw that also made on board C, returned and made the move of Committee C, in room B, upon chess-board B, and, going through that middle room B, announced the move of Committee C, to Committee A, sitting in room A, and made the move determined upon by Committee C, and already made on board C, in committee-room A, on board A.

These two gentlemen followed this manner through all the moves of all the several games.

In middle room B, at board B, sat the gentleman who is editor of the "*Stratagèmes d'Echecs*," with another gentleman amateur; and these wrote down and registered each move as it was made through each game, as well as through all the several games.

There were usually played three games each night: and the Hon. Mr. Egerton gave, at his own house, ten or twelve parties, during his continuance at Paris.

The games varied usually from

about thirty-six to fifty-two moves upon either side. They are left in MS. with Monsieur Calma and the editor of the "*Stratagèmes d'Echecs*," and will probably be printed, with some curious conclusions of games, as a supplement to another volume of the "*Stratagèmes d'Echecs*."

## MISERIES

IN

### SPORTING AND GAMING.

THE diversion of hunting in the vicinity of the sea—with the constant chance of taking one flying leap which you have never yet tried, and which you would certainly never have an opportunity of trying again; I mean—over the cliff.

Riding a hunter of a very animated character down to the beach, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the sea—an introduction, however, which he plainly intimates, with his eyes, ears, and nostrils, that he could readily have dispensed with; till disliking his rider at last, much as at first he disliked the water, he insists upon your dismounting abruptly—shewing you, nevertheless, so much charity, as to break your fall by depositing you on a rolling wave.

Fishing a few miles out at sea, in what is called a mackerel gale.

In the absolute famine of all mental entertainment, which distinguishes the watering-places—standing by to see two asses, and the backs of two others, trying which of the two latter can be thumped over most inches of ground at a heat:—or another party of the same kind, running (or rather shuffling) races in a sack for

a sur-

a surtout—others again (and these of the higher order of two-legged donkies) outvying in dispensing with one leg in leaping, with other such distorted feats of dexterity.

At the card-table in a hum-drum house, at which you are sometimes condemned to murder an evening—playing for nothing, or almost nothing, when accustomed to the animation of risking half your fortune. Also, before or after the yawning rubber is over, digging for conversation without a single topic in common with your sober hostess.

At Brookes's, in rising from the table after a whole night passed in losing one deep stake after another—the Sardonian grin which you feel to have substituted itself for the easy smile you intended.

In playing at whist in a house where the laws of the rubber are promptly executed upon offenders in all their severity—perceiving that every part of your play (which you know to be vile) is undergoing the severest scrutiny by two or three sages of the game, who are betting deeply behind your chair; your attention to your cards being not much improved by the polite murmurs around you.

To be summoned by an inveterate whist-player, which you cannot refuse, to sit down with him to a rubber—with two dumb-ies!

In playing for the odd trick (at nine all), your thirteenth sure card made double sure by the last trump of your cautious, careless, or stupid partner.

A winning adversary, who suffers his exultation to peep through his politeness.

Cricket by two; so that when in, you have to run a quarter of a mile behind the wicket after every ball you miss—your antagonist de-

livering it with the force of a cannon.

When up to the ears in a game at cricket, being asked by a fifth rate, just to come and fag behind for five minutes, till somebody arrives who is to take your place—this indefinite “somebody,” however, never coming at all; so that you are obliged to slave out the whole “after twelve.”

When playing at foot-ball on a very wet day, and, in consequence, pasted with mire from head to foot—to be suddenly called off by a party of ladies, who hurry you away without even allowing you a moment to wash your hands, still less to change your stockings; and oblige you, in this condition, to parade about with them the rest of the morning.

At the above—putting all your force into a *missing* kick, so that you are both lamed and shamed.—Item, a flabby foot-ball—item, a new “shinner” on an old sore.

For want of better employment playing at *Solitary*—the peculiar attraction of which lively game seems to be, that, after the most unbounded success, you are left without either the profit of winning, or the triumph of conquering.

## BOXING.

**BYE BATTLES AT MOULSEY  
HURST, &c.**

**A**FTER the termination of the battle between Belcher and Dutch Sam, (see page 193 of our last Magazine) the following succeeded:—

**CROPLEY AND HAZEL.**

A second battle took place between Cropley and Hazel, for a

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page

purse of thirty guineas, in which Cropley displayed a great deal of science, and beat his antagonist with the greatest ease. Hazel shewed a great deal of blood, but was quite ignorant of the art. They fought fifteen rounds—Cropley was the favourite the whole time.

#### GROOME AND DICKSON.

A third battle was fought by T. Groome and Dickson, two young men, for a purse of twenty guineas. They were both game.—Dickson beat his antagonist.

The sport of the day concluded with a bull-bait, which caused a great deal of amusement, the animal having broken loose and entangled his horns amongst the one-horse chaises which surrounded him; he also threw two men, but they received no injury by the fall. During the bustle, the light-fingered gentry were not inactive; one gentleman having lost fifty pounds out of his pocket, and another two guineas and a half. The perpetrator of the latter offence was detected in the act, and summary justice was inflicted upon him by the mob, who forsook the bull to give him a complete ducking in the river.

On the Wednesday morning following, Harry Lee, the bruiser, was roughly handled by a sturdy porter, in the employ of Mr. Gurney, in Covent-Garden Market.—After a conflict of twenty minutes on the stones with the porter, Lee set off with a pair of black eyes; he, however, had not fair play on the occasion by the porters in the market, and he found it prudent to make off with the injury he had sustained.

Dutch Sam was not declared the

victor in his contest with Belcher (as stated in our account of the battle.) Respecting the foul blow supposed to have been given by Dutch Sam, a correspondent observes, "Several of the first-rate men of the profession being of opinion, that this second blow was foul, the Court took time to deliberate, and judgment was deferred. The judges, however, Captain Barclay and the Honourable Berkeley Craven, having differed in opinion, the case was referred to Lord Say and Sele, but his Lordship having declined, Lord A. Hamilton has undertaken the bold task of deciding the question. Of course judgment stands over; and from the great difficulty and importance of the case, some days may elapse before his Lordship can have made up his mind. In the several discussions and arguments which have taken place upon the subject, Slack's and Broughton's Reports, and several other first-rate authorities, have been quoted: but a modern case; viz. *Mendoza v. Humphries*, is said to be the only one at all in point, and in that a new trial was granted. Should Lord A. Hamilton found his opinion upon this case, and award a new trial, the decision, it is feared, will prove a *knock-down blow* to the practice of prize-fighting altogether. It is the opinion of the principal amateurs and match-makers of the day, that if an *accidental tip* from the winning man, in the impetuosity of the moment, is to be considered, by the laws of boxing, a *foul blow*, there is hardly a contest in which the losing man may not have an opportunity to put himself in the way of receiving one."

Another account says, "The gentlemen who backed Belcher, have had *condescension* enough to offer

offer Sam his part of the stakes, and make it a drawn battle; but this has been refused. Belcher, as much as he was enabled, was acting on the offensive while on his knees; and it is agreed generally that the blows struck by Sam could not have been avoided. In several battles of late, men have been allowed to strike others on *their knees*, without that blow having been declared foul, and particularly in the contest between the Chicken and Gully, in Sussex, when the latter received a most desperate blow while on his knees. The very battle which followed that between Sam and Belcher, afforded another instance of hitting on the knees. The party which betted heavily on Belcher are the *cognoscenti* of the Metropolis, and these are the persons who wrangle for their stake-money; but there seems to be but one opinion with the public at large, that Sam has been completely duped. Prize-fighting will of course fall to the ground, because without betting it would be useless, and whatever an honourable man bets, he is sure of not winning.—So much for the *honour of the amateurs of the fist!*"

However, as the best mode of settling the business, it is ultimately understood that the parties are to fight again.

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#### OLD FASHIONED PREJUDICES, CITY FEASTS, &c.

IN my last, I think I introduced my son Tim to the honour of your acquaintance; whom I left entertaining the ladies at tea, upon my departure for our club at Lloyd's; in the morning at breakfast, my venerable friend, adverting to the

discourse we had upon the subject of the facetious Merryman's nephew haying, with an air (which the good lady in the warmth of her zeal for the dignity, propriety, and decorum, of past times over the present, called coxcomical) twitched out a letter with his handkerchief,—Well, son—said she, with an air in which pity and triumph seemed to divide the field, I hope you will at last be convinced that the *Women*—for she objects to the politeness of the present day, of giving the title of *Lady* indiscriminately to all, from the Duchess down to the Sempstress—are verging more and more daily from that modesty of dress and behaviour, which were so becoming in the sex when I was a girl.—Tim has been just making me smile at an accident that lately happened to a lady of the ton (I think he calls it), at Windsor—though, indeed, it seems she was only a mantua-maker, who, going to visit and be reconciled to an aunt who was at the point of death, and with whom she had long been at variance, on entering the room (which was up two pair of stairs backwards), and just as she had taken out her white handkerchief and raised it to her face, could not proceed a step further, her train being so long that it reached to the street-door; in the act of shutting which the extremity was confined with it, and the poor aunt, deceived by the suddenness of the stop, which she naturally attributed to the being overcome with affliction at the sight of her own situation, was so moved with the appearance of love and affection in her niece, that she immediately sent for her lawyer, altered her will (in which she had cut her off with a shilling), and left her all she died worth.—Tho-

I found

I found Tim had been playing off what school-boys call a hoax, I did not dare tell the worthy soul—who is goodness and innocence personified—my opinion—for her purity of manners is so scrupulously strict, that she scarcely can find in her heart to admit a palliation for what is called a *white lie*; she observed that the affectation of women in appearing greater than they are, makes the world run into the most ridiculous extremes; and those fashions that are only calculated for the drawing-room—not such drawing-rooms, she observed, as Mrs. Dripping's, or Mrs. Deputy Mite's—descended, she might almost literally say, into the kitchen.—Long trains, in private life, were as truly absurd and preposterous, as it would have been for a woman to affect the lady, and, in her days, come swimming into a room of twelve feet by twelve with one of the graceful hoops the ladies then went to Court in, and which were so large, that when the lady was seated in her sedan, the hoop expanded so wide as to cover both the sides and front of the chair, and the only thing visible was her face, just like the lady in the lobster. There was a general complaint that the men grew daily more and more averse to matrimony, and preferred keeping mistresses to living in lawful wedlock—sorry she was to see such a dereliction from all laws divine and human; and that the sex were so totally lost to all dignity, as to be content to live with men upon dishonourable terms—though grieved, she was not surprised at it, for when young women appeared so little to understand their proper rank in life while single, what hope or expectation could a man form to himself of such a one's demeaning herself

with propriety—what prospect did she give of happiness in that state, where man and wife ought to be animated with one soul?

There was so much sense in the dear old creature's observations, that I had not a word to say in defence of the modern fashions, but contented myself with a shrug of my shoulders, and held my tongue. I have since asked Tim, and find it was, as I thought, a piece of humour he played off on his grandmother, or rather the history of the black crows. It did, it seems, happen to a lady stepping out of her carriage, who, forgetting to take up her train, and the footman seeing her just entering the street door, clapped the door of the carriage to too hastily, by which means (the coachman going on) she was thrown down, and dragged a few paces before John could extricate her—but then the distance between the door of the carriage and that of the house was not much above three yards. Tim says, the wits of Windsor made a song upon it: he had not as yet got a copy of it, but he had heard that every verse ended in *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.—After so many moralists have written so copiously for the advantage of the fair—alas! Sirs, I am afraid that what I, or my worthy relative, can say, will be of no avail; my advice would be comprised in few words—"Let your actions, my fair countrywomen, be guided by the rule of reason."—

"Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy  
bred,  
Would I much rather than Cornelia  
wed,  
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and  
vain,  
She brought her sex's foibles in her train."  
DRYD. JUV.

Madame Dacier, in her notes  
upon



upon Homer, where the prizes are distributing in the funereal games on the death of Patroclus, is very angry with the poet for the affront he puts upon her sex, by setting thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female slave. The good Bishop Eustathius sarcastically remarks, that these tripods were entirely useless, and only for show, consequently, he observes, they ought to be considered of *equal* value. But this was in Greece, and many thousand years ago! the world having had so much time to mend, it may be hoped the females of the present day may set the Bishop's censure at defiance.

But let us not confine our remarks to the foibles and inconsistencies of the other sex, but examine whether we have not a few of our own to answer for; if we have, let us fairly acknowledge that we can claim less excuse.

Many years back, when I was courting Miss *Mary* Molasses—for the good old lady would neither herself, nor suffer any of her relations, on pain of her displeasure, to introduce any heathenish or popish names, as she called them, into her family—the dear soul always considered and confused Roman and Popish as synonymous terms; such names as *Wilhelmina*, *Georgiana*, *Frederica*—the alderman took me with him to a city feast at Grocers'-hall; and to be sure there was the most elegant profusion of all sorts of dainties, an excellent band playing in the gallery during dinner, Pyrmont water to whet the appetite, and rose water to wash the hands; a most brilliant dessert, consisting of every delicacy that the fruiterer, confectioner, and pastry-cook, could supply, accompanied with the richest wines. My friend observed to me, that if I in-

tended to eat any confectionary, I should mind and secure some in time, for that upon removal of the second course I should see all hands scrambling for what they could get; unfortunately for me I sat opposite to a very fat gentleman, dressed in a pompadour coat with gold twist buttons, a scarlet waistcoat with a broad gold lace, a napkin clasped into a kind of a steel forceps in one of the upper button-holes of his coat (which convenience I have since learnt they call an Alderman) and a white handkerchief tucked into the bosom of his waistcoat, which was unbuttoned as low as the navel, with which he frequently wiped his face, for it was warm weather, as well as the work he was engaged in—I have since understood this was Mr. Deputy Guzzle, of Port-Soken Ward. Being a little behind hand, Mr. Deputy still had the instruments in his hand when the second course was removed; in a moment the table was stripped of the whole of the dessert, and Mr. Deputy stretching out both arms, armed as above, I, who am of a timorous nature, would rather baulk my desire than run the risk of being wounded.

At night, too, I was equally unfortunate. A table was laid out with cold ham, fowls, &c. for about sixty, in a room behind the hall; for many of the company dropped off from one cause or another, and Alderman Molasses whispered me, that if I intended to eat any thing, I should attend to the ringing of the second bell, and secure a chair; I, who at that time was as nimble as most men, took the hint, and upon the signal being given, succeeded in getting a chair; but, inclining myself a little forward to hear what Mr. Apozem, who was opposite to me, said, a thin weazle-faced

faced man (Mr. Twist, of Thread-  
 needle-street) in an instant whips  
 behind me, so that when I sat  
 down I found the chair pre-occu-  
 pied, and though I felt myself the  
 injured person, for the sake of  
 peace and quietness I resigned—  
 begging him a thousand pardons.—  
 The motto of that company is—  
*God give us Grace*, and the cook  
 is the noted Mr. *Angel*, of the  
 Poultry. While I was musing upon  
 the humours of the day, waiting at  
 night for the wing of a fowl that  
 I—did not get, I took out my pen-  
 cil, and scribbled the following ex-  
 tempore:—

Most holy, sure, must be that place,  
 With piety replete,  
 Where God himself's invoc'd for grace,  
 And ANGELS serve the treat;

But when we see the jellies fly,  
 So eager ev'ry guest,  
 Sure God must then his grace deny,  
 And Angels quit the feast.

This little epigram I pinned to  
 the wall upon my departure, and it  
 has had so good an effect, that now  
 instead of the dessert's being dis-  
 played on the table, a certain  
 quantity of sweetmeats is put up in  
 sheets of gilt paper, and an attend-  
 ant, after dinner, hands one to eve-  
 ry person, which he puts in his  
 pocket.

I forgot to mention, that at din-  
 ner my neighbour, Mr. Freehold,  
 having secured a glass of carra-  
 ways, which he was putting into  
 a paper to take home to his little  
 boy, a child of three years old, a  
 certain person, who now figures  
 high in the law, observing it, and  
 not being used to the prevailing  
 customs, handed him a glass of  
 jelly, asking him if he would not  
 put that in his pocket too?

Next week, my son Tim returns  
 to his studies at Eton; he is to be

admitted into the class of poetry,  
 and has promised very soon to send  
 me his first essay in that art; which,  
 gentlemen, with your permission,  
 I shall submit to your criticism—  
 though, indeed, his grandmother  
 calls it an idle and useless thing, and  
 only fit to fill the boy's head with  
 love, and such nonsense.

I remain, assuredly, gentlemen,  
 your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.

Throgmorton-street, Jan. 27, 1807.

## METHODISTICAL DIVER- TISSEMENTS.

Concluded from page 174.

PIOUS SMOAKERS—LIBERALITY OF  
 THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—  
 QUAIN SERMONS, LONG HYMNS,  
 LONG PRAYERS, &c.

MR. Nightingale relates the fol-  
 lowing, as a species of relig-  
 ious hunting:—

"I have already given you some  
 account of the qualifications of a  
 prayer-leader, or exhorter. These  
 are men of very considerable ser-  
 vice in the cause of Methodism.  
 They are the hewers of wood and  
 the drawers of water in the church;  
 men who labour incessantly for the  
 conversion of souls. They employ  
 themselves with unwearied industry  
 to gather people to the meeting. I  
 have often known these men to go  
 out in small parties, seeking oppor-  
 tunities of prayer and exhortation  
 among their country neighbours.  
 When one of these theological  
 hunts takes place (and they used to  
 be pretty frequent in some parts of  
 the north of England,) one of the  
 party must be a smoker of tobacco;  
 (for the rule against smocking and sauff-

snuff-taking is not often kept.) It is this person's business, whenever he comes to a place where he knows there are few if any Methodists, to call at some one of the houses, and to request the liberty of lighting his pipe. While he is performing this ceremony, his brethren are standing near the door. On some remarks being made by the smoker, on the heat or coldness of the weather, &c. it not unusually happens that the good people of the house will request him to take a chair and rest himself while he smokes his pipe. To this proposal he gladly accedes, and mentioning his friends at the door, they also are invited, and a familiar conversation soon takes place between the people of the house and their pious guests. While they are thus employed, some one of the party is looking round to see if there are any religious books on the tables or desks. In short, Madam, the subject of religion is some way or other introduced, and recommended to the affections of the people; and if they happen to receive the counsels of the Methodists favourably, a prayer-meeting is soon begun at the house—Methodism is introduced into the village—some of the people get converted; these convert others—a class is formed of the new converts—the local preachers are appointed; and if they succeed pretty well, an opening is made for their travelling brethren, and an outpouring of the Spirit is the glorious consequence. Thus are the prayer-leaders employed, although, perhaps, not in every place exactly as I have been describing them, to pave the way for Methodism, where it would otherwise never be known."

The limits of our work will not permit us to go more at length into Vol. XXX.—No. 179.

the singularities of this Sect.—It seems that the absurd parts of the Methodistical Creed had induced the author to join the Unitarian Christians. The ignorance and illiberality of the Methodists as a body, has drawn forth a sincere eulogium upon the learning and liberality of the Church of England, which coming from a Dissenter, as Mr. N. professes himself, cannot be suspected of partiality.

"It argues very strongly for the spirit of liberality which is now found among the members of our national establishment, that so few prosecutions take place against clergymen holding doctrines, and following practices, contrary to the canons and articles of the church to which they belong. Here we have Calvinian, Arminian, Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Pelagian, Arian, Socinian, Sabellian, Trinitarian, and I do not know how many other sorts of clergymen in our church, some starving on a curacy, and others fattening on a bishopric; we have Methodist clergymen, and clergymen following no *method* at all, but that of lounging at home, and hiring others, at *half price*, to do their duty. All these classes of clergymen are retained in the church; live upon her revenues, and are protected by her laws. And yet we are sometimes told of the intolerance of the church, of persecutions for righteousness' sake, and of the operations of certain "execrable acts!" Truly, Madam, I think our national church is the most liberal of churches; and her pale every way the most extensive."

Mr. Nightingale describes the quaint sermons, long hymns, prayers, &c. of the Methodists, in the following terms:—

"Mr. Adam Clarke, in his admirable

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mirable 'Letter to a Methodist Preacher,' gives his brethren the following advice on this subject: 'In whatever way you handle your text, take care when you have exhausted the matter of it, not to go over it again. Apply every thing of importance as you go along; and when you have *done*, learn to make an *end*. It is not essential to a sermon, that it be half an hour or an hour long. Some preach more in ten minutes than others do in sixty. At any rate, the length of time spent in preaching, can never compensate for the want of matter; and the evil is double, when a man brings forth *little*, and is *long* about it. There are some who sing long hymns, and pray long prayers, merely, *to fill up the time*: this is a shocking profanation of these sacred ordinances, and has the most direct tendency to bring them into contempt. If they are of no more importance to the preacher, or his work, than merely *to fill up the time*, the people act wisely, who stay at home and mind their business, till the time in which the sermon commences. Have you never heard the following observation?—'You need not be in such haste to go to the chapel: you will be time enough to hear the sermon, for Mr. X. Y. always sings a *long* hymn, and makes a *long* prayer.'

"Many of the Methodist preachers shew considerable acuteness in the choice, and dexterity in the elucidation of their text. I have known the most quaint and out-of-the-way passages chosen for the subject of a Methodist sermon. Such as, 'Set on the great pot,'—'Two legs and a piece of an ear, &c.' Mr. Clarke mentions two of his colleagues, 'who trifled away the whole year in this way.'

'Their texts, says he, were continually such as these: 'Adam, where are thou?'—'I have somewhat to say unto thee.'—'If thou wilt deal justly and truly with my master, tell me.'—'I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?'—'Thy mouth is most sweet, &c.' 'These solemn triflers,' adds Mr. Clarke, 'did no good; and they are both, long since, fallen away.'

"Mr. Clarke very properly cautions his brethren against the common practice of treating a subject 'negatively and positively;' of 'shewing *negatively* what a thing *is not*,' and adduces the following instances of this injudicious mode of handling the word of God, which he says have come within the compass of his own observation. 'A gentleman took for his text, Isa. xxviii. 16. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' On this he preached *two* sermons. His division was as follows: 'I shall first prove that he who believeth *shall make haste*: and, 2dly, Shew in what sense he that believeth *shall not make haste*.' On the first, which was a flat contradiction to the text, he spent more than an hour: and the congregation were obliged to *wait* a whole month before he could come back to inform them, that he who believeth *shall not make haste*.'

"Another took his text from Psalm xxxiv. 19. 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but God delivereth him out of them all.' His division was as follows: 'In handling this text, I will first prove, that there is *none righteous*: 2dly, That the afflictions of the *righteous* are many: and, 3dly, That the Lord delivereth them out of them all!'

"I myself knew an instance of this kind, and from this very text, with only

only a slight variation in the words of the division. My champion, 1. Enumerated the troubles of the *righteous*: 2dly, Proved '*there is none righteous, no not one*:' and, 3dly, Shewed how the Lord delivereth them out of them all!

"Another took Luke, xii. 32. 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' In opposition to the *letter* of this text, the preacher laboured to prove, that the flock of Christ is not a *little*, but a very *large* flock: and in order to do this, brought in multitudes of pious heathens, vast numbers who sought and found mercy in their last hour, together with myriads of infants, idiots, &c."

"Instances of such glaring absurdity are not, however, *very common*; and when they do occur, they are chiefly among the local-preachers, or the very young and very aged travelling-preachers.

"A disposition to allegorise and spiritualise the most plain and obvious texts, is not very uncommon with the Methodist preachers.

"I was informed a few years ago, by a very respectable and worthy gentleman, who was then, and is now, a preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, that a certain preacher did actually allegorise that passage in the 2 Kings, iv. 38. 'Set on the great pot,' something in the following manner: The pot itself is the church—the meat in the pot, the word of God—and the broth the grace of God! After having enlarged on these several heads, the preacher, in imagination and gesture, turned the pot upside down, and from the circumstance of its having three feet, placed in a triangular direction, took occasion thence to de-

monstrate the mystery of the Holy Trinity!"

"Some of the preachers, who, though more judicious in the choice of texts, and more rational in their explications, are nevertheless too much disposed to eke out a text into several divisions and subdivisions—to wire-draw and distort a passage, till every word, and almost every letter, like the well known sermon on the word MALT, is made the subject of a division.—From numerous instances which have fallen within the compass of my own observation, the two following shall suffice: Ezek. xviii. 31. 'Why will ye die?' Divided as follows; *Why* will ye die?—*Why* will ye die?—*Why* will ye die? Again: Rev. iii. 20. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Divided as follows: (1.) *Behold!* (2.) *I* (3.) *stand* at the (4.) *door* and (5.) *knock*; if (6.) *any* man hear my (7.) *voice*, and (8.) *open* the door, (9.) *I* will (10.) *come* in to him, and will (11.) *sup* with him, and (12.) *he* with me. These, duly and appropriately subdivided, with an exordium, application, recapitulation, and conclusion, made up a sermon of no contemptible dimensions. The person who thus exhibited his skill in the rule of division, is at this time a travelling preacher!"

"The practice of spiritual jesting, and pious punning, is, however, fast going to decline among the Wesleyan Methodists. Though some of their popular and eloquent preachers still occasionally indulge in this habit, it is not encouraged by their more serious and useful brethren. Mr. Samuel Bradburn,

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who

whose powers of oratory are neither few nor small, may be ranked among those preachers who take delight in seeing their audience merry under the word; while Mr. Adam Clarke, whose learning, zeal, and indefatigable industry, do honour to his sect, would rejoice to see and hear of nothing but what is serious and becoming in a Christian minister. Upon the whole, the Wesleyan preachers seem to be transferring their war to their Calvinistic brethren, who, with the boisterous and intolerant jester of Surrey chapel at their head, are drawing thousands to their meetings by holy mirth and dulcet "ocularity."

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### THE WILD HORSE OF ARABIA,

*Pursued by a Lion.*

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THE principal adornment for the Magazine of this month, is a faithful delineation of the Arabian Horse, in its natural or wild state, flying before the terrific lion; engraved by Mr. Wm. Nicholls, from a picture painted by Carle Vernet, and now in the Gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

Abdalla Haffies, of Alexandria, an ingenious poet and a writer of natural history, speaking of the wild horse of Arabia Felix, remarks, that no creature can be more beautiful of shape, and that he is most disguised when covered with gaudy trappings and braided for the use of the warrior Mameluke; but (says Haffies) while he remains an uncontrolled ranger of the vast forest, he possesses the perception of the elephant, the eyes of the lynx, the sleekness of the white-doe, the swiftness of the roe-buck, and the

voice of the trumpet. They go together in great numbers, and seldom feed but in the cooler parts of the day, and the places they select for this gratification are the most recluse, generally surrounded with high rocks, irregular hills, and expansive falls of water, mingled with the rudest kind of scenery.

But if, for prey, some dreadful form appears,  
Some hungry lion, to awake his fears,  
Swift as the ibis skims the waves of Nile,  
The wild horse flits in terror o'er the soil,  
Nor mounds, nor rocks, his nimble feet  
restrain,  
Nor falling waters, rushing to the main:  
With eyes full-glob'd he turns his face,  
and views  
The shaggy foe, and strait his speed renews:  
Spread by the breeze, his silver foam falls  
round,  
And marks his progress o'er the yielding  
ground.—  
While thus he flies o'er mountains, rocks,  
and floods,  
Terrific roars the monarch of the woods,

The economy of these wild horses while feeding, or in any other way of rest (says Haffies), is particularly worthy notice, and the care, sagacity, or attention, they discover, in endeavouring to prevent surprise, is almost past believing by any one who has not been an eye-witness thereto: wherever it is likely an enemy may penetrate they place a centinel of their own body, which, upon the slightest interruption, gives alarm by loudly neighing. If the lion, who delights most in the flesh of the wild horse, should chance to surprise them, the danger is communicated with the swiftness of lightning, and the whole corps fly off with the wings of the eagle; and, what always marks the conduct of the royal beast with singularity, the guard that gives the alarm first becomes

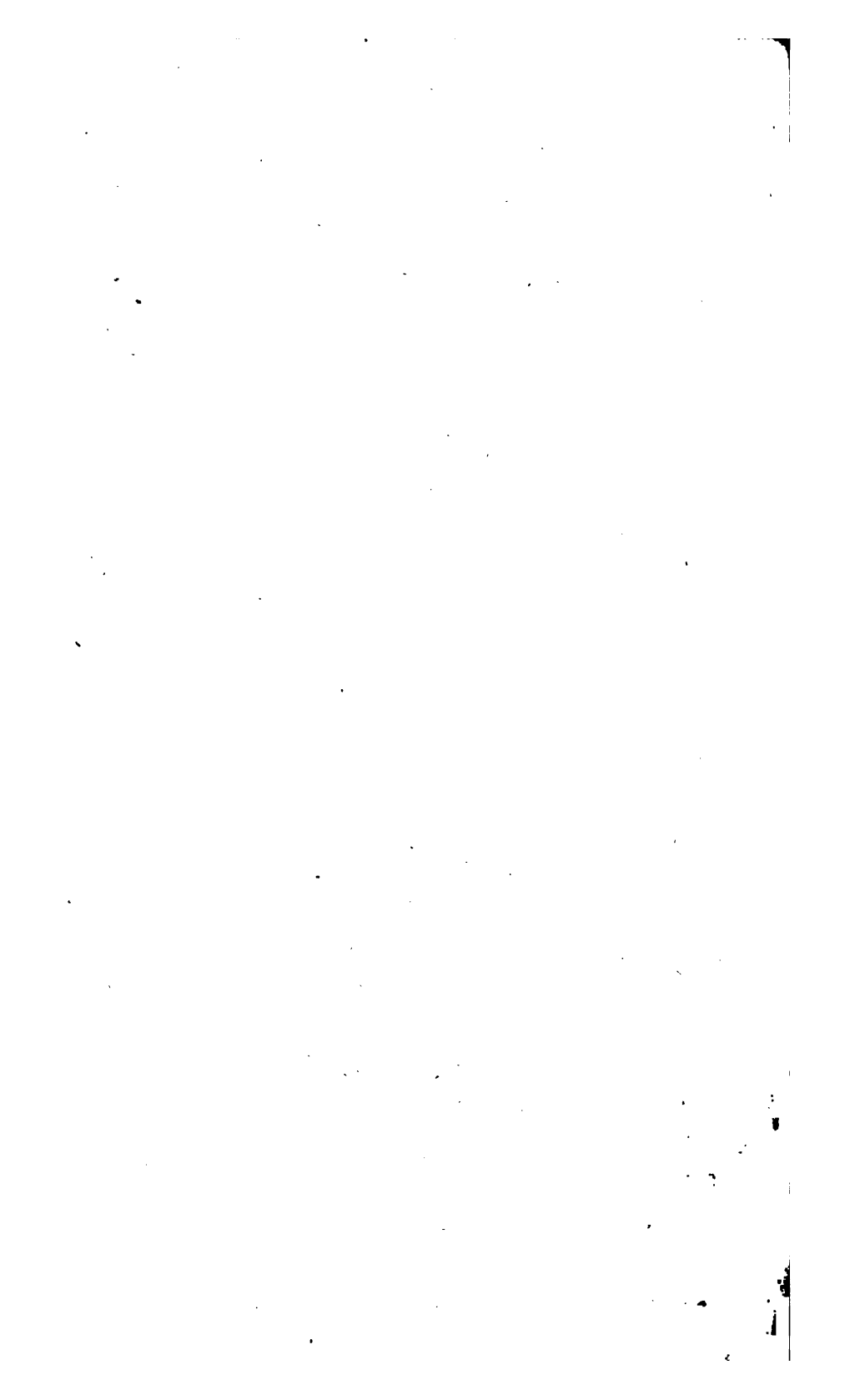


*Painted by Clement.*

WILD HORSE AND LION.

*Engraved by W. Marshall.*

*Pub. J. G. Smith, by T. Webb, London.*





comes the object of his pursuit, even though the whole body should be more within the compass of his power. If the lion cannot obtain his game by manœuvre or surprise, the pursuit is generally long, and the leaps from precipice to precipice tremendous; but nine times in ten the swiftness of the wild horse defeats the strength and subtlety of his pursuer, who, like the house cat, is often known, after a disappointed leap at his prey, to return cowering, with his tail between his legs, to the place of his hiding.

In describing the nature of the Arabian horse in his tamed or civilised state, Haffies observes he becomes quite another creature; if a young mare, she is not only the bearer of her master's burdens, but nurse and physician to his whole family, for the delicious milk of her paps has been frequently known to be more nutritious to the patient than any other application, and a quicker restorative than all the medicinal herbage of the country.—In weaning them from their wild propensities they must be taken very young, when the most gentle methods are pursued, and the melody of the pipe has no inconsiderable share in their civilisation—

"Music has charms to sooth a savage breast ;"

beside leading them to the clearest springs, and supplying them with the most pleasing food, which the Arabian is known to do though himself should be in want of similar comforts, and this always with a cheerful countenance and an endearing voice, without ever essaying the whip or rod of correction.

O! gentleness of soul! in thy soft school  
Let tyrants sit their hour, and learn to rule;  
From this dark Arab catch the blush of shame,  
And hence resolve to imitate his fame:  
So shall societies once more increase,  
And the world's wars give place to god-peace.

In another part of his history our author observes, there is no nation in the world where the inhabitants are so well skilled in taming and breaking the wild horse as the Arabians. When arrived at the high state of manhood, his first great object is his horse; and having nothing larger than a tent for that and his family, they all live together nearly upon the same terms—the wife, the children, the mare, and her foal, indiscriminately lie together, while the little children climb without fear upon the body of the inoffensive animal, which permits them to play with and caress it without injury.

The Arabians (says Haffies again) never beat their horses; they speak to them, and seem to hold a friendly intercourse; they never exercise the whip, and only in cases of the greatest necessity make use of the spur.

The agility of the Arabian horse is wonderful, and if the rider happens to fall, this creature is so tractable, that he instantly stands still in the midst of the most rapid career; nor, till his master be again fixed in the saddle, will he pursue his progress.

How much is it to be regretted that, in the humane treatment of this noble animal, the example of the *uncivilised* Arab is not oftener copied by the *civilised* European!

N.

FEAST

## FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &amp;c

A Fire happening not long since, at a public house, a man passing at the time entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling.—The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed, "You've done what I never could do, for, egad, you've *Equidated my score!*"

A FARMER, suspecting a foolish neighbour of having stolen his horse, went to him, and began questioning him upon the subject, but could gain no satisfactory reply. At length, calling him a down-right ass, he threatened to take him before the Mayor.—"If I am an ass," replied the other, "do not take me before the *maire*, and you may hap to get a *mule* for your trouble."

A GENTLEMAN, lately handing some ladies into a hackney coach, the coachman observed that he had no right to receive more than his *complement*. "Do you talk of compliments, you rascal?" replied the gentleman. "You never had such a *compliment* paid you before, as having had so many fine ladies in your coach."

It has been often said, that where nature denies talents she gives cunning as a substitute. An Irish gentleman had a son who was deemed an idiot: the little fellow, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and

once dropped his drum-stick into the draw-well: he knew that his carelessness would be punished by its not being searched for, and therefore did not mention his loss, but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same place. The butler was blamed, but the draw-well was not thought of. He then got a silver half-pint cup, and tumbled that in after it. The servants were blamed, and in a short time it was forgotten. He at last got a silver salver, and threw that down also. This was a matter to be investigated, and a very strict enquiry took place.—The servants all pleaded ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A boy was dropped down in a bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, "I have found the punch-ladle—and the salver—and here is the half-pint—so wind me up." "Stop," roared out the lad, "stop; now your hand's in, you may as well bring up my *drum-stick*."

In a country Church, lately, the Clergyman pronounced the following:—*The Prayers of this Congregation are desired for John Bull, who is very sick and poorly.*—Though this application was in behalf of a humble sufferer, we cannot help thinking, that a similar prayer should be offered up in every Church in the kingdom for  
John

*John Bull*, who is both very *poorly* and in very bad hands.

**IRISH BARD.**—It has long been a custom in some of the provinces of Ireland, for an itinerant poet to send a complimentary copy of verses into a gentleman's seat, while the family are at dinner, which serves for his whole circuit, only by versifying the name of the patron he addresses. One of these, hearing that Mr. Curran was on a visit at a house, he approached immediately, and introduced a couplet in honour of the witty Barrister, who, instead of sending out money, wrote a humorous poetic reply at the tail of the verses, in return for the compliment conferred upon him: the bard, disappointed at so unprofitable a tribute to his travelling muse, subjoined the following impromptu, which had the effect of producing a more substantial compliment to his genius:—

"This the return by Curran made  
For a poor Poet's strain?  
Was he for *pleading* this way paid,  
He'd never *plead* again!"

**A LADY**, whose Christian name is *Jane*, has shewn such a manifest attachment for a length of time to residing on the *sea side*, that some friends have styled her *Jane Shore*.

**A NAKED PUN.**—The present fashion of the ladies, in *exposing* their *arms*, a punster observes, is most appropriate to the circumstances of the times; for when all descriptions are called upon to *bear arms*, they deem it *fair* to present a *bare arm* to the rude assailant.

In the Church of Aberconway, in the county of Caernarvon, is a stone, with this remarkable inscription upon it:—

"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, Esq. Gent. who was the *one-and-fortieth* child of his father, by Alice, his only wife; and the father of *seven-and-twenty* children; by one wife. He died the 20th day of March, 1637."

A PROVINCIAL paper announces the marriage of a Mr. *Ram* to Miss *Sheepshanks*.

AN Irishman lately, soliciting relief at a shop in Manchester, stated himself to be a shipwrecked seaman belonging to Bristol. On being asked what became of the crew, he replied, with a true Hibernian accent, "Except only me, every soul of them was drowned, *thank God!*"

WHEN Lowton requested the *Chair* to explain the meaning of "*Privy*," which puzzled his brain, He might have been told that *that very place* Would exemplify well this difficult case: For instance, when *Strangers* are forced to *withdraw*, There's a Parliament *Privy* according to law.

THE late candidates for the county of York have been styled *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; as it is said Lord Milton gained his election by continuing a well-grounded *hope*;—that Mr. Lascelles lost his by too much *faith*;—and that Mr. Wilberforce came in—out of *charity*.

THE appointment of a Clergyman to the Rectorship of *St. Tongues*, in Ireland, has just been announced. It is probable this parish contains a great number of *females*, in which case the Rector bids fair to be completely *out-preached*.

THE

THE following is a literal copy of a notice proclaimed by the public bell-man in Manchester, which, for elegance of diction and orthographical accuracy, has certainly been seldom surpassed:—

A Good honist Carictor to whom it may concern that the beator here of has had a Nurce Child but it is Dead of a short Sickness of some kind of Fits but I belive that she has Done her whole duty to it she is a very Clean Tender harted Whoman that is worthy of being rekommended to any Person Given from the Mother of the Child as above mentioned.—(Here the woman's name is signed.)

Among the singular escapes with which the hazardous employment of the Greenland fishery abounds, may be numbered the following:—A boat belonging to the Resolution, of Whitby, was literally cut into two by a stroke from the tail of a fish, without any person in it receiving the slightest injury. The harpooner, who was a good swimmer, avoided the impending blow by throwing himself overboard, while the rest of the people secured themselves from it by crowding to one side of the boat. The whole being precipitated into the water, were picked up by other boats which happened to be at hand.—The two broken parts of the boat were suspended over the ship's stern when she entered the harbour on her return home.

A JUICY Pun.—On a hackney-coachman, named *Lemon*, being cut up at Marlborough-street Police-Office for abusing a lady and gentleman, and otherwise behaving ill, a wag observed, "that Mr. *Lemon* looked confoundedly *sour*."

A CORRESPONDENT remarks his having read an advertisement, expressing the want of a *Scientific Brewer*; he adds, that his *Grand-mother* was famous for *brewing good ale*, though he never thought that she possessed any *scientific* knowledge, or used any *chemical* substitutes for *malt* and *hops*!

#### THE TWO REASONS.

MY Wife drinks Gin—and then I'm told

In Gin there is a double treat:  
In Winter it keeps out the cold—  
In Summer it allays the heat.

It has been observed, that since our modern beaus are shod with iron, in imitation of their long-cared brethren, they make a noise on the pavement similar to a troop of horse in full gallop, and effect with their *heels* what they cannot with their heads; viz. now and then *emit a ray of light*.

#### MARGATE, 1807.

THE Sea and the Subscriptions—  
*taking people in.*  
Passage-vessels and acquaintances—  
*taking them out.*  
Sick lodgers and saucy publicans—  
*keeping their beds.*  
Drunken bucks and visitors fresh arrived—*sleeping on chairs.*  
Flat-fish and the London papers—  
*gobbled by citizens.*  
Bank-paper and London flats—  
*devoured by the town's-people.*  
Economy and horse-racing—a *Canterbury tale.*  
Smart waiters and fine speeches—  
*the old story.*  
Mitchener's turtle and salt water—  
*ten shillings a quart.*  
Shrimps and city gentlemen—  
*two-pence a dozen.*  
Players at the Theatre and books at Garner's—*often out.*

Inu-

Innkeepers and impudent fellows—  
at home.

Raffling at Silver's and dancing at  
Dandelion—*pleasant when fair.*

Drinking after dinner and ladies  
after bathing—*more fair than  
pleasant.*

An empty purse and a voyage per  
hoy—*very common.*

A light guinea and a contrary wind  
—*very troublesome.*

A FEW days ago, as a grinder's  
apprentice in Sheffield was unmer-  
cifully beating a poor ass, it turned  
on the boy, and bit off one of his  
ears. Were all ill-treated asses ac-  
tuated by the same spirit of retalia-  
tion, there are now in this city and  
its neighbourhood a number of  
wretches, that would have to de-  
plore the loss of this most necessary  
ornament of the head.—We men-  
tion this circumstance, as a warn-  
ing to those who every day inhu-  
manly and wantonly abuse those  
useful beasts of burden.

A PERSON who was just arrived  
in town from Portsmouth, being  
asked by a friend what conveyance  
he came with, replied, "The  
*light* day coach."—"The *light*  
day coach," echoed his friend;  
"why, my good fellow, if you  
had come by a *dark* day coach it  
would have been much more asto-  
nishing."

AN old woman, who frequented  
a chapel where a gentleman preach-  
ed of considerable eminence in his  
profession, often heard him called  
a *popular* preacher; not exactly  
understanding what this meant, she  
applied to another old woman,  
about as wise as herself—"Pray,  
neighbour," says she, "what do  
they mean by calling Mr. — a  
*popular* preacher?"—"Indeed,"

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replied the other, "I don't know,  
*unless it is because he is so tall and  
thin.*"

#### EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

HERE lies poor Dick, depriv'd of breath,  
A jolly tipping sot,  
Whose acts agreed in life and death,  
For now he's gone to *pot*.

THE following epitaph on a girl  
of ten years old, is copied from a  
stone in Lavenham Church-yard,  
Suffolk, which has been placed  
there but a very few years.

Hark! don't you hear her sweet delight-  
ful voice,  
Saying, friends weep not, but see that *ye*  
*rejoice*  
For me, for now I am perfectly free  
From sorrow, sin, death, and mortality.

A GENTLEMAN, who was a tole-  
rable performer on the flute, was  
playing one Sunday morning, when  
a neighbour, who was more *pious*  
than *wise*, called on him, and find-  
ing how he was employed, *rebuked*  
him for his amusement. "Why,  
neighbour," said the musical man,  
"I think it better to *play on the*  
*flute* than to *play on the fool*."—  
This *cut* was not felt by his pious  
friend, on whom the *incision knife*  
of wit had lost its power.

A PUNSTER, alluding to the name  
of Mr. Garrow's seat; near Rams-  
gate, observes, that it was very na-  
tural for the learned gentleman to  
reject Baron Hompesch's *self-in-  
vited* visit to *Peg-well*.

A RUDE PUN.—A lady passing  
through Fenchurch-street, slipped  
at the corner of *Road-lane*, and fell  
against the wall, which hurt her  
very much. A gentleman assisting  
her, asked with great concern,  
how she could think of going near  
such a *rude lane*.

I i

REFINE-

**REFINEMENT.**—America is approximating to the standard of European etiquette. — *The People's Friend*, a daily newspaper, printed at New York, advertised on the 25th of May last, a dancing mistress's ball, which was to display all the elegancies of the *pas seul*—the *pas de quatre*—and half a score of other *pas*, with a variety of *gavottes* and *character dances*.—After all these, the company was to be indulged with a *hop*; but a *nota bene* was affixed to the advertisement in these words—*Gentlemen will not be permitted to dance in boots!*—Poor gentlemen! what an abridgment of your former liberties!

This reminds us of a matter which occurred about twenty years ago in the State of Virginia.—The trustees of a meeting-house had taken great pains, and been at considerable expence, in repairing and embellishing it, to render it comfortable for the congregation, and decent for the sacred purposes of its institution.—On the first Sabbath-day that it was re-opened, the following written notice appeared on the door:—

“The Minister and Trustees particularly request, that all persons who assemble in this place will (during the hours of public worship) *refrain from smocking.*”

This, with the fact above-mentioned, must be sufficient to convince any reasonable person—that *America is improving!*—No *smocking* in churches in the year 1787—no *dancing* in boots, in 1807.

About the time that it became general for our troops to wear the *regulation tails*, a gentleman walking with a friend, noticed to him that he never saw any thing of the kind before. “*Before!*” cried his friend; “it would be odd indeed

if you had, when it is universally known that tails are worn *behind.*”

#### THE LAMB'S FRY—A FUN.

A FUNNY old fellow, and saving as well, Went to market for dinner, so old stories tell:

He bought a Lamb's Fry, and as homewards he hied,

Intending, I fancy, to have his fry fried, He met an old friend, who made bold

thus to say, “What, you've bought a lamb's fry for your dinner to day;

Ah! *nothing is better*, believe me, than that,

Its so light, and so mild, and so free too from fat.”

Here old Quizby replied, with a comical grin,

“By this, my old friend, I don't know what you mean,

But I beg leave to differ, and think that lamb's fry

Is *much better than nothing*, so, old friend, good bye.”

A COUNTRY Manager complimented a bad performer belonging to his company, a short time since, with the following observation:—

“Sir, the audience may fall down and worship you without offending against the commandments.”

A TRAVELLER met with a very bad bed—When he rose in the morning, indignant he said,

“I am not very nice 'bout my bed, I may say,

Nor much do I care in what room 'tis I lay,

But I never till now, and I speak not for strife,

Had such a *hard* matter to sleep in my life.”

The Ipswich Journal of July 11, is said to contain the following odd assemblage:—“Monday was married, by Mr. Moses Samuel, Mr. Simon Aaron, to Miss Aaron Samuel, both of this place.

SECOND

## SECOND BATTLE

BETWEEN

YOUNG BELCHER AND DUTCH  
SAM.

**T**HE second battle between the younger Belcher and Dutch Sam (see our last month's Magazine, page 193, and the present Number, page 223), between whose friends there has been so much contention respecting the stakes, as contended for by these pugilists in the late battle, took place on Friday, the 21st, on Lowfield Common, two miles from Crawley, in Sussex.

Our readers are already informed, that the stake-money contended for at the former battle was not given to Sam, in consequence of the dispute regarding a blow stated to have been foul. The two umpires having entertained different opinions on the subject, the amateurs of boxing were consulted, and as the 7th article of Broughton's Rules merely stated a blow received on the knees to be foul, without going into any explanatory remarks, it was decided, that the two champions should fight again, it having been pretty well ascertained that the blow received by Belcher in the late battle was unavoidable, as it was aimed before he was on his knees. Previous to this battle, fresh regulations were drawn out, and a blow on the knees, however given, was declared foul. A thirty-foot roped ring having been formed, at a quarter before twelve o'clock Dutch Sam entered it, with his original second and bottle-holder, Mendoza and Pittone, and he was soon after followed by young Belcher, who boldly threw his hat in the air as a token of defiance; he was seconded by Gulley and

Ward. Precisely at twelve o'clock the combatants set out, previous to which there was nothing like a bet offered, which can be accounted for by the difficulties at the last battle.

## THE CONTEST.

Round 1. Dutch Sam made play by throwing out a left-handed feint, and making an attempt to hit a blow at Belcher's ribs with his right hand, which was well stopped. Belcher hit his adversary slightly with his left hand, when they closed, and, after a struggle, both fell, Sam underneath.

2. Belcher hit his adversary right and left, whilst he was going in to rally, and he also stopped two of Sam's hits; closing followed, and Belcher was thrown. Here was the first appearance of betting—5 to 2 was offered on the Jew.

3. Sam sparred cautiously, and followed his opponent, who was fighting shy, until he got to his wished-for distance, when Sam, after having made a left-handed feint, hit his opponent a tremendous blow under the left eye, and a copious effusion of blood was the effect produced. Belcher was abroad for a moment, and, after exchanging a hit, he was thrown—9 to 1 on Sam.

4. A very obstinately contested round. Sam made play, and he was met by Belcher courageously. A rally was the consequence, and for about half a minute hits were exchanged at arm's length. The advantage in the rally was reciprocal, but after having closed, Sam's strength gained him a slight advantage in the round by throwing his man.

5. This round was as obstinately contended as the former, but a good deal more in favour of Belcher. Sam made several attempts to rally,

ly, and Belcher as often beat him off. He closed, disengaged, and resumed the rally, when Belcher threw his adversary a very heavy fall. Sam received a hard blow on the left eye in this round. No betting.

6. This was also a hard-fought round, without advantage to either. The combatants exchanged hits until they were exhausted, when both fell together.

7. Sam received two hits whilst making left-handed feints, but they were slight. An irregular close, and both fell.

8. A sharp rallying round, in which Belcher gave way, and manifested weakness. Several blows were exchanged, but more were stopped on both sides. This round produced a good deal of science, and both ultimately fell.

9. The combatants closed after Sam had misjudged his distance, and thrown away two scientific blows. Belcher threw him a heavy fall. Four to 1 on Sam.

10. Sam received a slight hit, and he complimented Belcher with a hard fall.

11. A hard rallying round, decidedly in favour of Sam, whose strength had not failed him. He hit his adversary tremendous blows in the face and body, which exhibited woeful marks, and Belcher ultimately fell, extremely weak.

12. No blow. Belcher run himself down; considerable odds offered, but no takers.

13. The same as the last round. Sam run himself down.

14. Belcher was by this time a good deal beaten, and he was very shy; after having received two of Sam's right-handed body blows, he fell.

15. Belcher summoned all his strength, and made several success-

ful, although feeble hits; he dropped, from weakness, whilst rallying.

16. An irregular closing round, and both fell, apparently alike exhausted, but Sam was amusing himself.

17. All hopes for Belcher here vanished. In attempting to hit Sam he was stopped, and, whilst hugging in a close, Belcher fell between Sam's arms on his knees. Sam held up his hands and laughed at him on the ground, and gave him to understand there would be no foul blows in that fight.

18. Belcher, after closing, got his head under Sam's left arm, and the latter, technically speaking, fished him underneath until he again dropped.

19. Here was a glaring attempt to get hit foul, on the part of Belcher, who dropped on his knees, but Sam again smiled indignantly.

20 and 21. Belcher was beat to the ropes with great ease.

22 and 23. Belcher recovered a little in these two rounds from his exhausted state, and to a common observer he had the best of the battle; in the latter round of the two both fell, and stretched themselves on the ground.

24. This was as desperate a struggle as any during the battle. The friends of Belcher were surprised at his perseverance and courage; he had a decided advantage in a very resolute rally, and both fell as if beaten. Three to 1 was offered on Sam.

25. Belcher had the advantage in this round, by superiority in the science of boxing. He hit Sam several times, but his blows did not seem to make any impression.

26. Sam had the worst of the round, and he threw himself on his face, by Belcher avoiding his favourite right-handed body blow.

27. An



27. An irregular round, and Sam received a heavy fall.

28. Belcher beat his opponent away from him in a style which astonished the spectators, and he also threw Sam a heavy fall.

29 and 30. Rallying rounds, something to the advantage of Belcher.

31. This round decided the event of the battle, although Belcher stood up five more rounds. Sam hit him in this round several tremendous face and body blows, and followed him to all parts of the ring, when Belcher fell, but kept his body erect, as if for the last trial at the foul blow. Until the 36th round, Sam could only be compared to a ferocious bull-dog attacking his prey, and Jem Belcher took his brother from the ring, after he had received the most severe beating possible to conceive. He was put into a gentleman's chariot in a helpless state. The beating was chiefly on the left side, from the kidneys to the crown of the head. Sam dressed himself in the ring with great *sang froid*, and his only injury was a severe blow under the eye, and a few simple marks.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

This battle, when compared with the last, produced more diversion to the amateur. Belcher certainly conducted himself more courageously, and did away a good deal of that trivial sparring when he had an opportunity of hitting, as was prevalent in him at the late contest. His bottom and courage were never yet doubted, and it is no exaggeration to say he is by far a better boxer than Sam; but he has neither strength nor ferocity sufficient to withstand the pugilistic powers of his adversary. His blows are not

powerful enough to make sufficient impression on Sam, although it never was acknowledged by Belcher and his friends that he was over-matched until this day. Sam, as in the former contest, threw away numberless blows, but there appeared a confidence in him throughout of superiority, and although he had the worst of many rounds, he was never once fatigued. His right-handed blows were put in with great dexterity, as Belcher can verify, and they are such as are not often witnessed in any other bruiser. His left hand is of but little service to him in hitting, but he uses it expertly in stopping and feinting. The fight lasted thirty-three minutes.

Another battle was fought for a subscription purse, between Dick Hall, a man used up in his profession, and Dan Dockarty, a very ordinary bruiser of the second rate. After a contest of forty minutes, the old man resigned the palm of victory to youth, having received a severe beating. There has not been so few people seen at a prize fight for years. The company, however, was of the better order, and the sports of the day went off with *eclat*.—Among the company were some of the Royal Dukes, and a number of the nobility.

Dockarty still unsatisfied, and having manifested a determination to load himself with the laurels of victory, before he returned to London, (having been originally looked upon as a very ordinary professor) on his way to London, dropped in at the Cricketers public-house, at Reigate, where he found most of the professors of the fist who had honoured the pugilistic exhibition with their presence, amongst whom was Jack Ward, the son of the veteran Bill Ward, who has not been

been very successful in his former enterprizes. Whilst Messrs. Dockarty and Ward were talking over their perfections in the bruising art, each alternately suspected his reputation was at stake, and this natural feeling produced high words. The heroes were for bruising, and having disturbed the house a considerable time, they went into the road and *set to*. If glory was to be obtained by Dockarty in beating Dick Hall and Jack Ward in about three hours, he became laden with it; but some *impertinent fellow* had the assurance to tell Dockarty, after he had beaten Ward, that he had acquired no fresh laurels. This battle in the road lasted ten rounds, when young Ward, without a great deal of trouble, was left on the ground bleeding as a vanquished hero. Dockarty has improved a good deal in boxing, but he is yet scarcely competent to become a professed pugilist.

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### ERRORS EXCEPTED.

*Haymarket Theatre, August 13.*

**I**N this new piece, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, the principal characters were,

Frank Woodland.....	Mr. Young.
Commodore Convooy.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Convooy.....	Mr. Grove.
Lawyer Verdict.....	Mr. Matthews.
Mr. Grumley.....	Mr. Waddy.
Old Mannerley.....	Mr. Chapman.
Tom Mannerley.....	Mr. De Camp.
Gabriel Invoice.....	Mr. Carles.
Richard.....	Mr. Liston.
Sylvia.....	Mrs. Litchfield.
Mrs. Hall.....	Mrs. Liston.
Betty Barnes.....	Mrs. Powell.
Fanny Freeman.....	Mrs. Gibbs.

This comedy is of a more sentimental nature than is customary

with this writer, that is, it has more attempts to make us cry; and, as these attempts are as droll as they can be, the play is quite as pure comedy still.

The story exhibits the rascality of a Squire Grumly, who has cheated Francis Woodland out of his hereditary estate; and that of a young highwayman, called Invoice, a pathetic ruffian, who produces a very awful kind of under plot. The author seems to have taken this latter hint from Mr. Sheridan's *Critic*, which talks of a new comedy called the *Reformed Housebreaker*. The dialogue is exquisitely full of puns and flowery speeches: the sudden quirks and delicate monotony of the former, breaking over the flowers of sentiment, remind one of a sheep's bell tinkling through a field of clover.

Mr. Dibdin's new Play, in short, is like all his former ones, extremely antique in its idea, loyal in its professions, and uninstrusive in its effect. It has all those obtrusive faults which announce a bad writer, and especially the comic writers of the day: it addresses itself to the ears instead of the minds of the audience; its puns are its only humour, because it is easier to produce unexpected assimilations of sound, than original combinations of ideas: it clothes its sentiment with gaudy words, as the ancient sacrificers covered the heavy, uncouth image of Pan with flowers; and lastly it begs, both in Prologue and Epilogue, with state compliments on the nation, for that applause which good writers are content modestly to hope for, rather than to wrest from one by the mere tricks of a pauper. In this strange mixture, indeed, of loyal compliment and petition, our farci-comic writers are like the sturdy beggars that

that assail one in the street, with "True blue, your Honour! King and country! One small copper to poor Jack!"—Yet, when a critic ventures to remonstrate with these gentlemen, they turn upon him, like the Spanish beggar, and exclaim, "We asked for your money, and not your advice."

The performers acquitted themselves with credit, and the colouring they gave to their parts will render the play attractive, at least for the season. A song of a plaintive burlesque cast, was sung by Mrs. Liston. The epilogue, which turned on the comparison of a house to a shop, was delivered by Mrs. Litchfield, and well received. In fine, the audience seemed generally disposed to comply with the request in the author's prologue, viz. to *except* his errors, and *accept* his play.

Two new performers have been introduced on the London boards this season, at the Haymarket Theatre, viz. Mr. Carr and Mrs. Groves, as Corporal Foss and Miss Lucretia Macnab, in Mr. Colman's Comedy of the *Poor Gentleman*. She was not so vulgar as many of the Actresses, who represent antiquated Belles: though always spirited and sometimes humorous. But Mr. Carr's manner has been thought too hard and dry for the expression of tenderness and feeling.

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#### SPORTS OF CAMBERWELL FAIR.

THE usual amusements of this fair, which began on the 18th instant, were much abridged by an order from the Magistrates, prohibiting any drinking booths, unlawful exhibitions, or music; notwithstanding this mandate, however, a few solitary blind votaries of

Apollo were suffered to scrape their cat-gut amidst the shows, and at intervals the clatter of cymbals, the sound of drums, and the braying of asses, excited a smile among the visitants. An unlucky accident happened to a black magician, who professed a knowledge of nature's secrets, a regular descent from the Magi of Persia, and the highest veneration for the Guebres, or Fire Worshipers. All the elements were described to be at his command, and by the aspect of the planets, he could relate the past, and foretell the future:—He held in his hand a *jumba*, or musical instrument, made of an Indian nut, similar to a guitar, and in soft strains invited the spectators to witness his dexterity. Unfortunately the theatre of his feats was confined to narrow limits. In his front stood an oyster booth, and in the rear a cookery for delicacies—sausages. In addition to legerdemain, the magician exhibited a puppet show, and in the last scene a combat was introduced between the Devil and Bonaparte. After these famous characters had exchanged divers blows, and victory declared for the Infernal King, who was about to convey his prey to the regions of fire, an unlucky boy blew up a sausage-pan, and Bonaparte's catastrophe was accompanied by real flames; for the hangings of the booth caught the blaze from the cookery behind, and the disciple of old Zoroaster was quickly surrounded by the element he so much admired. A scene of confusion ensued; the Magician in vain summoned water to his aid; none could be obtained, and he was compelled to make the whole vanish, by pulling down the booth, consigning the Devil, Bonaparte, and his magical apparatus, to ruin.

SPORT.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Greater number of matches have been made for the ensuing Newmarket Meeting than has been known for several years past.

**St. Leger Stakes.**—Lord Darlington has purchased of Mr. Wilson the bay colt, by Sir Solomon, out of Lignum-Vite's dam, named for the St. Leger Stakes at the next Doncaster Meeting. His Lordship has since named him Giles Scroggin.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the members of the Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire Association, for the Preservation of Game, held at the Feathers Inn, in Ledbury, on the 7th of August, several rewards of five guineas were ordered to be paid to persons who had given evidence on the conviction of offenders, under the Game Laws.

**CAUTION to Sportsmen.**—As the shooting season is just commencing, and as many young sportsmen shoot pigeons without being aware of the penalty or punishment they are liable to for so doing, we insert the following clause of the Act of 2 Geo. III. c. 29, where it is enacted, "That if any person shall shoot at, with an intent to kill, or by any means kill, or take with a wilful intent to destroy, any pigeon, and shall be thereof convicted, he shall forfeit twenty shillings to the prosecutor, which, if not paid forthwith, he may be committed to the gaol or house of correction for three months, unless the forfeiture is sooner paid."

**THE Regatta,** or grand sailing match, at the Lake of Windermere, on Thursday, the 6th instant, was attended by the Duke of Bedford, and other persons of high distinction; likewise by a very numerous assemblage of all ranks from the neighbourhood. The day was fine, and the whole was conducted in a manner that gave equal, if not superior gratification, to the like amusements of former years.

At the Reading Races, the company were amused, or rather disgusted, by a horse-whipping match which took place on the course.—A Mr. P. in driving his chariot, ran furiously against that of a foreign gentleman, who resides near the Race Course; and, on the foreign gentleman remonstrating with Mr. P. he received a severe horse-whipping. The company was much displeased, and the foreigner, although irritated, forbore to retort in the same way as he had been served, but he expressed his determination to obtain satisfaction when he should call on Mr. P. The termination of the business is not yet known.

At the late Somersetshire Assizes, — Champneys, Esq. brought his action against the Rev. Mr. Richards, rector of Farleigh, in Somerset, for non-residence. The counsel for the defendant observed, that this action was not to be attributed to the cause or for the good of religion, but that it originated in a dispute on the subject of partridge-shooting. The non-residence being

being proved, the plaintiff obtained, of course, a verdict for one third of a year's value of the living, and costs.

#### PEDESTRIAN INTELLIGENCE.—

The extraordinary match between Capt. Barclay and the celebrated Wood, of Lancashire, which has long agitated the sporting circles, (and mentioned in our last,) was finally settled at Brighton during the late races, which, from its extraordinary nature, caused betting to an immense amount. The parties are to undergo the prodigious fatigue of going on foot four-and-twenty successive hours!—an exertion hitherto unknown in the annals of pedestrian feats; and, it is supposed, they will complete the distance of 130 miles in that time. It takes place at Newmarket on the 12th of October next, for 500 guineas a side, and is expected to attract nearly as much company as the celebrated horse-race between Hambletonian and Diamond in the year 1799.—Although Wood gives Capt. B. twenty miles, he is still the favourite, from his astonishing speed, having lately gone, with apparent ease, forty miles in four hours and 57 minutes.—Capt. Barclay, who is in training at East Dean, under Gully and Ward, alternately takes physic and bathes every other morning; and after the lavings of old Neptune his appetite is so keen, that two or three pounds of beef steaks are necessarily provided for his breakfast. The Captain, it is said, can now run seven miles an hour, for twelve successive hours. Wood, therefore, to beat his antagonist, calculating on the distance he is to give him, must maintain his speed at the rate of nine miles an hour.

THE match between Capt. Barclay  
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clay and Wood has given rise to another in Hampshire, which was decided at eleven o'clock on Friday night the 14th instant, near Lyndhurst. A man of the name of Campbell, who resides at Dowton, Wilts, who had performed pedestrian wonders for trifling wagers, was matched by a Captain Hunby, to go for twelve hours on a piece of chosen ground on the New Forest, against one Wall, a hawker, on the Bath road. The pedestrians started about four miles from Christchurch, at eleven o'clock on Friday morning, and the general bettings were, that they did not go seventy-two miles. They were attended over the heath by a concourse of horsemen, and the compass of the excursion not being more than fifteen miles, the spectators had an excellent view of the race. Wall seemed knocked up at four o'clock in the afternoon, having at that time gone thirty-four miles in the heat of the day. His opponent, who was close at his heels, passed him also fatigued; and after Wall had stretched himself on some straw, for half an hour, he resumed the contest, and overtook Campbell, (who had only stopped five minutes,) at nine o'clock. An interesting struggle here ensued, and the competitors kept together until ten o'clock, when Wall made an extraordinary push, and went nearly eight miles in the last hour, and beat his adversary by a mile and a half. The distance performed by the winner was sixty-nine miles.

Two men, weighing at least twenty stone each, one Mr. Cloud, a stage-coach master, the other Mr. Lingard, a publican at Turnham-Green, started on Wednesday the 19th, at six o'clock in the morning, from Turnham-Green, for Bath,

K k for

for a wager of one hundred guineas, each to make the best of his way, and he that arrived at Bath first, to be the winner. Lingard could get no farther than Devizes, and Cloud, who was ten miles a head, was declared the winner.

A PEDESTRIAN feat was performed lately, near Kilburn, by a gentleman, who ran one mile, for a wager of fifty guineas, in four minutes and a half. The gentleman's name was, very appropriately, *Foot*.

DURING the present month, a foot-race was run at Loughborough, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and Godfrey Moore, a butcher, of Whitwick, Leicester, a distance of one hundred yards, twelve guineas to ten, proposed by the former, who beat his antagonist by two yards and a quarter.—Bets were two to one in favour of Shipley.

A Mr. Seels, of Stockwith, near Gainsborough, lately undertook, for a trifling wager, to run his aged mare from Gainsborough-bridge to the Ram Inn, in Newark, and back, a distance of fifty miles, in five hours; and she, on Thursday morning, performed it with ease in four hours, although about fifteen minutes were lost by the rider mistaking the road.

THE Art of Ringing.—The Society of St. Peter's Youths, at Sheffield, have rung on their noble peal of ten bells, in honour of Lord Milton's election, in the technical methods of Grandsire Caters, Oxford Treble Bob Royal, and Stedman's Principles. In these three peals, at various times, they completed 11,177 changes, to represent the 11,177 Freeholders who voted

for his Lordship.—The tenor bell weighs 2 ton, 1 qr. 5lb. bell metal.

On Monday the 17th instant, a chase occurred on the Thames, between the Bishop's Palace and Westminster-bridge, which afforded much diversion to the admirers of aquatic feats. Several fishermen dragging shore with nets at flood tide, contrary to the order for the preservation of the fish, were surprised by the Water Bailiff's Assistants, and instantly took to their oars. On being followed by their unwelcome visitants, they redoubled their efforts to escape, and a warm chase ensued, both parties displaying masterly manoeuvres. The fishermen, however, gained upon the pursuers, and after making signals of defiance, got clear off.

On Saturday, Aug. 1, the prize coat and badge bequeathed by Dogget, the Comedian, was contested by the following free watermen:—Evans, of Tower-stairs; Maxwell, of Rotherhithe; Flowers, of Hungerford; Price, of Blackfriars; Smith, below bridge; and Sayer, of Three Cranes. The competitors started from the pier-head, London-bridge, about half-past six in the evening, to row against tide to the White Swan, Chelsea. The race afforded a most interesting spectacle. Evans, on whom considerable bets were laid, kept the lead, and won the prize. The second one was entitled to 5l. and the third to 3l. Millbank and the River displayed a multitude of spectators, but the arrival of a press-galley threw the whole into confusion.

FATAL Effects of Boxing.—On Wednesday, the 12th instant, a battle took place in a field adjoining Blandford Park, Cambridge, between

between Nathaniel Cross, a shepherd to Mr. Smith, of Walcot; and William Bolton, son of a respectable farmer. In the third round, Cross received so violent a blow as to occasion his immediate death.

AN Inquisition was taken on Friday, the 14th instant, at a public house at Lee's-hill, near Reading Barracks, on the body of a young man, named Harrel, the son of a reputable farmer, whose death was occasioned by a blow received in a pitched battle with a waggoner.—It came out at this investigation, that the deceased was returning home from a public house, in company with two other frolicsome young men, and the driver of a road-waggon became the object of their diversion. The waggoner not choosing to remain the butt of their amusement, became angry, and, after a skirmish had taken place in the road, the deceased, who was the better man of his party, retired to a field to fight the waggoner, who had provided himself with a second. They were both ignorant of the art of boxing, if not of bruising; but the battle, which lasted twenty-five minutes, was furiously maintained, until the deceased received a blow on the left side of the head, which decided the contest by his death.—The Jury found a verdict of *Manslaughter*.

ON Sunday, the 16th, as some persons, at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells, were debating on the merits of prize-fighters, two of the party, a carpenter and an ostler, agreed to settle the dispute immediately by a boxing match, each depositing a one-pound note, which they laid as a wager. They withdrew to the field, followed by the company, and several spectators. The ring being

formed, they stripped and set to. They had several knock-down blows on each side, when, after about fifteen minutes, the ostler, whose name was Warwick, received a blow in the stomach, which deprived him of breath for some time; he was taken up apparently lifeless, and carried to the hospital, where he died the next day.

A MAJOR in the Army is about to contend, in a pitched battle, with a gentleman of equal rank in life in the vicinity of Bristol. A duel, which was first proposed, has been relinquished by consent, and the differences between the parties are to be decided by the fist. The Major has been some time in training at Bristol, under the immediate tuition of the Game Chicken.

A CROSS-BUTTOCK in pugilism is, where the party, advancing his right leg and thigh, closes with his antagonist, and catching him with his right arm, or giving a round blow, throws him over his right hip, upon his head, with a fair chance of breaking his neck.

DOG-STEALING.—A curious instance of evidence occurred lately at the Mansion-house, in favour of a young man of the name of John Burden, of Bell-alley, respecting a beautiful young pug dog, found in the possession of a young woman near St. Paul's, and charged with being stolen by her. She refused to shew the dog, which was brought muffled up to the side of the Lord Mayor. The owner described the dog minutely, but there is a great likeness between all dogs of this description, and the woman contended that it was the lap-dog of a lady.

The Lord Mayor observed, that it would soon appear how this case

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## ORIGIN OF ARCHERY.

**B**RIGHT Phœbus, the patron of poets  
below,

Assist me of Archers to sing,  
For thou art accounted the God of the  
Bow;

As well as the God of the String,  
Twanging God.

The practice of *Shooting* 'twas you that  
began,

When you shot forth your beams from  
the skies;

Young Cupid was first in adopting the  
plan—

Next the Goddesses shot with their  
eyes,

The bright dames.

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestow'd

A bow of unparalleled hue;

'Twas her hobby long, and as on it she  
rode,

Like an arrow shot from it she flew,  
Gaudy dame.

Diana, who slaughter'd the brutes with  
her darts,

Ne'er shot but one lover or so,

For Venus excell'd her in shooting at  
hearts,

And had always more strings to her  
bow,

The sly jade.

To Earth came the art of the Archers at  
last,

And was follow'd with eager pursuit;

But the sons of Apollo all others sur-  
pass'd,

With such monstrous *long bows* did  
they shoot,

Lying dogs.

Ulysses, the hero, was known long ago,  
In wisdom and strength to excel,

So he left in his house an *inflexible bow*,  
And a still more *inflexible Belle*,  
Lucky dog.

The Parthians were Archers of old, and  
their pride

Lay in Shooting and scampering too,  
But Britons thought better their sports to  
divide,

So *they shot*, and their enemies *fear*,  
The brave boys.

Then a health to all true British bowmen  
be crown'd,

May their glory ne'er set in the dark,  
May their bows be all strong, and their  
strings be all sound,

And their arrows fly straight to the  
mark, British boys.

Shropshire,

J. J. B.

## THE CAPTIVE GOLDFINCH.

**W**HY did I not avoid the livery sprays,  
When sure confinement did await  
me there?

My faithless mate decoy'd me with his  
lays—

His self confin'd, had nothing else to  
fear.

Sweet Liberty, the best that Heav'n be-  
stows,

To me, now caught, will always be  
denied;

Then why, thus headlong, did I give my  
foes

The blessing of my race, and all beside?

Now shut within my wiry prison's grate,  
No comforts near but what my notes  
impart,

My



My keeper's pleasure is to hear me prate,  
But never knows the feelings of my heart.

With envious eyes I see my playmates  
From tree to tree, from thistle, field to field,  
But nought avails—my doom is fix'd to die,  
Where dread confinement makes the hero yield.

### ALICE FELL.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE Post-boy drove with fierce career,  
When threat'ning clouds the moon had drown'd;  
When suddenly I seem'd to hear,  
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways  
I heard the sound, and more and more:

It seem'd to follow with the Chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the Boy call'd out,  
He stopp'd his horses at the word;  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The Boy then smack'd his whip, and fast  
The horses scamper'd through the rain;  
And soon I heard upon the blast  
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,  
"What can it be, this piteous moan?"  
And there a little Girl I found,  
Sitting behind the Chaise, alone.

"My Cloak!" the word was last and first,  
And loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her very heart would burst;  
And down from off the Chaise she leapt.

"What ails you child?" she sobb'd,  
"Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke;  
Her help she lent, and with good heed

Together we released the Cloak;  
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

"And whither are you going Child,  
To night along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answer'd she, half wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;  
Sob after sob she forth did send  
In wretchedness, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

"My Child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She check'd herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is ALICE FELL;  
I'm fatherless and motherless;

And I to Durham, Sir, belong,"  
And then, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
And all was for her tatter'd Cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end  
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,  
As if she'd lost her only friend  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the Tavern-door we post;  
Of ALICE and her grief I told;  
And I gave money to the Host  
To buy a new Cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
Proud Creature was she the next day,  
The little Orphan, ALICE FELL!

### PARODY.

TO cheat or not to cheat, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer  
The stings and gnawings of a troubled conscience,  
Or bravely spurn corruption's gilded baits,  
And, by rejecting, 'scape em? To cheat,  
to need  
No more; and, by such gain, to say we end  
The thousand hardships which the poor man seems  
To be born heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Too often wish'd by us: To cheat un-  
seen—  
To cheat—perchance be caught; ay,  
there's the rub;

For

For by discovery what shame may come,  
When we have lost the necessary *mask*,  
Must give us pause; there is the respect  
That makes dishonesty embitter life;  
For who would bear the gibes and taunts  
of men,

Th' oppress'd's *curse*, the good man's  
contumely,

The pangs of unpaid fees, the laws severe-  
rity

In *taxing bills*, and the harsh reprimands

That merit often to th' unworthy gives,  
When he in peace might his quietus  
make

On a poor farm? Who would long parchments write,

And scrawl and *pause* amidst a heap of  
*nonsense*?

But that the dread of ghastly poverty,  
Whose horrid visage, like the Gorgon's  
head,

No mortal dares behold, startles the  
mind,

And makes us rather choose those ills we  
have,

Than suffer others that we dread far worse.

Thus avarice makes rascals of us all,

And thus the comely face of honesty

Is tarnish'd o'er by ill-designing *knaves*,

Who toil among the labyrinths of Law,

In search of matter to perplex *mankind*,

And leave the paths of wisdom.

### TIME AND CUPID.

**HIS** life in travelling always spent,  
Old Time, a much renowned wight,

To a wide river's margin went,

And call'd for aid with all his might:

"Will none have pity on my years,

I that preside in ev'ry clime?

O, my good friends, and passengers,

Lend, lend a hand to pass old Time!"

Full many a young and sprightly lass

Upon the adverse bank appear'd,

Who eager sought old Time to pass,

On a small bark by Cupid steer'd;

But one, the wisest if I ween,

Repeated oft this moral rhyme—

Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,

Thoughtless and gay, in passing Time!

Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,

And spread the highly waving sail;

He took old father Time on board,

And gave his canvas to the gale.

Then joyous as he row'd along,

He oft exclaim'd—"Observe my *lasses*,

Attend the burden of my song,

How sprightly Time with Cupid

passes!"

At length the urchin weary grew,

For soon or late 'tis still the case;

He dropp'd the oar and rudder too—

Time steer'd the vessel in his place.

Triumphant now the veteran cries,

"'Tis now my turn, you find young

lasses:

What the old proverb says is wise,

That Love with Time so slightly

passes!"

### WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

**AS** Tom Bowling was prowling the  
streets with his gang,

Such fellows to press as would otherwise  
hang,

He spy'd one, he thought, who would  
answer his end,

And slapping his shoulder, cry'd, "What  
ship, my friend?"

"You mistake," said the man, "Sir,  
you cannot take me;

I can prove how I live—so by law I am  
free."

"Your law," said rough Tom, "I am  
not very apt in;

That's a thing that we leave to the Reg'-  
lating Captain;

But this I know well, that, whate'er you  
can say,

I've a warrant to press, and so you must  
away."

Then strait, with their prey, they set off  
to the boat,

And his children and wife left to sink or  
to float.

A Frenchman, attentive, observed all that  
past,

And thus, to a friend, he broke silence at  
last—

"Now, Sir, pray you tell-a-me, en veri-  
té,

Vat vas you tink now of your grand li-  
berty?

You made de great joke of de lettre de ca-  
chet,

Ma foi, de press-variant vas very well  
match it."

Aug. 3, 1807.

J. J. B.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF  
**THE TURF, THE CHASE,**  
And every other Diversion interesting to  
**THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.**

**SEPTEMBER, 1807.**

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*Engraved with—I, A Frontispiece to the Thirtieth Volume.—II, An elegant Vignette Title Page.—III, An Engraving of Fubbs, a Dog of a peculiar Kind.*

**LONDON:**

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEELS, 19, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, FLEET STREET;

J. BOOTH, 11, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## TO OUR READERS, UPON COMPLETING THE THIRTIETH VOLUME.

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IT is with increased satisfaction that we can congratulate ourselves and the public upon a continuation of their patronage. The conscious conviction that, for such a succession of years past, we have successfully administered to the entertainment of the Sportsman and the Man of Pleasure, without trenching upon the sacred limits of religion or morals, will certainly admit of some degree of exultation. This, however, we confess, results in a great measure from the nature of our plan, that, administering such an infinite variety of materials, leaves us little more than the task of arrangement and classification, but which still depends upon that portion of taste and sane judgment with which it has been our good fortune, generally speaking, to afford pleasure and entertainment.

But there is still another point upon which we have a peculiar right to insist: the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*, for many months past, has partaken of the nature of the best of the Public Journals, in which the *authenticity* and *priority of its intelligence* exhibit the most prominent and distinguished feature. This, we presume, applies to our Sporting Intelligence in general, but more particularly to the *Racing Calendar*, and every thing that relates to the *Turf* at large.—Thus, while our correspondence can furnish us with the means of maintaining our superiority; while the Artist and the Printer equally distinguish themselves by their neatness and accuracy in their respective departments—though the benefit may be mutual, we shall continue our endeavours to merit the preference bestowed by a discerning Public.

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Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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THE  
**SPORTING MAGAZINE;**  
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

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FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. XXX.

ESAU.

ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.

VIGNETTE, *THE TIGER*.

**E**SAU being from sacred history, it is needless to offer any remarks on that subject. Of the Tiger, we have the following article from India, as in some degree applicable:—

*Bombay, Dec. 6, 1806.*—An unusual and alarming circumstance occurred to two gentlemen, about seven o'clock on Sunday morning, on the Island of Salsette, in the neighbourhood of the village of Corlee. As they were riding towards the Bungaloes of General Macpherson, they beheld three full-grown tigers crossing the new road, about fifty yards in front of their horses. The ferocious animals observed the travellers with indifference, having, it is supposed, satiated themselves during the night. After crossing the road, they crouched close by the wayside, until the gentlemen, who undeviatingly kept their pace, passed, when they were perceived to betake themselves to the hills of Powee.

This instance, together with the recent frequency of these dreadful inhabitants of the Jungles having been observed, will, it is hoped, operate as a caution to passengers not to place too much dependence on their numbers being decreased, since the contrary is too evidently apparent.

DONCASTER MEETING.

**I**T may be observed, that when close run in point of time it has been our practice to give a summary of the events at any popular Races, and reserve the corrected detail for the ensuing month's Calendar. This happens to be the case at present in respect to Doncaster Races, of which the following is an abridged account:—

*Monday, Sept. 21.*

The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, (41 subscribers) was won by Lord Fitzwilliam's Paulina, beating Lord Monson's Scud, Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, and Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Benningbrough.—Lord Darlington's Archduke colt, and Giles Scroggins, Mr. Hutton's Cardinal York, Duke of Hamilton's Easy, Colonel Childers's Baron, Mr. Lonsdale's Comrade, Mr. Ackers's Phlebotomist, Sir W. Gerard's Windle, Mr. Clifton's Bryan, Mr. Peirse's Bedalian, Mr. Savile's Sir Solomon colt, and Lord F. Bentinck's Job Thornberry, also started, but the Judge could only place the first four.—Six, 7, and 8 to 4 agst Paulina.—Cardinal York took the lead for rather better than half a mile; Mr. Garforth's colt then led for about the same distance; Paulina, (who ran third for the first mile) then took the lead until they came to the last distance, when Scud headed until near the grand stand; here Paulina again headed, and won by a length of excellent running between her and Scud.—

L 1 2      Eaton

Eaton was beat about three lengths, Mr. Garforth's colt about four lengths, and all the others a long way. A very great betting race, and run in a very short space of time.

The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, (13 subscribers) for all ages, the last mile and half, was won by Sir T. Gascoigne's Thomasina, beating Cleveland, Foxberry, Fyldener, and three others; 5 and 6 to 4 on Thomasina. Won easy.

The King's Plate was won by Lord Strathmore's Cassio, beating Shittlecock, Delville, Luck's-All, and Superstition.—Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Cassio.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year olds (five subscribers), was won by Mr. T. Duncombe's Laurel-Leaf (late Colonel Childers's Bettina), by Stamford, beating Mr. Watt's grey filly, by Delpini, out of Miss Cogden. Two to 1 on Laurel-Leaf. Won easy.

The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, (3 subscribers) 2 miles, was by Lord Darlington's brother to Bumper, by St. George, beating Mr. E. L. Hodgson's Miltopia.—Two to 1 on Miltonia; won easy.

Staveley received a compromise from Trafalgar, and Cleveland received 100gs. from Gratitude.

#### *Tuesday, Sept. 22.*

The Prince's Stakes of 25gs. each, (19 subscribers) for four-yr olds, four miles, was won by Mr. Peirse's Rosette, beating Julius Caesar, Hipswell-Lass, the Prince's Trafalgar, Mary, Grazier, Smügler, and Lord Strathmore's Sir Peter filly, out of Heroine, which fell in running, and her rider, F. Buckle, was much hurt.—The 50l. Plate for all ages, four-mile heats, was won at two heats by Mr. Sit-

well's Buttercup, beating Mr T. Duncombe's bay colt by Expectation; Sir H. T. Vane's bay filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Catherine; and Mr. Mellish's Foxberry. Buttercup the favourite; won easy.

#### *Wednesday, Sept. 23.*

The Doncaster Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, (13 subscribers) for all ages, four miles, was won by Sir T. Gascoigne's Thomasina, by Timothy, beating Julius Caesar, Cassio, and Mr. Garforth's Beningbrough colt. Six to 4 against Cassio, 7 to 2 against Julius Caesar, 3 to 1 against Mr. Garforth's colt, and 4 to 1 against Thomasina. Won very easy.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for all ages, four miles, was won by Lord Monson's Scud, by Beningbrough, beating Thorn, Staveley, and Sir Andrew. Two to 1 agst Scud; a good race.

Mr. Wentworth's Margaret, by Beningbrough, 8st. beat Colonel Childers's Baron, 8st. 3lb. two miles, 100gs.—Five to 2 on Margaret; won very easy.

The North Welter Stakes were walked over for by Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. by Young Diomed; and the match between Deceit and Plantagenet was off by consent.

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LORD

# **LORD KIRCUDBRIGHT—HIS DOG, AND THE LADY.**

*A Trial at the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, held on Clerkenwell Green, Tuesday, Sept. 15.*

**L**ORD Kircudbright was indicted, under the title of Shelton Henry Maclellan, late of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, Baron of Kircudbright of that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Scotland, for assaulting Anne London, spinster, on the 8th of April last; to which his Lordship pleaded Not Guilty.

There was no Counsel for the prosecution; but there were two, Mr. Knapp and Mr. Arabin, for the defence.

Ann London, the prosecutrix, examined by the Chairman:—

**Q.** Where do you live?—**A.** At No. 8, Piccadilly, the west end of it. Speak loudly, that the Court and Jury may hear you.

**Q.** What have you to say against the defendant to this indictment?—**A.** I live at No. 8, Piccadilly, in the second floor; the defendant lived in the first floor. A little dog came out of the room of the first floor, as I was going down stairs from the second, and laid hold of the lace of my pelisse. I was afraid he would tear it, and I said, "Get away, little dog." He still kept pulling my pelisse, and I called out for a stick to beat the little dog. The defendant came out, and said, "You bitch, you w—e," and kicked me down stairs—down a flight of stairs. I laid hold of the balustrades, I came up, and he kicked me a second time.

**Q.** Did you do nothing at all?—**A.** Nothing. I was going out to dinner, and I was passing his room

door, and the little dog laid hold of my pelisse, and I said "Get away, little dog," but he continued to pull it. I called to my mother and to my servant, to get me a stick to beat away the dog. I had no words with the defendant—I know nothing whatever of him—I never saw him before.—He came out of his room on the sudden to me, and said, "You bitch, you w—e, I will kick you down stairs, if you meddle with my dog," on which he kicked me down stairs, four or five stairs.

**Q.** When was this, and what time of the day?—**A.** It was on the 8th of April last, between one and two in the afternoon.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.

**Q.** He treated you with great coarseness of abuse and brutal force?—**A.** He did.

**Q.** This little gentleman, you mean? (pointing to his Lordship, whose person is considerably under the middle size)—**A.** Aye; that's the very man.

**Q.** And did you not abuse his Lordship?—**A.** I never did. I never once spoke to him.

**Q.** And what belongs to all females, and used by some, you never used to him—your nails—by some called claws?—**A.** I never did.

**Q.** Nor abused him by words?—**A.** I never said a word to him. I only turned round and called to my mother to give me a stick that I might beat away the little dog that was pulling my pelisse, and I was afraid he would tear it. It was the stick which my mother used.

**Q.** It was a crutch, I believe?—**A.** She does not walk upon a crutch; she uses only a small stick with a handle to it.

**Q.** Did you not brandish that stick about?—**A.** No, I did not.

**Q.** Did your mother not strike my

my Lord?—A. No. She was not near him.

Q. Did she not brandish the stick about, and threaten to strike him, or to kick him?—A. No, she did not.

Q. Upon your oath, do you mean to say, that you did not use your nails on my Lord's face?—A. I did not.

Q. You mean to swear that?—A. I do, upon my honour.

Q. Did you never say, that if 10l. or 5l. were given to clothe your maid, you would not go on with this prosecution?—A. Never.

Q. Nor any recompence?—A. I want no recompence.

Q. How much was proposed, on your part, that my Lord should pay for settling this business?—A. Nothing at all.

Q. You never proposed the sum of 10l.?—A. Never; I never proposed any thing in my life that he should pay.

Q. So without any provocation whatever from you, my Lord bounced out of the room, and kicked you in the way you have described to us?—A. He did; he had no provocation at all from me.

Q. How much did you promise the girl out of this prosecution?—A. Nothing at all.

Q. You never promised her 5l.?—A. Never; but she was to have laid a charge against him, for he kicked her afterwards.

Q. I ask you, upon your oath, whether you ever promised to your girl 5l. out of this business?—A. I do not recollect any such thing, upon my honour.

Q. Upon your honour—your oath; remember you are upon your oath.—Did you not promise that your girl should have 5l. out of this prosecution?—A. I cannot recollect any sum at all.

Q. Was there not a sum of money which the girl was to be paid, if this matter was to be made up?

—A. No.

Q. Will you swear that positively, that you offered the girl no sum of money if this matter was made up?—A. I will; for I cannot recollect any that I ever said any such a thing.

Q. Any sum whatever?—A. Not any sum whatever.

Q. Not with him, perhaps?—A. Not with any man, nor with any body.

Q. Did you not offer to make it up: and was not the sum mentioned; and did you never say, that if the girl should have 5l. to put her in clothes, you would make it up? The girl was your servant.—A. I do not recollect any thing like that.

Q. How long ago was this?—A. It was on the 8th of April.

Q. How do you know the precise day?—A. I put it down on a piece of paper.

Q. Have you got that paper here?—A. I have; here it is.

Q. And you did not offer to make it up for any sum of money?—A. I did not offer to make it up at all, either for a sum of money, or otherwise.

Q. Did you never enter, on paper, that you would?—A. Never—Here is what I put down on paper the 8th of April, it was one o'clock.

Q. Have not you had any conversation with any body, and said you hoped to get money on this prosecution, and that the girl should have money?—A. Never.

Q. To find the girl in some clothes?—A. Never, upon my life, and soul: I can say most truly.

Chairman.—Q. Was no sum or pecuniary recompence to be given to you, or to somebody, on account



of this prosecution?—A. None at all.

Q. Nothing from the Defendant?—A. Nothing at all; I never thought of such a thing; I never wished it.

Mr. Knapp. Q. Whatever sum of money was to be paid to you both, was not the maid to have half of it?—A. Nothing like it ever passed.

Q. After this kicking, did you not say to his Lordship, I will make you pay well for this kicking?—A. Never.

Q. Did you not mention any sum of money, 20l.—A. No, nor even one pound.

One of the magistrates.—Q. From the circumstance of his Lordship's living in the same house with you, did you know who he was?—A. I did not know him; I never spoke to him.

Q. Did you not know his rank? A. I had heard of him.

Mr. Bruce.—I live at No. 8, Piccadilly; I am the landlord of the house; I am by trade a shoemaker; I saw this transaction; I was in my shop attending one of my customers; I heard a cry on the stairs; I went up, and I saw my Lord kick her, (meaning the prosecutrix.)

Q. Did you see any thing of the dog?—A. No, I did not see the dog; he (meaning his Lordship) had the dog.

Q. Were the kicks repeated?—A. I did not see them repeated: she said he kicked her down four or five stairs. I saw my Lord kick her.

Cross-examined by Mr. Arabin.

Q. You did not see what occurred before?—A. I did not.

Q. You did not see the beginning of the quarrel?—A. I did not; I

was in my shop, and I heard a noise on the stairs. I went up, and there I saw his Lordship kicking the lad.

Q. Did you see her claw his Lordship's face?—A. No, I did not.

Q. Did you see the marks of her nails on his Lordship's face afterwards?—A. No, I did not.

Q. My Lord occupied the first floor for his apartments in your house, and these people the garret?—A. The second floor, Sir.

Q. She had not offended his Lordship?—A. She had not that I know of.

Q. Did not he complain of nastiness and filth thrown from the top of the house?—A. That could not affect his Lordship.

Q. Did not he complain to you previous to this quarrel of that?—A. I do not recollect that he did. I remember there was some water thrown out of the front of the house.

Q. Did not you yourself perceive the nuisance?—A. I remember the drain was stopt up, and the water ran into his Lordship's apartment. But that has nothing to do with this case. I saw his Lordship kick her.

Q. His Lordship has left your lodgings.—A. Yes, he has.

Q. And he did not employ you as his shoemaker. He was not your customer?—A. No; but I would not give him sixpence for his custom.

Q. You do not care sixpence for his custom, because you cannot have it?—A. I never asked for it.

Q. Have you not said that rather than this prosecution should be stopt, you yourself would expend 20l. on it?—A. Never; in my life.

Q. Never, to any body.—A. never.

Q. Do

Q. Do you swear that?—A. I do swear it.

Counsel.—I hear you, and I cannot help it, Sir.—Witness. I would have given £1. to have had nothing to say to it.

Chairman.—Is there any other witness?—A. There is a boy of mine, who saw the same thing that I did.

Thomas Harding.—I lived servant to Mr. Bruce, when my Lord was in the house. I was down stairs, and heard the noise about the dog. I went up stairs. I saw my Lord kick Miss London on the stairs.

Q. You did not hear what happened at first?—A. No; but I heard him swear at her.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.—Q. Did you not know what they had been doing before?—A. No; but I did not hear any thing at that time; but I heard my Lord call her a damn'd bitch.

Q. What did she call him?—A. I did not hear her call him any thing. I did not hear her say any thing to him.

Q. How long did this noise take place before you went up stairs?—A. Just before.

Q. But what happened before, you cannot tell?—A. No.

Mr. Knapp addressed the Jury for the defendant, and submitted that a person of the diminutive figure of the noble Lord was not likely to commit such an assault as was here imputed to him upon the person of the lady who had exhibited this complaint. It was not of necessity that a Jury gave full credit to every witness for every thing that was sworn, if it was not probable. He maintained that the story here related was improbable, and therefore ought not to be credited, especially as none of the

witnesses, except the prosecutrix, know any thing of the origin of the transaction.

One of the Jury asked to whom the dog belonged? The defendant's counsel said, to his Lordship's house-keeper.

The Chairman.—It is really too much to have the time of the Court so long taken up on a case which is so clear upon the evidence. Two witnesses, besides the prosecutrix, positively swore they saw the assault committed.

The Jury found the defendant *Guilty!*

Chairman.—“Shelto Henry Maclellan, the sentence of the Court upon you is—*That you do pay to the King a fine of 20l.*”—which his Lordship paid immediately, and retired.

The evidence, the verdict, and the sentence, being before our readers, and the fine also paid, we have nothing to offer on the conduct of the noble Lord in this affair; but we cannot resist expressing our disapprobation of the unwarranted manner in which the Counsel for his Lordship examined the prosecutrix. It is a pity some restraint is not put upon the tongues of these loquacious chatterers; it is doubtless their duty, as professional men, to do the best for their clients; but certainly all deviation from good manners, gross insinuations, and, above all, attempts to confound and perplex a witness, are disgraceful, and (as in the present case) answer no one purpose but to shew how far a Barrister can descend from the character of a gentleman to that of a —, and yet leave his client in no better state than if he had had no counsel at all; indeed the Chairman's remark will bear us out in these observations.

FEAST

## FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &amp;c.

A Gentleman, who had a vast veneration for poetry and poetical descriptions, having occasion to describe a very quiet neighbour to a musical friend of his, stated, that he took through life,

"The noiseless tenour of his way."

"Pshaw!" cried the musician, who was not possessed of much fondness for poetry, "what is a *noiseless Tenor* good for? give me a tenor that has a full and powerful tone, or none at all."

A SAILOR'S Religion.—The following circumstance is absolutely a fact. At a late court-martial on board the *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, a sailor, who was giving his evidence, was asked by the President, what religion he was of? he replied, "Please your honour, *I'm a European*." This was spoken so mumbly, owing to a quid of tobacco he had in his mouth, that the President, and, indeed, most of the court, understood him to say, "*I'm of your opinion*;" but upon the question being repeated, he again answered, "*I'm a European!*" The strangeness of this reply convulsed the whole court with laughter, however they might, upon cooler reflexion, deplore the poor fellow's dreadful want of information on a subject of such importance.

Two dashing ladies of easy virtue going down Gracechurch-street one evening, were repeatedly asked by the different coachmen if they were not going to Greenwich or

Deptford? At length one of the coachmen, a greater wag than the rest, cried out, "Pray don't plague the ladies so; they are not going your road—they are going to *Clap'em*."

A YOUNG man, who had just had his hair cropped very close, was quizzed by a friend on his *smug* appearance; upon which he exclaimed, "Come, come, don't *take my hair off*."—"Indeed," cried his friend, "that would be an impossibility—it is gone already."

AN old Story.—Just after the death of the late Duke of York, a gingerbread baker at Mansfield, happening to take too long a nap while his batch was in the oven, found, upon awaking, that his sweet cakes were nearly burned to a cinder. Being a shrewd fellow, he began considering what he must do with it; recollecting the news of the death of the Duke of York, he carried his gingerbread into the market place, and by crying, "*nice mourning gingerbread*," quickly sold his lot of *black* eatables.

It is customary, at Petersfield, in Hampshire, on the Sundays in Lent, for the parson to catechise the children publicly in the church. A few years ago, the then clergyman had gone about half through his task, when having asked a lad one of the commandments, he went to the next, a boy of only four years old, in petticoats, and by some mistake asked him the same, when, to

the great astonishment of the congregation, and the extreme confusion of the parson, he loudly bawled out, "The last boy said that, Sir!"

#### THE HORSE-DEALER AND HIS GROOM.

A Horse-dealer, famous for nags with long tails,  
Of which he oft made pretty well by his sales,  
Was once serv'd a trick by a rogue in the night,  
Who broke into the stable, and then, without light,  
Cut off ev'ry tail of the nags that were there,  
To the horse-dealer's terror and utter despair—  
Who came in the morning, and with him his groom,  
Lamenting most sorely his sorrowful doom.  
The groom was a wag, as this story will show,  
For when his poor master was weeping with woe,  
He cried, "My good Sir, pr'ythee take this advice,  
And then you'll get rid of your nags in a trice:  
Sell them *wholesale*."—"How wholesale?" the master exclaim'd,  
At this seeming impudence vastly inflam'd;  
"Why, yes, Sir, 'tis best, since your first plan has fail'd,  
For certain it is they can ne'er be *retail'd*!"

J. M. L.

COPY of a Ticket of Admission.  
—"Ticket of omission to a feet in Foxhall Guardians, which will be luminated for the porpoise in commiseration of the proaching high menials of King Jerome Bone a part and the Prince S. of Wirtemburgh, which are suspected to be speedily constipated."

AN Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the Borough, and having left Ireland three weeks before,

brought with him a basket of eggs; his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England?—"Because," said he, "I am fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so."

A FEW weeks ago, a tradesman of a certain description, often the butt of wanton wit, gave a rich treat to his men, at his occasional country residence. At the head of the table sat a friend of his, a brewer by trade, and selected for the purpose of seeing that each man did honour to his glass—that no person should be made a *butt* of—to check, as much as possible, any unpleasant *fermentation*—and, by the *sparkling* of his wit, to keep the conversation in a due medium between the *flat* and the *frothy*.—At the bottom was seated an *Attorney*, fully qualified to commence *actions* against any person or persons who should dare to assault even the *ninth* part of any man in company. The dinner seemed to hit the *taste* of all persons, though one gentleman, whose stomach was not quite in condition, through eating too much of a *goose*, begged he might be indulged with not more than a *thimble-full* of brandy, by way of assisting digestion. Another immediately observed, that it was setting a good *pattern*, and as he felt something like a *stitch* in his side, he would, with permission, join him. Good humour was every where prevalent; the glass circulated freely; and the greater part went so far beyond their *measure*, that they became completely *sewed* up, and were unable to reach even the *skirts* of the town that day.

A TRAVELLER, who visited Toulouse in the sixteenth century, says—

says—"There happened during our stay in this City a very odd accident, which was as followeth: A company of thieves, designing to break into a certain shop of the town in the night-time, opened a hole in the side of a brick wall big enough for one to enter; but, as they were at work, notwithstanding the utmost dexterity, the noise alarmed the people within, who getting up, and perceiving whereabouts they were opening their passage, expected them in the shop. The hole being finished, one of the *night-walkers* came in with his legs foremost, whom the people within seized when his body was half through, and held him fast in the hole, that he could neither move forward nor backward; and the passage being quite stopped up, the others without could by no means set him at liberty. In the mean while, one of the servants of the house called the watch from the chamber window; but before they could get thither the rogues were all fled, excepting him in the hole, whom they found without an head; for, it seems, his companions finding it impossible to get him thence had cut it off, and carried it away with them, that he might not be known, nor drawn by threats and promises to discover the rest, who were at least ten or twelve in number."

**THE REVENGE.**—Two Irish rustics, finding a large cask that was cast ashore from the wreck of a ship, naturally thinking it contained the dear *Usquebaugh*, but which, in reality, contained gun-powder, were greatly puzzled how to get at the enviable treasure. At length it was resolved to use a red-hot piece of iron for that purpose. As might be expected, the one who

bored the cask was thrown aloft into the air by the explosion of the powder. The other, seeing his companion flying in the air, as he thought, with the cask of whiskey, exclaimed, with great *sang froid*, "By J—s, if you do not come down and give me a share, I shall inform the Exciseman."

AN estimate of the *morality* of the times may be drawn from the publication of books.—One hundred and thirty editions of Hoyle on Gaming have been published, and only *sixteen* of the *Whole Duty of Man*!

ON opening the Will, a few days ago, of a gentleman who had expended a handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following:—"If I had died possessed of a *thousand pounds*, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Timothy Taylor; but as I have not *sixpence*, he must accept the *Will* for the *Deed*."

A COUNTRY Magistrate lately observed at the Quarter Sessions, "the County *Mad-house* was in a very *crazy state*!"

JOHN Doe and Richard Roe say, that some of the fashionable pedestrians may *out-walk* them, but that they will have them in the *long run*.

**CHELTENHAM BON MOT.**—A party at one of the Libraries was lately enumerating the complaints in which the waters are supposed to give relief. They dwelt particularly on the horrors of vitiated and redundant *Bile*! One of them, an East Indian, whose countenance bespoke his malady, took up the subject thus:—"The ancients,

M m 2 gen-

gentlemen, have spoken much of one *Prometheus*, who, they say, was *chained up*, whilst a *Vulture* preyed continually on his *liver*.—But what is the plain English of all this?—The man was *confined with a Bilious Complaint!*"

THE *hair-brained* son of a Scots Peer lately relating the danger in which he stood from a *mad dog*, which 'an by him so close as to touch him, one of the company gravely asked, "Pray, my Lord, did you bite him?"

OBJECTS of Pity. — Sir John Suckling used to say—

I pity the Poet who is obliged to write for bread.

I pity the man who has fallen into the hands of a petty-fogging Attorney.

I pity the man who is married to a scold, unless he is deaf.

I pity the woman who is married to a rakish spouse, unless she is blind.

I pity the man that cannot read of a wet day.

I pity the man that is in debt, and would pay if he could.

I pity the man that can only boast of a long pedigree.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Dublin paper, alluding to Mr. Grattan's declaration in the House of Commons, "That he was *informed*, that meetings of a *treasonable* nature were held in Ireland; he did not mean to accuse his countrymen of *treason* or *disaffection*, but he was *certain* that there was a *French party in Ireland*; and it was against them, and *not* against *Irishmen*, that the operation of the Bill was directed"—says: "This, Sir, brings to my recollection an anecdote well known in the King's

County. A gentleman residing in that part of the kingdom, perceived his stock of pigeons fast decreasing, but was unacquainted with the cause. He was, however, *informed*, a tenant of his knew something of the matter. The man was sent for; on being questioned, he at first denied any knowledge of the transaction; but, when closely pressed, he "declared he did *not* mean to accuse any man of *shoot*ing the pigeons, but he was *certain* Billy Dooley *shot* the pigeons for all that."

#### EPIGRAM.

TOM taken by Tim his new mansion to view,

He observ'd, "'twas a *big one* with windows *too few*."

"As for *that*," replies Tim, "I'm the builder's forger,

For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the *liver*."

"True," says Tom, "as *you* live upon *farthings* and *nites*,

"For the *liver* 'tis good, but d—d bad for the *lights*!"

A GENTLEMAN who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the West of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church on a late Fast-day, told them, that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist Chapel in the evening!"

AN apparent cripple, in sailor's garb, who lately craved charity about the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, seeing a press-gang approach a few days since, with intention to overhaul

overhaul him, threw down his crutches and ran off, exclaiming, "They may have my *land timbers* and be d—d, but I'll make sail and find my *sea-legs*."

A WORTHY Citizen, being asked the meaning of a place in *reversion*, answered, that he supposed they were places given to gentlemen who have experienced *reverses* of fortune.

An Irish Gentleman, questioned upon the same subject, differed from the worthy Citizen, and said, that places in *reversion* must be places held *after a man was dead*.

A GENTLEMAN having lately written to his friend, to know if he was well pleased with the purchases made by his good spouse at Fonthill, the husband replied in the following *distich* :—

Such bargains purchas'd by my dear,  
Her taste at auctions shewing,  
Will make me turn an auctioneer—  
For I am—going! going!

THE following is an exact copy of an advertisement which appeared in a Dublin (daily) paper of last month :—

"A HORSE.—To be sold a beautiful MARE.—Would mount a Lady well :—or draw a Gig in an *elegant* style.—Any Gentleman, in Want of a HORSE for the Season, will in *her* find a valuable Acquisition.—Enquire," &c.

THE following is a copy of a certificate of character given to a young girl upon her removing from one parish in the Highlands to another, deposited with the Session Clerk :—

"This Certify that Isable Wier served with us During the last half year, and found her in every respect

*Creditable and free of Nothing* that was any way *rong*."

"MICHAEL WELSH."

CRIM. 'CON. Extraordinary.—The following curious trial of a Dissenting Preacher, at — street chapel, Soho, lately came on before the congregation :— It was given out by another preacher on the Sunday, at the above chapel, that serious charges were about to be instituted against Mr. —, and the congregation were requested to attend at the trial. On the day appointed for that ceremony, the doors of the chapel were shut, and none but seat-owners were admitted. The charges were as follow : that the preacher, whilst taking a tour in the country, became smitten with another man's wife, and, after some mutual intercourse, she eloped with him to London. The defendant has a wife and family, and having for some time neglected his domestic comforts, it was at length ascertained that he lived in adulterous intercourse with this said wife of another man, at Pimlico. The legal wife complained of inconstancy, when the parson became a *bravado*, and brought the new object of his choice to his own house, and they lived there until the flock sought an explanation of their shepherd. The trial lasted several hours, and a good deal of eloquence was displayed by some of the congregation. The preacher was allowed the choice of being stripped of his gown, or of abandoning the other man's wife and cleaving to his own. He reluctantly promised to be faithful hereafter. The owner of the chapel, however, feeling that it had been contaminated, has since sold the lease.

Out-

**OUTRAGEOUS Quackery.**—To the Afflicted in .....—The well-known ....., the only extractor of the bad effects of mercury, or any cause of a disease, the stone and rupture excepted, (without medicine, use of instrument, restraint of diet, or seldom hindrance from business) in this kingdom, is at Mr. ...., near the Salutation, ..... He has only been a short time in the town. In a humble situation, he is happy doing good. Ye poor afflicted! he takes no one in hand but who shall declare their reliance they cannot meet with relief in ..... He pledges himself to cure, if curable, and relieve, if relievable; on that account, he expects an opportunity shall be given him, or he will not take you in hand. If his character and success in restoring sight, use of limbs, and most other diseases, will not induce you to come freely with your guinea, and request him to accept of it to use his best endeavours for your cure and relief, and trust to his honour for his charge, he begs you will not trouble him.

N.B. Before he examines any one's case in circumstances, his fee is one guinea; also his charge before he displays his singular art. If required, afterwards, to attend at a patient's house, he has a fee for it.

THE following singular advertisement is taken from a late number of the Connecticut Courant:—“Thomas Hutchins has advertised that I have absented myself from *his bed and board*, and forbid all persons trusting me on his account, and cautioned all persons against making me any payment on his account. I now advertise the public, that the same Thomas Hutch-

ins came as a fortune-teller into this town about a year ago, with a recommendation, which, with some artful falsehoods, induced me to marry him. Of the four wives he had before me, the last he quarrelled away; how the other three came by their deaths, he can best inform the public; but I caution all widows or maidens against marrying him, be their desire for matrimony ever so strong. Should he make his addresses under a feigned name, they may look out for a little strutting, talkative, feeble, meagre, hatchet-faced fellow, with spindle shanks, and a little warped in the back.

“THANKFUL HUTCHINS.

“*East Windsor, May 22, 1807.*”

IN a late action for an assault, the plaintiff and defendant were both farmers near Chichester, in Sussex. They had some slight disputes about carting through the defendant's yard, who said to the plaintiff, “Do's't remember, thee gave me a horsewhipping on the bridge some years ago? and now I'm *dang'd* if I don't *gee* thee a clout in return.” He did so; and the Jury thought the plaintiff ought to pay a *brass* farthing—for which amount they gave a verdict.

UPON a late appeal in Yorkshire, under the Training Act, one of the appellants, a plain honest-looking countryman, was asked by a Magistrate, in rather a high tone, if he did not vote at the late Election for Lord Milton? “Yes,” said he, “I did; but I thought we had settled that business at York, and did not know, till you mentioned it, that the manner persons voted *there* had any thing to do with the appeals made *here*.” The enquirer looked *blue*, and changed the subject,

THE



THE  
PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

## No. II.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be  
had—

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.  
POPE.

WHEN a man commences writer, he becomes the servant of the public. It is expected of a servant, that he must execute the affairs of the office he enters upon, whatever they are, and by so doing make it appear whether he has the requisite abilities. When he is known to possess them, he may then be tolerated in attempting to make himself agreeable and entertaining, and not before. From this premise, it seems incumbent on me to shew, in my first essays, that I have made the passions, propensities, peculiar habits, and humours of the human race, a good part of my study, and that I have made some nice observations on the brute creation, with other matters, such as belong to the natural philosopher. This being the case, my first numbers must be of the serious, philosophical, and metaphysical kind; and my endeavours to amuse and entertain must follow at a time when I can flatter myself that I shall be indulged in the freedoms of a little trifling and gaiety.

Although men come to the knowledge of things by the same senses, yet how widely different are their conceptions and opinions of most things? a square or round object, a straight or crooked line, appear the same to every beholder, whilst the actions, manners, diversions, &c. of men, are seen in such various points of view, and have such opposite notions enter-

tained of them, some commending and highly extolling those very things which are by others reprobated and vilified. Why is this? It is the passions that speak and determine, or it is education and employment that give a bias to the judgment, and fix our sentiments, or the natural turn of mind, temperament, and disposition, that govern our conceptions of things. We do not speak according to the impartial dictates of reason, but according to our constitutional passions and usual habits, private views and self-interest. How many evils and disagreeable consequences can some men shew resulting from dancing; and the arguments brought by such cavillers in confirmation of their notions shall appear to be very plausible and striking, whilst those who patronise and would promote that healthful and exhilarating exercise, will produce as many solid and cogent arguments in its defence, making it evidently to appear, that dancing should be tolerated and encouraged in every city, town, and village throughout the kingdom. Thus it is with respect to every thing; and something may be said as well against, as for any kind of amusement and diversion.

But the impartial man of reason, knowledge, and reflexion, pays no regard to cavillers and complainers, since he is convinced that there is nothing so perfect and free of all defects and ill consequences in every point of view, but that grumblers and cavillers may find whereon to levy their complaints and accusations—they do not scruple to do it on the dispensations of Providence in the government of the world.

These complaints and accusations, however, make no impression

on the mind of the philosopher; he is thoroughly convinced that some unpleasant circumstances ever have, and ever will, result from the best and most laudable undertakings. Pain, labour, and various wants, attend on creation itself; and as every being is made capable of receiving sensations of delight, pleasure, and gratification, it must likewise be capable of feeling pain, sorrow, and mortification; and to cease from either the good or the evil is to cease to exist.

These carping, dissatisfied grumblers, if they commence writers, and start the subject of hunting, and the sports of the forests, woods, and fields, stigmatise the exercise with the appellation of wanton cruelty, a barbarous diversion, and a most tragical piece of business; its first followers, say they, were the worst and most tyrannical of men; Cain, the murderer, they cry, was a hunter; Nimrod, the tyrant, was a sportsman; and Esau they accuse with following the same amusements; and that their chief delight was in blood and death. Of Cain, little more is known than that he was a murderer; and of Nimrod, than that he was a chief man or king. If these ancients were sportsmen, as it is highly probable they were, then it follows that their diversion and pastime is the most ancient of any known in the world; and if we allow that old times and customs were the best, then the sports of the field are the best of all pastimes and exercises.

If the character of Esau be taken in a civil point of view, it will appear to be much more noble and amiable than that of the cunning shepherd, his brother Jacob. His passions might be warm and sanguine, his sense of injuries might

be quick, and his resentment strong and fierce, and he might, and probably did, feel an unutterable abhorrence and contempt for all low cunning and secret plotting; yet we find him pacified, ready to forgive, and that he met his brother, (who had fled from the punishment he feared as his due) on his return to his native country, and would have given him large presents. We find Esau much more nobly and generously disposed than Jacob, and which we cannot wonder at, since the sports of the field have a natural tendency to inspire and promote manly spirits, a free and generous conduct.

Some men will say, the ancient sportsmen were not such from motives of pleasure and amusement, but that they were sportsmen or hunters from necessity; that they were compelled to it to satisfy the wants of nature, to supply the daily wants of their families: the truth of this supposition is not known. Reason says, that it is probable that the utility of the act was one principal motive and encouragement to it, and that the spoils of the chase were the reward of a necessary toil and hardship; for as it is the task of man to check and destroy noxious and fast-increasing weeds, and to give encouragement and growth to salubrious plants and vegetables, so in like manner it hath always been found necessary for men to hunt and destroy those animals, which would soon increase upon and overcome those which are so serviceable to man, so mild and docile as to submit to his government, and answer his various domestic purposes. Those animals which will not submit to government and domestication, may be called the defiers and enemies of man; but those which patiently submit,

submit, are his low friends and servants, and as such are entitled to his protection and esteem: by his forethought they are to be protected and provided for; by his arms and other means they are to be defended against their foes, and to be treated with tenderness and humanity.

Though hunting and the sports of the field hath been followed in all countries, time immemorable, and though the practice was instituted in necessity, and still continued for its utility, yet those diversions may be carried to excess, and too much zeal may be shown for them.

To depopulate and lay waste a cultivated country, to make a forest for the pleasure of hunting therein, would be an outrageous act of cruelty; to hunt at improper seasons and spoil the rising produce of the farmer's labour, would be doing very wrong—indeed it is very unthinking to do any one injury at any time. Such acts of violence and outrage are not committed by sportsmen; their trampling the earth is sometimes a benefit, and in general does the husbandman as good service as harm, and the sports of the field, although some trifling injuries appear to be annexed to them, yet are they to be looked on as a good, for some good is derived from them, whether it be observed or not; but a good makes no lasting impression on the minds of men; it is like writing on sand, the first gale blows it out; whilst an injury, though ever so small, is written on brass, and never wears out, and if it be not written, then it is magnified a thousand fold by tradition.

A sportsman is a noble character, the glory and blessing of his country—sportsmen, if they do not improve the human race, they pre-

serve it greatly from degenerating; their manly exercise, their freedom of thought, their exemption from carping cares and gloomy thinking, and their breathing fresh air on hills, vallies, plains, woods, and groves, purify their blood, strengthen their animal spirits, and invigorate both their bodies and minds. As their offspring partake of those effects, they grow up able men, proper for the defence of their country either by sea or land, fit to engage with any of the active and laborious pursuits in life. If properly educated and reared up in the knowledge of real honour, truth, and justice, inculcated with honest good principles, they are a blessing to their country, highly useful and agreeable members in society. Such an offspring is the comfort, delight, and glory of fathers: nor are they less a blessing and comfort to themselves; their blood is pure and active, and flows copiously through their system; their animal spirits strong, their health vigorous, their sensations pleasant and full of delight, and their feelings not soon nor lastingly wounded; they are free from those qualities and defects in constitution, which bring forth fearfulness, melancholy, and a long train of wretched sensations, and they are the happiest, the most fortunate, of the human race, and consequently have the most powerful cause to be thankful that they had sportsmen for their fathers. Yet think not, ye jovial sportsmen, that exercise, pure air, and the delights of the field, are means sufficient for a happy desirable offspring—no, there must be the select partner, the friend of your bosom, the pride of your life; banished, totally extinguished, must be all the corroding passions, jealousy, suspicion, private antipathy, false delicacy, shyness,

shyness, sheepishness; ye are to possess but one heart and one soul, and ye will do well to mark what the poet and the physician sings—

Be temperate still; when nature bids obey;

Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:  
But when the prurient habit of delight,  
Or loose imagination, spurs you on

To deeds above your strength, impute it not

To nature: nature all compulsion hates. —

In wanton arms, melt not your manhood down.

DR. ARMSTRONG.

If Sportsmen need farther stimulus to prompt their endeavours to a still greater improvement of their species, let them think, when they see those miserable unfortunate beings whom they have been accustomed to look on with derision and contempt, that they behold unfortunate creatures, who bear about them a load of imperfections, derived from the jarring turbulent passions, and intemperate indulgencies, of their progenitors, which will stick to them to the third and fourth generation.

The sportsman may be viewed, not only as the improver of his species, but the preserver and supporter of the English character honesty, sincerity, and hardiness, and of good old English hospitality. At his table smoke the massy members of the ox and old wether, well fed and large domestic poultry, with the wild animals of his own taking in the woods and fields, savourily prepared and entire, not cut into fritters and mammoicks, hashes and stews. The insipidity of elegance, and the nothingness of refinement, but ill agree with his likings and appetite; he laughs at them as mere futilities, yet as a gentleman of sense and breeding he cheerfully complies with the

fashions and manners of the age he lives in, and with the different habits and tastes that ever will abound in society. When he is at the table of a refined friend, having laid a good foundation of solids, he will, to compliment the lady, partake of her nice delicacies. At his own he will exhibit a small portion of elegancies and delicacies, by the side of a joint of beef, that made a brawny-backed footman to tremble with its weight. Here you may see a few snow balls, by a saddle of fine wether mutton; a pint and half of elegant soup, by a turkey of twelve or fifteen pounds, and a few hartshorn jellies. As the well-meaning and genuine friend of his company, he recommends the substantials, being fully convinced that a slice from a well-dressed buttock of good beef or mutton is far more nutritious, and of an easier digestion, than the breast of a chicken, fully manifesting the orthodoxy of his assertions, by doing justice to those substantials. The liquors which flow round his board are the emblem of the host, strong and potent, full of colour, and sparkling in the glasses. In his deportment, he is without constraint, reserve, or embarrassment; in his conversation, open, free, easy, good-humoured, and gallant; in his sentiments, cogent and perspicuous; in his wit, pithy; in his words, strong and intelligible; and having no other restraint upon himself than to guard against rudeness and indecency, he promotes cheerfulness and good humour at home and a broad. In his company the squeesy stomach digests its contents, and the delicate and refined forget the tedious heavy burthen of their usual accompaniments, debility and ennui.

M.

FA-

## FASHIONABLE PURSUITS.

MR. EDITOR,

AS your pages are devoted mostly to amusing and satirical productions, I presume that the following observations on *fashionable pursuits*, will neither be unacceptable to you, nor be unentertaining to your readers. It may be proper to state, that I have extracted them from a little work that has been very popular, but I believe is now out of print, entitled "The Pleasures of Human Life." This very ingeniously satirical production, contains many severe strictures on the frivolities and quackeries of the age.

Your occasional correspondent,  
TOM. SAUNTER.

Bath, August 16, 1807.

## THE PLEASURES OF FASHION.

*Drums, Routs, Masquerades, Operas, Fashionable Intelligence, &c.*

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway;

And words, and perriwigs have both their day;

Each have their purlieus too, are modish each

In staid districts, wigs as well as speech."

COLMAN.

THE universal tyranny of Fashion is admitted by all classes of the community, and though many complain of its intolerant government, yet there are few persons who

do not voluntarily submit to its laws. Fashion may be said to be a sort of livery maker, or army tailor, as it cuts out all its clothes alike. It is also a leveller, or stubborn republican, for it makes nearly all ranks assume the same appearance. It may be called a monkey, as it is much given to mimicry.\* Some people call it a Proteus, as it is ever-changing: and others call it a camelion, because it is never seen twice of the same colour. The Quakers stigmatise it as a capricious change-ling: and the Methodists denounce eternal perdition to its votaries, who must inevitably go to old Nick, by constantly travelling in the "*broad way*;" but what say the gay ladies, and smart gentlemen? They unequivocally declare, that fashion is the most essential sauce in the feast of life: indeed the head dish. That without it the world would be a blank, and men and women mere cyphers. Existence, unless seasoned with this palatable auxiliary, would be as insipid as an opera without songs, a comedy without wit, a House of Commons without opposition, or a masquerade without characters. In short, while many thousands are worshipping it, as the Peruvians did the sun, tens of thousands are deriving from its prevalence, business, profit, and pleasure. Thus, as many are studying how to expend or squander away their for-

\* Imitation constitutes the very essence of fashion. Thus, the nobleman is imitated by the squire, who is again imitated by the farmer, butcher, butler, footman, and groom. The lady's woman (the word maid is vulgar and obsolete) mimicks her mistress, and she is aped by the cook, laundry-maid, and scullion-wench: while the mistress of the chandler's shop mimicks these, her *fashionable* Sunday geer is imitated by the milk girl, and she again by still inferior personages: so that the ladies of *fashion* may truly say, or sing,

"Pity our fall,"  
We're aped by all,  
Well a-day!

tunes in living *a-la-mode*, others are studying how to make theirs, by exchanging gew-gaws for guineas, and baubles for bank notes.

It would be curious, if not particularly useful, to trace to its origin this weathercock-like thing, called fashion. It is as variable, as ridiculous, and the unqualified adoption of it, reduces the man of sense, (if he ever does adopt it) to a level with the fool. If the cut of a coat, or twist of a curl, is to identify and mark the people of bon-ton, there will be found no external difference in the groom and his master; or the self-sufficient puppy, and the man of real erudition. The person who presses for the highest seat in the temple of fashion must either be a knave or a fool: the one will seek it from *interested* motives, and the other because his optic nerves are too weak to bear the effulgent rays of science.

Fashion is one of the most extraordinary effects of civilisation, and its influence on society has a most marvellous tendency. Its votaries are commonly called the most foolish and useless of the human race, and their pursuits are considered in the highest degree frivolous and vexatious. As for the word fashion, we shall not attempt its definition, for it appears of too comprehensive a nature to be reduced to meaning: however, it has great currency in polished society, and is found infinitely useful in gossiping conversation. Various are the opinions in this wide world, respecting what the word fashion was originally meant to express. The grave, the serious, and the thinking few (who are considered by many as little better than

Quizzes) say that it implies every thing frivolous, affected, and ridiculous: but those who come under the denomination of persons of Fashion assert, that by this term, all that is delightful, attractive, fascinating, and elegant, is to be understood.

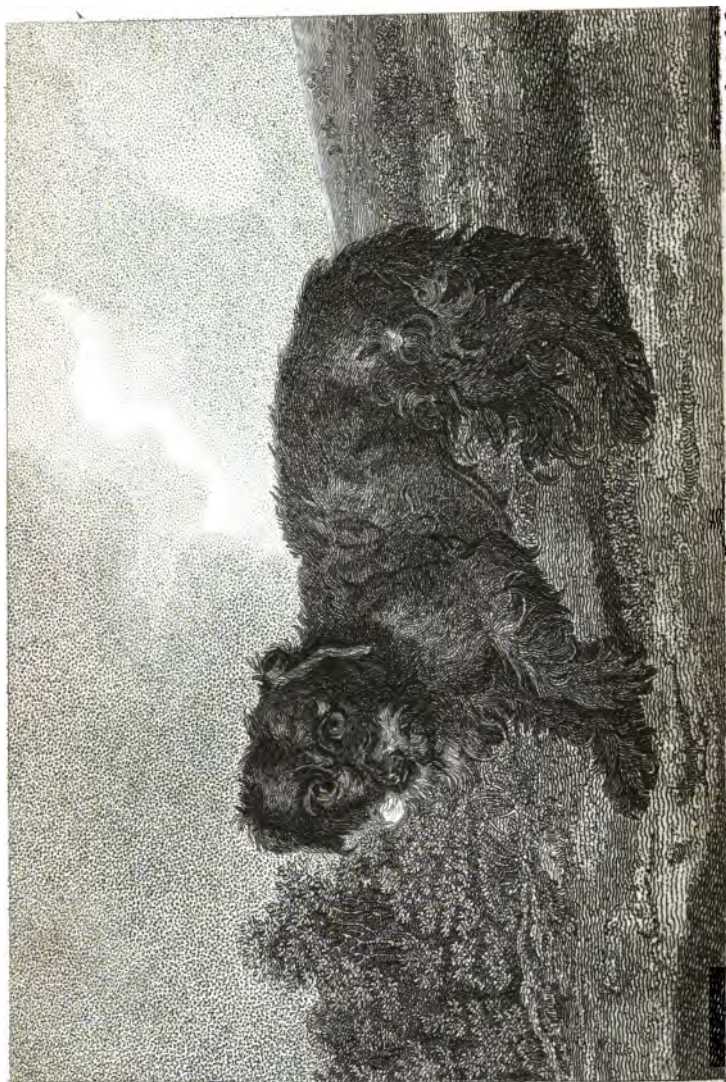
This said Fashion manifests itself in a thousand different ways, and the phrase is considered applicable to every thing, which people in a certain circle think proper to do. Some practices, though essentially useful, are not fashionable, because they are *vulgar*; and there are many customs in life which are absolutely necessary to be done, but are frequently neglected as being unfashionable; whereby it appears, that *true fashion* consists in doing no one thing which is either useful or necessary. Hence we may infer, that the true essence of *tonish* life, lies in finding out the most *effectual* mode of murdering time; and rendering its professors *insipid*, *useless*, and obnoxious, to rational society!!!

*Routs* are now considered the very props of existence to certain debilitated beings, who require these stimulants to support their animal spirits. Formerly those nocturnal assemblies were known by the appellation of Drums, and a *Drum* is surely the better term of the two, for conveying the idea of *empty noise*. It may be truly said, there is nothing so delightful, so charming, so irresistibly fascinating as a *Rout* where a vast mob\* of young and old beaux, with antiquated and pretty belles, are seen staring at each other with the most *unmeaning expression* and the most *elegant apathy*; at the same time indulging voluptuously in the

\* Lord Chesterfield observes that every croud is a mob.

“ feast





H. R. Cook Sculp.

*Philly.*

Pubd. Oct 27, 1857 by J. W. Whitely, Worcester, Mass.

J. Ward Print.



"feast of reason and the flow of soul;" if that conversation may be called such, which has neither language, ideas, nor meaning.

The great object to be attained by a lady who gives a rout, is, that her house shall be so crowded, as to prevent the possibility of any person being able to sit or stand *comfortably*; and it gives prodigious *éclat* to the thing, should the stairs and hall be so crammed with persons of *distinction* that they cannot even approach the grand *saloon*. Here they are compelled to remain, freezing, chattering, and rubbing against each other for some hours, and then depart highly delighted with the extreme politeness of her Grace, whom they had not the pleasure of *once* seeing. From one house they go to another, for the sole purpose of ascertaining which had the greatest number of *crops*, *cocked* hats, and ostrich feathers. In these *enviable* situations are to be found characters of the first description; and a prime minister of state, with ministers of the gospel, are often seen in these philosophical and improving crowds. Even one of the *heads* of the law, who but the day before had been dispensing life and death in a court of justice, is frequently to be met with here, though treated with as little respect as a hair dresser at a bull-baiting.

*To be continued.*

### FUBBS.

THE annexed Plate is the portrait of a dog that belonged to Mr. Ward, the celebrated painter of animals, who kept him on account of his singular appearance, and being a scarce kind of dog.—

We are informed there were but two or three others like him, and these were of the same family: he was said to be of the terrier breed; his coat was of a dark brown colour, and very thick and long, in consequence of which, and his being under-hung, the flies became so troublesome to him, that he was obliged to be killed.

### A MIRACULOUS CURE OF FISHES.

A LETTER FROM COL. R. TO THE  
PRINTER OF THE BATH HERALD.

SHOULD you deem the following curious fact worthy a place in your paper, it is much at your service.—Two or three days since I ordered my gardener to turn some fresh water, during the night, into my Fish-Pond; and as it was to pass through a tanner's yard, I desired he would pay particular attention that the men were not at work, and the pit, connected with my pond, was thoroughly cleaned. This was unfortunately neglected, and the morning presented to my view a distressing scene—the fish were swimming near the surface, many of them dying, and others laying dead; and the pond filled with dirty offensive water, mixed with lime. Several were taken out, and those not very bad, by being put into tubs of fresh water, recovered; others lay motionless on the surface, and at the last gasp.

It then occurred to me that I had a medicine, by which in some instances I had counteracted poison. I instantly flew to the cottage, prepared several papers of it, and filled the mouths of the fish with the powder, putting them again into the

the tubs; when, strange to relate! in the space of two, or at most three minutes, the fish were completely reanimated, and swam about with the greatest briskness.—This was witnessed by several ladies and gentlemen who happened to be present. Lord and Lady Castle-Coote were by (though at the time unknown to me), and I pressed her ladyship into the service of the fish, for with much kindness her ladyship held the spare papers while I administered my medicine to the scaly fry, delighted at the success of my experiment. I remarked to his Lordship, “I believe, Sir, this

is the first time you saw fish physicked.” They left me seemingly much pleased and surprised. On inquiring of my servant who attends my Chalybeate Spa, in the garden of my cottage, I was informed that the lady and gentleman who had been present were Lord and Lady Castle-Coote, subscribers to my water; and should you think this, from its novelty, worthy of insertion, I hope they will pardon me for having thus a second time made free with them.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. R.

### DUKE OF GRAFTON'S STUD.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

WHEN you gratified your readers with the elegant and striking likeness of his Grace the present Duke of Grafton, in your Magazine for June last, I observed some indications relative to an account of the Duke as a sportsman; I have therefore transmitted you the following list, upon the accuracy of which you may depend.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

W. P.

York, September 10, 1806.

THE present Duke of Grafton commenced upon the turf at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, in April, 1758, when his Grace rode *Driver* (the first horse he started),

10st 6lb, and beat Lord March's (the present Duke of Queensberry) *Wig'em*, (rode by his Lordship) 11st 9lb, B. C. 200gs;—and in the Second Spring Meeting, his Grace won the Macaroni Stakes of 20gs each, (ten Subscribers), 12st, heats over the Round Course, with a grey horse called *Brag*, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, out of *Blossom*, (Chrysolite's dam) by *Crab*; beating Lord March's *Fox*, (rode by Mr. Vernon) and three others. *Brag* was rode, for the first heat, by Mr. Anderson, (who was taken ill) and for the second heat by the Duke of Grafton.—After which, the Duke had in training the following horses, &c. (the greatest part of them bred by his Grace) besides several others; viz.

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Nancy .....	Blank .....	Crab, out of the Widdrington	
Tatler .....	Blank .....	Mare .....	1754
		Spectator's dam, by Partner.	1754
		Cocker	

Horses, &c. Names	Got by	Dams, and what got by	Year foaled in.
Cocker	Panton's Arabian	Crispin's dam, by Whitefoot	1755
Arab	Panton's Arabian	Jilt, by the Godolphin Arabian	1756
Cassandra	Blank	Sister to Snip, by Childers	1756
Julia	Blank	Spectator and Tatler's dam	1756
Havannah	Snip	Fribble's dam, by Regulus	1757
Antinous	Blank	Sister to the Widdrington Mare	1758
Confederate	South	Babram, Golden Ball	1758
Hark to Bowman	Son of Starling	Roundhead, out of Dan, by Cade's dam	1758
Trooper	Blank	Amelia, by the Godolphin Arabian	1759
Disappointment	Blank	Grey Blank Mare	1759
Forfeit	Panton's Arabian	Crab, out of the Widdrington Mare	1759
Pancake	Blank	Charon's dam, by Blank	1759
Romeo	Shepherd's Crab	Ginger, by Blank	1759
Spy	Shepherd's Crab	Childers, out of Miss Jigg, (sister to Partner)	1760
Slut	Spectator	Jilt, by the Godolphin Arabian	1762
Bashful	Blank	Sister to Spectre, by the Gower Stallion	1762
Striver	Snap	Mount Airy's dam, by Bajazet	1762
Zanga	Panton's Arabian	Leeds's Spinster, by Crab	1763
Chigger	Slouch	Sister to Spinster, by Crab	1764
Baber	Blank	Cartouch, Soreheels, Makeless	1764
Charmer	Blank	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1764
Dainty	Snap	Polly, by Blank, out of Diana, by Second	1764
Guardian	Spectator	Tartar, Cade, Young Greyhound	1764
Kipling	Young Snip	Toy, sister to Pacolet, by Blank	1764
Lumbago	Spectator	Leeds's Y. Babram Spinster, (Chigger's dam) by Crab	1764
Matron	Leeds's Y. Babram	Blank, out of Dizzy, by Driver	1764
Woodcock	Marsk	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1765
Damsel	Snap	Fancy, (Ghost's dam) by Goliah	1765
Goblin	Feather	Sist. to Highflyer's dam, by Blank	1765
Leonatus	Blank	Spinster, (Chigger's dam) by Crab	1765
Merryllass	Blank	Miss Middleton, by Regulus	1765
Poacher	Young Cade	Polly, (Guardian's dam) by Blank	1765
Polydamus	Spectator	Julia, by Blank	1765
Probation	Gibson's Arabian	Blank Mixbury, by Blank	1765
Stroker	Matchless	Jilt, by the Godolphin Arabian	1766
Bauble	Blank	Grey Snip, by Snip, Partner	1766
Danger	Tatler	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1766
Dolly	Snap	Grey Slouch, by Slouch, Partner	1766
Incest	Tatler	Julia, (Probation's dam) by Blank	1766
Pactolus	Snap	Bay Snip, by Snip, Godolphin Arabian	1766
Sertorius	Marsk		1766

Shep-

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Foaled in
Shepherdess	Shepherd's Crab	Blank, out of Miss Holmes, by Cade	1766
Daisy	Syphon	Cadormus, out of Childerkin, by Second	1767
Darling	Bell's Arabian	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1767
Inigo	Tatler	Grey Slouch, by Slouch	1767
Prince Herod	King Herod	Slut, by Spectator, Childers	1767
Prize	Snap	Julia, (Pactolus's dam) by Blank	1767
Spindle	Brilliant	Blank Mixbury, by Blank	1767
Diver	Tatler	Grey Snip, out of Mr. Croft's Lady- thigh	1768
Jago	Tatler	Grey Slouch, by Slouch	1768
Lissome	Snap	Cade, out of Brown Slipby, by Slipby	1768
Methodist	Coombe Arabian	Blank Mixbury, by Blank	1768
Promise	Snap	Julia, (Prize's dam) by Blank	1768
Warrior	Match'em	Blank, out of Dizzy, by Driver	1768
Zamora	Tatler's dam	Zanga's dam, by Bajazet	1768
Damper	Spectator	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1769
Lamplighter	Antinous	Cade, out of Brown Slipby, by Slipby	1769
Porsenna	Blank	Bonnylass, by Snip, Lath	1769
Princess	King Herod	Julia, (Prize's dam) by Blank	1769
Clara	Careless	Thais, (sister to K. Herod) by Tartar	1770
Danæe	Squirrel	Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank	1770
Labyrinth	Squirrel	Cade, out of Brown Slipby, by Slipby	1770
Magnet	King Herod	Cassandra, by Blank	1770
Clio, <i>alias</i> Hy- bla	Match'em	Cypron, (King Herod's dam), by Blaze	1771
Hadrian	Antinous	Slut, by Spectator	1771
Lalage	Antinous	Cade, out of Brown Slipby	1771
Marcellus	Dapper	Cassandra, by Blank	1771
Peregrine	Young Snip	Phlegon's dam, by Crab	1771
Young Marsk	Marsk	Juniper's dam, by Blank	1771
Zadig	Tatler	Zamora's dam, by Bajazet	1771
Madam	King Herod	Cassandra, by Blank	1772
Zingara, <i>alias</i> Diana	Shakspeare	Zamora's dam, by Bajazet	1772
Caractacus	King Herod		1773
Hoyden	Match'em	Timidity, by Snap	1773
Pertinax	Snap	Thalia, (sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank	1773
Willow	Squirrel	Dizzy, (Pilot's dam) by Blank	1773
Blunderbuss	Antinous	Joan, (sister to Careless) by Regulus	1774
Miss Euston	Snap	Charmer, by Blank, Cartouch	1774
Skipjack	Antinous		1774
Stormer	Goldfinder	Sister to Joan and Careless, by Regulus	1774
Tickler	Antinous	Aurora, by the Golden Arabian	1774
Darling	Antinous	Diomed's dam, by Spectator	1775
Drowsy	King Herod		1775

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Foaled in
Jewel .....	Squirrel .....	Sophia, by Blank, out of Diana, by Second .....	1775
Rubicon .....	King Herod .....		1775
Boxer .....	King Herod .....	Blank, out of Grey Snip, by Snip..	1776
Lag .....	Squirrel .....	Cade, out of Brown Slipby, by Slipby	1776
Pandora .....	King Herod .....	Thalia, (sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank .....	1776
Searcher .....	Antinous .....	Princess, by King Herod .....	1776
Telltale .....	Antinous .....	Aurora, by the Golden Arabian..	1776
Cræsus .....	Goldfinder .....	Charmer, (Miss Euston's dam) by Blank .....	1777
Hippo .....	King Herod .....	Juno, (Young Eclipse's dam) by Spectator .....	1777
Modish .....	Match'em .....	Cassandra, (Magnet's dam) by Blank	1777
Nun .....	Antinous .....	Clara, by Careless, out of Thais, by Tartar .....	1777
Rover .....	King Herod .....	Legacy, by Young Snip, out of Snap's dam .....	1777
Thesaurus .....	Nabob .....	Otho .....	1777
Thumper .....	King Herod .....	Aurora, by the Golden Arabian..	1777
Dancer .....	Sweetbriar .....	Hybla, by Match'em .....	1778
Lemon .....	King Herod .....	Cade, out of Brown Slipby, by Slipby	1778
Patience .....	King Herod .....	Promise, by Snap, out of Julia, by Blank .....	1778
Puzzle .....	Match'em .....	Princess, by King Herod .....	1778
Zoroaster .....	Eclipse .....	Zara, by —————	1778
Crocus .....	Sweetbriar .....	Charmer, (Cræsus's dam) by Blank	1779
Duster .....	Sweetbriar .....	Hybla, (Dancer's dam) by Match'em	1779
Gambler .....	King Herod .....	Tulip, (sister to Pacolet) by Blank	1779
Peeress .....	King Herod .....	Promise, (Patient's dam) by Snap	1779
Twilight .....	Sweetbriar .....	Aurora, by the Golden Arabian..	1779
Champion .....	King Herod .....	Charmer, (Crocus's dam) by Blank	1780
Orphan .....	Young Blank .....	Erato, by Spectator—Tulip, by Blank .....	1780
Pallas .....	King Herod .....	Promise, (Peeress's dam) by Snap	1780
Primrose .....	Eclipse .....	Sister to Angler, by Young Cade..	1780
Dagger .....	Eclipse .....	Hybla, (Duster's dam) by Match'em	1781
Grasper .....	Magnet .....	Danæe, by Squirrel, out of Nancy, by Blank .....	1781
Noodle .....	Magnet .....	Clara, by Careless .....	1781
Pindar .....	Florizel .....	Thalia, (sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank .....	1781
Oberon .....	Florizel .....	Snap, out of Blank Mixbury, by Blank .....	1782
Spartacus .....	Eclipse .....	Racket, (sister to Rover) by King Herod) .....	1782
Struggler .....	Conductor .....	Princess, (Puzzle's dam) by King Herod .....	1782
Discord .....	Sweetbriar .....	Darling, by Antinous .....	1783
Vol. XXX. No. 180.			Helmet

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Foaled in
Helmet.....	Mambrino	Snap, out of Sweetwilliam's dam	1783
Magic.....	Magnet	Sister to Johnny, by Match'em..	1783
Patch.....	Conductor	Thalia, (sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank.....	1783
Prude.....	Highflyer	Promise, (Pallas's dam) by Snap..	1783
Silkworm....	Sweetbriar	Racket, (Spartacus's dam) by King Herod.....	1783
Daphne....	Magnet	Danië, (Grasper's dam) by Squirrel	1784
Poker.....	Magnet	Syphon, out of a sister to YoungCade	1784
Prizefighter..	Florizel	Promise, (Prude's dam) by Snap	1784
Doubtful....	Sweetbriar	Darling, (Discord's dam) by Antinous	1785
Jet.....	Magnet	Jewel, (sister to Jessica) by Squirrel	1785
Minos.....	Justice	Panglos, out of Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb .....	1785
Sphinx.....	Eclipse	Racket (Silkworm's dam) by King Herod.....	1785
Valiant.....	Diomed	Sweettharjoram, by Sweetbriar..	1785
Bounty.....	Mercury	Petworth, by King Herod.....	1786
Daffodil....	Magnet	Hebe, by Chrysolite .....	1786
Frebooter....	Magnet	Figurante, (Revenge's dam) by Regulus .....	1786
Hirpinus....	Dorimant	Hippo, by King Herod .....	1786
Sourkrout....	Highflyer	Jewel, (Jet's dam) by Squirrel ..	1786
Stag.....	Conductor	Racket, (Sphinx's dam) by King Herod.....	1786
Dare-Devil..	Magnet	Hebe, (Daffodil's dam) by Chrysolite	1787
Peppermint..	Highflyer	Promise, (Prizefighter's dam) by Snap .....	1787
Spearman....	Conductor	Racket, (Stag's dam) by K. Herod	1787
Black Deuce..	Trumpator	Peeress, by King Herod.....	1788
Miss Brighton, <i>alias</i> Seafowl,	Woodpecker	Middlesex, (sister to Papillon) by Snap .....	1788
Prunella....	Highflyer	Promise, (Peppermint's dam) by Snap .....	1788
Quiz.....	Tandem	Petworth, by King Herod.....	1789
Silver.....	Mercury	King Herod, out of Young Hagg, by Skim.....	1789
Garland....	Mercury	Marigold, by King Herod .....	1790
Grouse.....	Highflyer	Georgina, (sister to Conductor) by Match'em .....	1790
Rally.....	Trumpator	Fancy, (sister to Diomed) by Florizel	1790
Russian.....	Volunteer	Emma, by Spectator .....	1790
Trueman....	Magnet	Sister to Mercury, by Eclipse...	1790
Woodbine....	Woodpecker	Puzzle, by Match'em.....	1790
Drab.....	Highflyer	Hebe, (Dare-Devil's dam) by Chrysolite .....	1791
Galileo, <i>alias</i> Moorcock..	Highflyer	Georgina, (Grouse's dam) by Match'em .....	1791

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Foaled in
Minion .....	Justice .....	Jewel, (Sourkrout's dam) by Squirrel .....	1791
Rector .....	Trumpator .....	Fancy, (Rally's dam) by Florizel .....	1791
Crawler .....	Highflyer .....	Harriet, (Creeper's dam) by Match'em .....	1792
Lemonade ...	Challenger .....	Snap, out of Young Marsk's dam ..	1793
Needle .....	Magnet .....	Danæ, (Daphne's dam) by Squirrel ..	1793
Rattle .....	Trumpator .....	Fancy, (Rector's dam) by Florizel ..	1793
Centinel ....	Challenger .....	Garrick, out of Darling, by Antinous .....	1794
Razor .....	Trumpator .....	Fancy, (Rattle's dam) by Florizel ..	1794
Speculator ...	Diomed .....	Harriet, (Creeper's dam) by Match'em .....	1794
Venom .....	Woodpecker .....	Venus, (sister to Mercury) by Eclipse .....	1794
Duck .....	Trumpator .....	Bounty, by Mercury .....	1796
Fogram .....	Escape .....	Fanny, (sister to King Fergus) by Eclipse .....	1796
Hornby-Lass ..	Buzzard .....	Puzzle, (Woodbine's dam) by Match'em .....	1796
Rebel .....	Trumpator .....	Fancy, (Razor's dam) by Florizel ..	1796
Vandal .....	Skyscraper .....	Venus, (Venom's dam) by Eclipse ..	1796
Chuckle .....	Grouse .....	Garrick, out of Darling, by Antinous .....	1797
First Fruits ..	Grouse .....	Fanny, (Fogram's dam) by Eclipse ..	1797
Flambeau ....	Skyscraper, or Grouse .....	Fanny, (Fogram and First Fruits' dam) by Eclipse .....	1798
Penelope ....	Trumpator .....	Prunella, by Highflyer .....	1798
Remnant ....	Trumpator .....	Fancy, (Rebel's dam) by Florizel ..	1798
Tyrant .....	Pot8o's .....	Seafowl, by Woodpecker .....	1799
Carthaginian ..	Grouse .....	Garrick, out of Darling, by Antinous .....	1800
Duckling .....	Grouse .....	Bounty, (Duck's dam) by Mercury .....	1800
Jack of the Green	Buzzard .....	Garland, by Mercury .....	1800
Parasol .....	Pot8o's .....	Prunella, (Penelope's dam) by Highflyer .....	1800
Pic Nic .....	Mr. Teazle .....	Imperator, out of Jewel, by Squirrel .....	1800
Bamboo .....	Grouse .....	Venom, by Woodpecker .....	1801
Bugbear .....	Pot8o's .....	Minion, by Justice .....	1801
Lumbago ....	Grouse .....	Little Scot's dam, by King Fergus ..	1801
Pelisse .....	Whiskey .....	Prunella, (Parasol's dam) by Highflyer .....	1801
Dodona .....	Waxy .....	Drab, by Highflyer .....	1802
Farce .....	Grouse .....	Magic, by Magnet .....	1802
Firebrand ....	Buzzard .....	Fancy, (Flambeau's dam) by Eclipse .....	1802

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by	Dams, and what got by.	Foaled in
Tot .....	Trumpator	Seafowl, (Tyrant's dam) by Wood-pecker .....	1802
Forester .....	Grouse	Rattle, by Trumpator .....	1803
Podargus .....	Worthy	Prunella, (Pelisse's dam) by High-flyer .....	1803
Trafalgar, <i>alias</i> Handicap ..	Whiskey	Seafowl, (Tot's dam) by Wood-pecker .....	1803
Vanity .....	Buzzard	Dabchick, by — .....	1803
Barbarian .....	Worthy	Minion, by Justice .....	1804
Fawn .....	Grouse	Rattle, by Trumpator .....	1804
Mushroom .....	Worthy	Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard .....	1804
Musician .....	Worthy	Woodbine, by Woodpecker .....	1804
Vandyke .....	Sir Peter Teazle	Dabchick, the dam of Vanity .....	1805

Besides a great many others, which were not named.

## MADAME CATALANI'S BREECHES!

MR. EDITOR,

**B**EING at the Opera lately, I had the satisfaction of witnessing the excellence of Madame Catalani.—The house appeared as generally delighted as myself with this admirable singer; but, even in the midst of this almost general rapture, I could not but over-hear some loud murmurs, that this lady should condescend to exhibit herself in *mule* attire!

Being a married man, and an Englishman, Mr. Editor, I feel a more than ordinary surprise at these censures!—With what consistency, Sir, can it be objected to Madame Catalani, that she has worn the *breeches* for one night, in a country in which every individual family might present a constant example of the same thing for every day in the year.—If *Asmodeus*, or any other whimsical devil, should remove the tops of the houses either by day or by night, either on the East or the West of Temple Bar, I will be content to become an Opera

singer myself, Mr. Editor, if in every house there be not one woman at least who wears the *breeches*!—When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, says a celebrated proverb.—Madame Catalani has only acted in conformity to this advice.—Being in England, she has followed the prevailing fashion, and assumed the *breeches* to please John Bull only, who has been frequently known to look contented even at *Cuckold's Point*.

There is another point of view in which this condescension is to be regarded.—Madame Catalani has hereby, as it were, doubled her professional duties.—The managers engaged only for Madame Catalani. They have now both a *Signor* and a *Signora*, in the same person:—They have in fact a *Signor* Catalani and a *Signora* Catalani, for the same appointment. I will not trespass farther on your limits at present than by one suggestion:—It was a custom amongst the Romans, that all dramatic characters, male as well as female, were personated by men.—Now, Sir, suppose that we were to adopt a contrary practice, and pass a law, that our Theatres should



should be supplied only by *Women*.—What a saving of many useful men; and this too at a time when they are so much wanted!—If Madame Catalani could be persuaded to learn English, and appear in *Hamlet*; if *Signora Perini* would attempt *Alexander the Great*;—if Mrs. Litchfield would come out in *Richard*, and Mrs. Siddons in *Othello*, how much would be saved both to the manager and the public!—My wife would then have a good example for *wearing the breeches*, and I should, as my relation says in the play, come in quietly for a *bit of the brown*!

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
JERRY SNEAK.

A SPANISH TRAVELLER'S  
OBSERVATION UPON ENGLISH  
COXCOMBS, &c.

*From Letters from Don Manuel Espriella.*

**W**HETHER the coxcomb be an animal confined to Europe I know not, but in every country in Christendom he is to be found with the same generic character.

There is, however, no country in which there are so many varieties of the animal as in England, none where he flourishes so successfully, makes such heroic endeavours for notoriety, and enjoys so wide a sphere of it.

The highest order is that of those who have invented for themselves the happy title of Fashionables. These gentlemen stand highest in the scale of folly, and lowest in that of intellect, of any in the country, inasmuch as the rivalry between them is which shall excel his competitors in frivolity. There was a

man in England half a century ago, so well known for this singular kind of insanity, that he believed his soul had been annihilated within him, while he was yet living.—What this poor maniac conceived to have been done by his soul, these gentlemen have successfully accomplished for themselves with their intellect. Their skulls might be lodged in a nutshell without incommoding the maggot that previously tenanted it; and if the whole stock of their ideas were transferred to the maggot, they would not be sufficient to confuse his own. It is impossible to describe them, because no idea can be formed of infinite littleness; you might as reasonably attempt to dissect a bubble, or to bottle moonshine, as to investigate their characters; they prove satisfactorily the existence of a vacuum: the sum total of their being is composed of negative quantities.

One degree above or below these are the fops who appear in a tangible shape, they who prescribe fashions to the tailor, that the tailor may prescribe them to the town; who decide upon the length of a neckhandkerchief, and regulate the number of buttons at the knees of their breeches. One person has attained the very summit of ambition by excelling all others in the jet varnish of his boots. Infinite are the exertions which have been made to equal him,—the secret projection could not be more eagerly desired than the receipt of his blacking; and there is one competitor whose boots are allowed to approach very near to the same point of perfection; still they only approach it. This meritorious rival loses the race of fame by half a neck, and in such contests it is *aut Cæsar, aut nihil*. To have the best

best blacked boots in the world, is a worthy object of successful emulation,—but to have only the second-best, is to be Pompey in the Pharsalia of Fashions.

During one period of the French Revolution, the Brutus head-dress was the mode, though Brutus was at the same time considered as the Judas Iscariot of political religion, being indeed at this day to an orthodox Anti-Jacobin what Omar is to the Persians; that is, something a great deal worse than the Devil. "I suppose, sir," said a London hair-dresser to a gentleman from the country, "I suppose, sir, you would like to be dressed in the Brutus style?" "What style is that?" was the question in reply. "All over frizzley, sir, like the Negers,—they be Brutes you know." If Apollo be the model of the day, these gentlemen wear stays; if Hercules, the tailor supplies breasts of buckram, broad shoulders, and brawney arms. At present, as the soldiers from Egypt have brought home with them broken limbs and ophthalmia, they carry an arm in a sling, or walk the streets with a green shade over the eyes. Every thing now must be Egyptian: the ladies wear crocodile ornaments; and you sit upon a sphinx in a room hung round with mummies, and with the long black lean-armed long-nosed hieroglyphical men, who are enough to make their children afraid to go to bed. The very shop-boards must be metamorphosed into the mode, and painted in Egyptian letters, which, as the Egyptians had no letters, you will doubtless conceive must be curious. They are simply the common characters, deprived of all beauty and all proportion, by hav-

ing all the strokes of equal thickness, so that those which should be thin, look as if they had the elephantiasis.

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### MORE MISERIES \*

#### IN SPORTING AND GAMING.

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**S**ENDING your hunter over night to cover twenty miles off, riding your hack, and to the anxious enquiry as to the state of your hunter's health, your groom informs you that he is *dead lame*.

Reaching a town late of the night before the commencement of the county races, and finding no bed—no room.

Going a great number of miles to see a boxing-match between two famous pugilists, and the battle prevented by the interterence of the civil power.

In archery—the string of your bow snapping at the moment when you have made sure of your aim.

In hunting—while you are leading the field, and just running in upon the fox, with the brush full in your hopes—being suddenly left in the lurch, or, in other words—in the ditch.

Your horse casting his shoe in the midst of a chase.

Going over a leap before your horse, with the bridle in your hand, and finding, by the obstinacy of the animal, he will inevitably pull you back again.

Turning your horse over a leap, letting him loose, and after running over four or five new-ploughed fields, catching him, and being out of breath find that you are not able to mount, at this critical moment seeing the hounds running in view.

\* See page 222 of our last Number.

Borrowing a favourite horse, and returning it to the lender with broken knees.—Ditto the feelings of the owner.

The shooting season commenced, and your favourite pointers in the distemper.

Being prevented from enjoying a day's shooting by unfortunately tumbling into a wet ditch, covering yourself with mud, and filling your gun with water.

On springing at a right distance the only covey you have seen at the end of a long day's fag—a flash in the pan.

A keen sportsman attending his wife to the grave, and seeing the melancholy procession spring a brace of partridges as it enters the church-yard.

Angling for the day in a punt, with a companion who catches a fish every three minutes, without having one bite yourself.

Angling for twelve or fourteen hours alone without one bite, though perpetually tantalised with bobs—or when you have hooked a fine large jack, seeing him take a French leave, at the moment when you are courteously shewing him his nearest way to the bank.

Whirling the cork of your float, as you swing it into the water, and seeing it quietly sink with the bait to the bottom.—Ditto catching your line in a tree.

At cricket, after a long and hard service of watching out—bowled out at the very first ball.—Likewise, cricket on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball presently becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten—a jarring bat for a left-hand player.

At billiards—missing the cue, when you had the game in your hands.

Missing your cue at every stroke

—“*totum nec pertulit ictum;*” and this when you are particularly ambitious of shewing your play.

Jumping in sacks at a country fair, and in the midst of the diversion, hearing that a mad bull is coming down the street.

At a game at forfeits, saluting a pretty looking girl—and finding that her teeth are not *aromatic pearl*.

Blundering in the figure all the way down a country-dance with a charming partner, to whom you are a perfect stranger, and who consequently knows nothing of you but your awkwardness.

The plagues of that complicated evolution called “right hand and left,” from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others.

Being compelled to shift your steps at every instant, from jig to minuet, and from minuet to jig time, by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians.

In shuffling cards, which stick so abominably in dealing that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and the deal.

In shuffling the cards (your party all strangers), squashing them together, breaking their edges, and showering them in all directions, so as to make you wish for a trap-door to open under your feet.

Being compelled, by the want of a substitute, to sit down again as you are stealing away, to a fourth or fifth rubber with an Argus in the shape of a captious, eager, skilful elderly spinster—for your new partner.

At the game of Commerce, losing your life in fishing for aces when you had hooked two, and the third had several times nibbled at your bait.

When

When there is a rich pool, and you have outlived all the players but one, he having gone up twice and you not once—losing all your three-lives running.

Evening relaxation for two at a bad inn—on asking for a backgammon board, seeing one brought in, in ruins, the men half lost, and the dice quite; if you are still bent on playing, you supply the deficiency of the former with wafers, pocket-pieces, lip-salve boxes, cut cards, &c. and of the latter with bits of corks shaped out as you can, burning out the dots with a red-hot fork, which, in your hurry, occasionally jerks off, and drills a deuce or two extraordinary in your own hand; and when all is done, your dice might as well be cogged, for, from the great difference you have made in the breadth of their faces, they turn up 99 times in 100 the same numbers.

Being roused from a splenetic reverie by a clap on the thigh, with the whole might of a fox-hunter hot from the chase, accompanied with a view halloo, and immediately followed by "Hark away, my boy!—that's the cordial for low spirits."

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## ANCIENT AND MODERN. GREEKS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting  
Magazine.*

SIR,

IT is a remark of Dr. Johnson, the truth of which I once doubted, that an observer of human life can never want *new* matter to write upon. Of the verity of this position I am now convinced. I find there is a certain class in society,

which, if you follow, will infallibly lead to *new* scenes, and impress you with *new* sentiments.

Ulysses was deemed wise, because he "many men and manners saw." His knowledge of the world was not acquired without much travel and deep reflexion: but then he was an *old Greek*, and went a round-about way to work, whereas a *new Greek* accomplishes all this by going no farther than *Brighton*, which, though degraded by the name of a village or a town, is, indeed, the very emporium of all *wit*, *science*, and *manly exercise*. And I am perfectly confirmed in Johnson's opinion, since I never go to Brighton without seeing something I never saw before, and which, owing to a versatility peculiar to the place, I never expect to see again. The people I there meet with are not of the school of *King Solomon*, whatever they may be of *Doctor Solomon*, and are determined practically to evince, that there is continually *something new under the sun*.

And what renders this place, and these people, more worthy of visiting, for the purpose of improvement, is the fact, of all their talents being directed to a *profitable end*. Time is not murdered here as in many places; wit itself, so little productive to its literary possessors, is here, though *sparingly used*, turned to good account, and a man is sure to find some profit in outwitting another. In this I think they excel the ancient Greeks, who, might, nevertheless, have had more wit, but certainly never made so much use of it.

In *science* again, our *new Greeks* are vastly superior to the *old*. I grant the latter might excel in some attempts to increase the general

neral knowledge, and the general happiness of mankind. But how greatly inferior is that to the more fascinating philosophy which insures *individual profit*? Could an ancient Greek *cog a die, cut a card, or ride a donkey* in fifteen minutes, to produce him a *thousand pounds*? Alas, no!—But this can be done by the *glorious Greeks of Brighton* with wonderful ease! Let, then, those *ancient stars* hide their diminished heads; and let their admirers turn their admiration to the more *brilliant stars of Brighton*!

There is one thing in which I am compelled to confess the *equality* at least of the *old Greeks* with the *Brightonians*; and that is, as to *driving four in hand* “with science and adroitness;” for I am told by the venerable Plutarch, that there was a Greek man of the *haut-ton*, the very Sir John Lade of antiquity, who could drive his phaeton, with infinite rapidity, fifty times round a circle, without a single wheel ever veering from the track it had formed in its first course. But see how envious great men are of one another! When Plato was told of this, he said the man who had devoted so much time to so little purpose, had a low mind, and could never be capable of a great action. Such are the different notions of *academic* and *horsewhip* philosophers!

“In the noble science of *resenting an affront*,” the *Brightonians* have too many and evident advantages to need enumerating. The old Greeks, it must be allowed, were not a little famous for their skill in single combat; but then the causes which excited them to take up arms were in general so *contemptible*, and their miserable hacking and hewing each other so tedious, as to be disgusting to people

who love dispatch, and have other fish to fry, and other cards to play. We never heard of any Athenian acquiring so nice a sense of honour as to punish with instant death the slip of a word, or *the slip of a card*—he was always for what he should think a *solid* ground of dispute; and there was a great deal of ceremony to be performed previously to coming to the point. But here we have the advantage of *sharp words, hair-triggers*, and the solid ground of a *bye-bet*. If a man can only pronounce the third and second vowels with an L before them, he may immediately ensure to himself as much *honour* as he can well desire; and his *fame* will last till the newspapers have circulated the action throughout the whole United Empire. Of *such* benefits the poor old Greeks had no conception.

With regard to *manly exercise*, it must be allowed that the old Greeks hold a high station in the roll of fame; but this, I conceive, is owing more to their antiquity than to their super-eminence. They were peculiarly distinguished by the strength and activity they displayed in their warlike games.—They performed what were then deemed wonders in their *gymnasia*. But what were their *temporary exertions*, in whirling quoits, and tossing the bar, compared with the *perpetual labours* of chucking up farthings, tossing up halfpence, drawing straws, and ringing glasses! Achilles, so celebrated as a runner, acquired the name of the “*swift-heel'd*.” I wish Achilles were now living; I would soon make an immense fortune, by betting against him, and pay his journey to Brighton into the bargain. I fancy Achilles would be completely *distanced*, when I matched him

P p                      against

against any one of my *Brightonian heroes*, pursued by a *bailiff*. Achilles might indeed be a clever fellow at running after an enemy, but, I fear, he would cut a poor figure when started against a footman of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*.

Besides, the superiority of my party is evident from the result of their running, which they never perform but to some *profitable purposes*. The same by *walking*. The old Greek *Peripatetics* walked about whilst they heard philosophical lectures, and had nothing but air for their trouble. The *Peripatetics* of Brighton walk for a good round sum, with which they provide such brave cheer for their brother philosophers, as to present them either running, walking, standing, or sitting still. The old Greeks, indeed, drank hard, but then their wine, it seems, had the identical fault which Johnson attributed to *London Porter*, it would not make them drunk; for I do not recollect reading, that at any of their feasts they were so jolly as to *tumble under the table*.

There is a *genus* of *gymnastic* exercise, brought to great perfection at Brighton, in which I do not find that the old Greeks had any excellence; and this *genus* in its *species* is understood by the names of *hopping*, *skipping*, and *jumping*. I imagine the Athenians had no idea of the *science* and *manliness* to be exhibited by a display of those powers. I dare to say, that even Vulcan, who did nothing but *hop* all the days of his life, never got sixpence by it; now, Mr. Cramp-ton will gain *five guineas* by clearing a rail at a single *hop*; but the benefits of *gymnastic triplet*, the *hop*, *skip*, and *jump*, I suppose are incalculable. Happy, enviable, delightful Brighton! where men may *tumble* into famous bets and good

winnings, and where those who have taste enough to admire such wonderful exploits will hasten to participate in the far-famed pleasures and *golden* advantages of Brighton.

TOM TON.

*The Steyne, Brighton, Aug. 30.*

## HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS;

OR,

THE FROLICS OF FEMALE SERVANTS.

*At Cheltenham.*

A Correspondent from Cheltenham writes as follows:—"Independent of the *Corps de Theatre*, we have experienced *High Life Below Stairs* admirably performed by two *filles de chambre* belonging to Lady H—, who, for a considerable time, divided the palm with their mistress. The *soi-disant* dames of fashion rode, in the most dashing style, the finest of the stud, and, strange to tell, had two of the Baronet's supernumerary grooms constantly with them. The illusion was well preserved, till, in a luckless moment, these *Knights of the Whip* thought proper to ride too familiarly near, when one of the females called out in the most fashionable style, "God d—n you, Thomas, why don't you keep your distance?" The imposture was discovered, and the party sent to *Coventry*!"

*At a Watering Place in Sussex.*

At a distinguished watering place, in the eastern part of Sussex, four young men of the town lately gained frequent admission into the kitchen of a large family visiting there,

there, under pretence of paying their respective addresses to four of the female domestics; but, in the course of a few weeks acquaintance, matters transpired which convinced the girls, that the young men only paid court to their master's pantry, instead of their fair persons; they therefore conspired to revenge themselves of their perfidious sweethearts by the following expedient:—Having procured and killed a Tom cat, the cook flayed and washed it, dexterously cut it up, and with proper seasoning put it into a paste. The beaux were invited, as usual, to supper, and had each partaken very heartily of the pie, when Mrs. Abigail, who did the honours of the table, poked from the bottom of it the nether extremity of poor Tom, curled up like a pitch-cocked eel, and begged the innamoratas to pick a joint or two of tail to finish with!—The catastrophe may be guessed at; the sparks made a precipitate retreat to get rid of the contents of their stomachs; and the story getting wind, they were in consequence so laughed and mewed at, that one or two of them, to avoid the scoffs of the multitude, have been induced to quit the neighbourhood!

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#### SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

ON Monday, the 14th of September, a Grand Match of Single-stick (which was announced in our last Magazine) was played at Botley, Hants, for a prize of thirty guineas and a gold-laced hat, given by the gentlemen and farmers of the neighbourhood, chiefly under the direction of Mr. Cobbet.

There were only two players from Somersetshire, but a nume-

rous body from North Wilts, who, for a time, appeared to bear down all before them; for the Hampshire men, notwithstanding the scene of this manly exhibition has now for three years been laid in their county, were evidently out of practice, and the instant they mounted the stage, the superior skill of their competitors was conspicuous: few of them gained a head. Morgan, a player of former celebrity, shewed both skill and courage; but playing left-handed, under the disadvantage before noticed (want of practice), repeated strokes on the arm obliged him to give in, having no longer power to wield the stick. Bunn, one of the Somersetshire players, had his head broken early; but Wall, the other Somersetshire man, broke two heads, and here was the only chance of a skilful contest for the prize; the Wiltshire men had to play off all the other ties among themselves, and against each other they certainly shewed only *brotherly play*. Wall gained a third head; and the Wiltshire men managed that Lines (who had gained two heads) should have a third also. The final contest was then between Wall and Lines, perhaps the two best players in England. The fame of their respective counties depending on their efforts, appeared rather to agitate them. They played, however, with the same neatness and skill as before, without the smallest symptom of ill-will. At length each touched his adversary's cheek very lightly, at the same instant—indeed so lightly, that a pause of nearly two minutes ensued before the blood flowed: it ran first on Lines's cheek, and Wall consequently bore away the prize.—The spectators were very numerous, and all possible care had been taken for their accommodation.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Dinsdale has refused 3500 guineas for the favourite and fashionable stallion Beningbrough, whose pedigree and performances were given in our Magazine for June, 1796.

MR. Marris sold *Sir Sampson* to Mr E. Ackers, for 600g; after which he won the King's Plate at Nottingham. He was got by Stamford, out of Brocklesby's dam, by Adamant, Paymaster, &c.

COCKING.—At Pontefract, during the race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between Lord Pollington, (Kirkland, feeder) and William Lee, Esq. (Burnill, feeder) for 10g a battle, and 100g the main, which was won by the former by four a head.

HORNCASTLE FAIR.—The show of horses from different parts of the kingdom was this year the finest ever known. Odell, the Northampton dealer, was a purchaser at great prices; and Dyson, the London dealer, sold, on his return, two large blood horses to Lord Sefton, for his barouche, at the modest price of 200 guineas!

THE long-depending walking match between Barclay and Wood, will take place on the 12th of next month, at Newmarket. We understand that it is finally agreed that it must be decided on that day, play or pay. The anxiety of the sporting world relative to this match, continues to increase as the time approaches for the event, and considerable sums are every day betted upon the issue. The Cap-

tain will go, for the twenty-four hours, on a piece of chosen ground on the Beacon Course at Newmarket, a mile to and fro. He pursues his course of training with uncommon avidity, and he has made a trial of his powers several times for twenty hours together; but what he can do is kept a secret, although the *cognoscenti* in London will back him to go upwards of 100 miles in 19 hours. Wood has also taken his usual training; he exercises daily; and the ground over which he will perform is three miles in length, and about a mile from that chosen by the Captain. The ground over which the pedestrians perform will be lined with booths, and lighted up. The average betting is from 100 to 90 in favour of Wood, who, it will be remembered, gives twenty miles; six to four that Wood is the favourite during the first five hours of performance. Even betting that the Captain goes upwards of 100 miles in 19 hours; also even betting that he performs 130 miles in the 24 hours, exclusive of the 20 given him by his adversary. It will be seen by this statement that Wood is the favourite, although Captain Barclay is backed to do 150 miles; so that the former must go six miles and a half an hour to win. The pedestrians, it is understood, will not make any stoppages.

LIEUTENANT Webster, of the Eleventh Dragoons, lately won a wager of 500 guineas, by walking from Ipswich to Whitechapel, a distance



distance of 69 miles, in 23 hours and 18 minutes, being 42 minutes within the given time. He was accompanied by Mr. Jackson, of pugilistic celebrity.

The above gentleman, Wedderburne Webster, Esq. (nephew to the late Fletcher Read, Esq.) since undertook, for a wager of 600 guineas, to ride a favourite horse, his property, from Ipswich to London, in the short space of five hours.—The judges of the powers of horses considered the wager as a certain loss, and consequently the odds ran high against the performance. On the morning of the 7th, at an early hour, Mr. Webster commenced his journey from Ipswich, and the sporting circles lined the road from the Metropolis: anxiety has never been more strongly excited. The animal ran the first twenty miles in *one hour and ten minutes*, when the rider halted for a few minutes, and gave the horse a portion of wine and water. The animal had to perform 14 miles an hour at starting, and it kept on at a running rate the whole of the distance.—Whitechapel Church was the extent of the journey, at which place the horse and its rider arrived in four hours and fifty minutes, having performed the journey in ten minutes less than the given time. Mr. W. rides about 9st.

In consequence of the above, no less than three matches against time, of a nature similar to that performed by Mr. Webster's horse Buzzard, were made. Mr. Hall undertook to ride a gelding from Hounslow to Newbury, and back to Reading, a distance of 73 miles, in five hours and a quarter, within a fortnight; and Mr. Wells, a gentleman known on the turf, betted a hundred guineas, that he would ride a horse from Whitechapel to

the 36-mile stone on the Ipswich road, in two hours and 20 minutes.

—On the 14th, Mr. Hall started, agreeably to the terms of the match above-mentioned. His mare went the first twenty miles in one hour and twenty minutes, when Mr. H. halted. She then reached Theal (34 miles) in another hour. Half the distance was thus performed in seven minutes less than half the time allowed. The animal went the next thirteen miles in an hour, which being at a losing rate, and symptoms of lameness appearing, the owner reluctantly gave up the bet, after having gone 49 miles in three hours and 32 minutes. The odds at starting were two to one against the performance.

On Monday the 21st, Mr. Wells also made his effort, and completely failed. He rode thirteen miles and a half in the first hour, and was an hour going the next twelve miles, the horse having completely gone off his speed. The match, which was going half the distance in half the time as that performed by Mr. Webster, was relinquished, the horse having but half an hour left to perform eight miles and a half.

We have not heard any particulars of the third match, but all Mr. Webster's competitors have failed. Tom Marsden, the dealer, however, it is said, has entered the list, and, we are informed, intends not only to produce a horse which shall make him the successful rival of Mr. Webster, but also strike the sporting world with wonder.

MORE partridges have been killed this season in the first twelve days of shooting, than the oldest sportsman recollects during a similar period. This is in some measure

sure to be accounted for, from the very favourable summer for breeding, and partly from the general clearance of the corn fields prior to the first of September. The birds are, however, now so much thinned, that a good shot may tire himself completely, without greatly feeling the weight of his game bag.

AMONG the most remarkable circumstances that have occurred during the present shooting season may be reckoned the following:—On the first of September, Mr. G. Austin and Mr S. Foster, accompanied by Sir James Knowles, went over the manor of Fobsey Magnus, in Cornwall, and killed in the course of the day the enormous number of forty-three brace of birds. The former gentleman had one shot at a woodcock, which he winged; but, from the dryness of the cover, the dogs would not hunt it. In addition to his thirteen brace of partridges, Mr. Austin killed five hares and a water-rail.—And what renders the circumstance more extraordinary is, that both Mr. Austin and Mr. Foster shoot in spectacles.

A SHOOTING match at partridges was made on the 10th instant, between Major Howard, of the Dragoons, and a keeper of the name of Pearson, at Stowe, Bucks, for one hundred guineas, who should kill the most birds in twenty shots. The keeper was backed by his master, W. Watson, Esq. and the match was decided in three days, in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield, Marlow, and Stoke. The Major, on the first day, had nine shots, out of which he killed five brace and a half of birds; on the second day, he killed three brace and a half in eight shots, having made one miss; and on the third

morning he killed a leash of birds in the the other three shots, making altogether ten brace and a half. The keeper, who was accompanied by his competitor, had only four shots on the first day, and he killed a leash of birds; on the second day he trod up a covey in some turnips, and brought a leash of them to bag. He had eleven other shots, and regularly brought a bird to bag. He had to kill four birds in four shots, and after killing twice, he brought down a brace, and killed his last bird, which decided the match in his favour by one bird.

COLONEL Brereton and another gentleman, being out shooting on Monday the 14th instant, near Broadchalk, Wilts, the Colonel fired at a hare, and killed not only that, but another hare, which he did not perceive when he fired.—Afterwards, one of the same party brought down a partridge, which fell on a hare in her form; one of their dogs springing at the bird, caught the hare and killed it.—These are two very remarkable circumstances in the annals of sporting, but they are undubitable facts.

A GENTLEMAN of Preston, shooting at Hambleton in the Fylde, killed a partridge perfectly white, from a covey in which there were three of the same colour.

IN the neighbourhood of Halifax, a white sky-lark was lately taken out of a nest of larks, distinguished from its companions only by its colour. This singular bird has shed its feathers, and is now a shining milk white.

PUGILISM.—A battle took place at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th instant, in a field near Paddington Gravel Pits, for twenty guineas

guineas a side, between Thomas Wall, a reputed pugilist, and a Bristol man, who is only in his novice. Thomas Jones seconded the Bristol man, and Bob Clark seconded Wall, and Ryan was his bottle-holder. The Bristol man came into the ring in good spirits: bets were five to two in his favour before stripping. In the first round he shewed a good deal of science: after good sparring on both sides, he gave his antagonist a well-directed blow under the left ear, which brought him to the ground. However, in the fifteenth and sixteenth rounds, the odds changed in favour of Wall. They fought thirty-four severe rounds in forty minutes, when Wall was carried out of the ring by his friends, and brought back a quarter of an hour afterwards, when they wished him to begin again; but this was not suffered by the party belonging to the Bristol man.

THE amateurs of the fist, in the vicinity of Bristol, had a grand muster on Saturday, the 5th, to gratify their taste with a view of a pitched battle between two first-rate natives. The candidates for the purse of fifty guineas, were Horton and Young Crib—the former of whom has beaten all the dons in that nursery for bruisers, Bristol. His battles, previous to the present one, were with Cottle, a famed professor, who was about to be matched against Gully a twelvemonth since; and Horton having won every match, he is about to be transplanted to the London list, the countrymen having signified their determination to match him against any bruiser, the Game Chicken excepted. Young Crib is a relative of the well-known boxer of that name, and Crib went

down to Bristol, to second him in this event.—Bettings were nearly level at setting to; but the powers of Horton over his adversary were manifested in a short time, and although young Crib made a good stand, he was beaten in twenty-five minutes, in high style. Horton is a famous two-handed fighter, and young Crib being rather slow, he was hit abroad in almost every round. After victory had been declared, Horton challenged to fight the celebrated Crib in the ring, where he had vanquished his relative, for 100gs, or he would contend with either him or Gully for that sum, at any time.

THE battle of George Holmes, a celebrated fighting coachman, from Dunsden, Berks, and a bargeman of the name of Gabriel Heaver, was decided on Friday, the 28th, for fifty guineas, in a meadow near Cranford. The coachman is an experienced bruiser, who possesses a good deal of science, he having vanquished half a score opponents in a short time. The size and appearance of the bargeman were alone sufficient to strike terror into the breast of his opponent; but he had scarcely begun to set to, when he acted furiously on the offensive, by running at his adversary with all his might, who stopped his blows; received him right and left, and with one hand broke his nose, whilst with the other he winded and felled him by a hit in the stomach. The oldest amateur never saw such battering in the first round; but the *navigator* was as great a proficient at receiving, as his adversary was at giving. Holmes grew weak in the middle of the battle, and in this state he received one of his adversary's swinging blows, which had nearly decided the

the contest. He, however, recovered, and in the end beat his adversary quite blind. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes.

THE battle between the Game Chicken (the Champion of England), and Gully, will certainly take place at the time appointed in October. The Chicken will come to town immediately, to go into a course of training for the combat. Fifty guineas is the sum by which the match is bound.

THE silver medal, annually given by the Company of Archers, Paisley, was shot for on the 28th ult. and, after a contest of nearly two days, was won by William King, Esq. the younger, of Lonend.

THE Woodmen of Arden's Archery Annual Festival commenced on Monday the 7th instant, with the grand target. The gold medal was won by the Rev. John Dilke; the silver medal by Thomas Featherstone, Esq. and Edward Reppington, Esq. of Amington, was Captain of Numbers. Wednesday the silver arrow was shot for at nine score yards, and won by Charles Hudson, Esq. of Wanlip. Friday the silver bugle was shot for at nine score yards, and won by the Rev. John Dilke. In the lottery, the fortunate ladies were Miss Charlotte Crimes, of Cotton-house, and Miss Boulton, of Baxterley; the former the gold bugle, and the latter the gold arrow.

WARWICK RACES.—On the Friday, before the horses came upon the course, one Robert Kemp, a woolcomber, of Warwick, was knocked down nearly opposite the Grand Stand by two young men, who were galloping at full speed within the ropes. One of the

horses struck the unhappy man upon the breast, and he expired in less than five minutes. The inquest was held the next day, and brought in a verdict of *Accidental Death*. The rider was fined 5l.

DURING the present month, two gentlemen near Taunton lost each a valuable horse from the pasture in the neighbourhood. After much trouble they traced them in the direction of Bristol, and suspecting that they might have strayed towards Kingswood, they hastened thither, and in their search found one of them grazing in Cock-road Common. The gentlemen seized the horse; as it was late in the evening they did not think it prudent to bring it through the country, but led it to a neighbouring inn, secured it in the stable, and bespoke supper and beds for the night. In the morning they discovered that the stable door had been forced, and not only the stolen horse carried off, but the two others which they had used in the pursuit, with saddles and bridles all together. Neither the horses nor the audacious felons have been heard of; and the gentlemen returning home, were congratulated by their friends that they had not lost their boots and spurs.

DANIEL Wells, of Warninglid, near Slaughtam, Sussex, chapman, was lately convicted before Warden Sergison, Esq. of having in his possession a hen pheasant, contrary to the directions of the Game Laws. The pheasant was taken, by virtue of a search warrant, from Wells's cart, laden with butter, eggs, &c. on its way to Brighton.

THOMAS Booth, messman to the 6th regiment of foot, was fined 5l. on the 15th inst. at Faversham, for having a hare in his possession.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## A HUNTING SONG ;

*Written in Commemoration of a most famous Fox Chase, run by the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, Dec. 10, 1805.*

**Y**E Sportsmen, attend to my song,  
Which to please you, I hope, will  
not fail :—  
Its a Fox-chase full three hours long,  
And was run over Belvoir's sweet Vale.  
'Twas Tuesday, the tenth of 'December,  
The Duke fix'd at Waltham to meet :  
But the frost was so hard, I remember,  
The horses could scarce keep their  
feet.

We waited awhile for the weather,  
In hopes of a gleam of the sun ;  
When away we all trotted together—  
Shaw swearing he'd shew us a run !  
The Meltonians came late in the morn,  
Yet, the sport they have always in  
mind ;  
And o'ertook us at Jericho Thorn,  
Except Lloyd, who was loit'ring be-  
hind.

The hounds had not been there a mi-  
nute,  
When the Duke cry'd, Hark ! halloo,  
away !—  
Not a hound was then left behind in it ;  
You'd swear they would shew him  
some play.  
The hard riders jump'd off in a crack,—  
Not one of them minding his neck,  
And for Belvoir were running him back,  
When Tom Smith rode the hounds  
to a check.

The Huntsman came up on his grey,  
And roll'd his eye round like a hawk.

Not a second in that place would he stay,  
As your sport he never will baulk.  
He then made a cast with his hounds,  
When the Fox quickly jump'd up in  
view ;  
And, like pigeons, they skirted the  
grounds,  
And left Craven, Vanneck, and a few,

Away to the posts and the rails,  
And inclosures that fence Bottsford  
town ;

Distress was soon mark'd in their tails,  
E'en some of no common renown :—  
Sir Cecil\* made at such a brook,  
On Bernardo, who ne'er baulk'd a  
place ;

Little Wing, who scorns ever to look,  
Follow'd after, and fell on his face !

For Normanton Covert he went,  
Where he left many *Taylors* behind ;  
Fine land, and a strong burning scent,  
Was the cause of his changing his  
wind :

They skirted Long Bennington Town,  
And by the North Road up to Cotham ;  
Where Cholmondeley's nag lay himself  
down,

Having tried, prov'd, and found out  
his bottom.

Old Reynard now turn'd short about,  
For his country he wish'd to regain ;  
A rare lift for many, no doubt,  
Since Craven came in here again.  
Up wind, Sir, he now steer'd apace,  
Not fearing a hound in the nation ;  
The best horses could scarce keep their  
pace  
Till he got into Thorold's Plantation.

Tom Thoroton, well known in the Vale,  
Who at Flintham takes up his abode,

\* Mr. Forester.

Of potters now led a rare tail,  
Who with him ne'er quitted the road.  
But the hounds ran away from them  
fairly,  
And mounting high Barrowby Hill,  
Smith's grey, who had carried him rarely,  
Declin'd, and was forced to stand still.

They fled like the birds of the air,  
From thence unto Grantham Town's  
end,  
Where Wing stopp'd his little Game  
Mare,  
And Lindo could scarcely descend.  
In the former hard part of this run,  
His riding was thought quite divine :  
But, alas ! 'poor Fortunio's done,  
And the contest oblig'd to resign.

Some folks think it odd, now I take it,  
There's a horse that I never did name ;  
Ascret no longer I'll make it—  
'Tis Smuggler, that horse of great  
fame,  
But smuggled goods, unfairly made,  
Are always disposed of at night,  
Cornwall's nag, being one of that trade,  
Chose never to come into sight.

Lord Charles sat erect upon Drone,  
With a face that is void of a smile :  
But he's blood to the very back-bone,  
'Tho' his horse would not go the last  
mile.

At Strawston the Duke lost a shoe ;  
'Pray a hunter to follow my pack :'  
'They are water'd, and won't do for you,  
But I'll lend you my little grey hack.'

Old Reynard we stoutly pursued  
To the back of, I think, Paunton  
Town ;

Where a footman, who had him just  
view'd,  
Said, 'He's tired, and nearly run  
down.'

Vansittart here hit a rail, with his knee,  
So hard, that he made it to shiver ;  
Which when Peter Burrell did see,  
He took fright, and turn'd into the  
river.

There's Yarbrow, Douglas, Tomking,  
Three Sportsmen of very great merit,  
But for riding they're always in rear. O !  
'Tho' nobody can doubt their spirit.  
Surely they had much better to settle  
One rider to send out each day,  
And to him if they lend all their mettle,  
He'd certainly then shew the way.

\* Major-General Grosvenor.

Full gallop thro' Goadby there came  
A red coat upon a grey mare,  
So eager, that both blind and lame  
Ran out for to see who was there.  
'Have you seen the hounds here ?' he  
cried,  
And spurring flank'd on his old nag ;  
'It is 'Squire Norman, quite wild,  
And fairly worn out to a rag.

In three miles this noble chase ended ;  
We whip'd off at Burton-Slade wood ;  
To the Castle we then our pace mended,  
And trotted as fast as we could.  
The Ladies (God bless their sweet faces !)  
With smiles came to welcome us  
home :  
Their looks were like those of the Graces,  
And old Belvoir Olympus's dome.

'Tis a pity that Brummell, the beau,  
In London should takesuch delight ;  
For what a conspicuous show  
Must he have made in this fight.  
But report says, he's leaving the town,  
For the Ladies in mourning are drest,  
And with him my Lord Tumble-down,  
A Sportsman as keen as the best.

But what an unfortunate day,  
That Singleton did not appear,  
As horsemanship must shew the way,  
And make all his system quite clear.  
'Now close your heels and sit back ;  
'Oh, pray drop your hands and don't  
pull !  
'If this is call'd riding, O lack !  
'What can we expect from John  
Bull ?'

Had the old Poonah General been out,  
How he would have smok'd in this  
run,

With both coat and waistcoat, no doubt,  
Wide open, and d—g the sun.  
Aye, aye, my sweet boys, you may ride,  
But I've gone as far as I can,  
I shall therefore attend the fire-side  
Of my aunt, old Doll Pennymen.

The General\* thus said to the Bishop :  
'We'll dress the hard riders to-day ;  
'But Tom, perhaps, we may dish-up  
'Old Mittenus and Dance-away.'  
'What then, Master Bob, you're  
afraid,  
'But think how I can ride a burst.'  
'Tom, Tom, you've mistaken your  
trade,  
'I never remember you first.'

† The Rev. R. Grosvenor.

Lord

Lord Robert's the dandy, I'm told,  
 When his regiment gets into quarters,  
 At Rumford herides very bold,  
 And at Paunton he swims o'er the  
 waters.  
 What a pity he should so annoy  
 His mother, and make her so thin ;  
 But, alas ! he's not the same boy,  
 She us'd to chuck under the chin.

Now a bumper we'll drink to his Graec,  
 A full bumper to him and his hounds ;  
 And may he long live at the place,  
 Where health and good-humour  
 abounds !  
 May his Family flourish for ages,  
 Such noble sport to pursue ;  
 And the Poet to be hang'd now engages,  
 If this composition be'n't true !

## A THEATRIC ECLOGUE.

AT that late hour, when Theatres no  
 more  
 Echo with laughter, and Gods cease to  
 roar ;  
 When daggers, poison, thunder, and what  
 not,  
 In the same room are huddled and forgot ;  
 When Kings and Queens lay by their re-  
 gal state,  
 And eat their suppers from a pewter  
 plate ;  
 When *Mother Goose*, despoil'd of rags  
 and trimmings,  
 Struts home in proper shape, as *Little*  
*Simmons* ;  
 When stern John Kemble under the  
*Pe-a-ches*,  
 In great coat marches to avoid night  
 attacks ;  
 When Bacchanalians toast a lass and  
 pledge her,  
 And fond *Lesreve* expects dear *Mister*  
*Ledger* ;  
 At that dread hour, when all the fiddlers  
 quake,  
 For loss of tawny wine and jallap'd cake ;  
 When lights are out, quite empty ev'ry  
 box,  
 And, homeward trip sweet Chapman,  
 Brooks, and Fox ;  
 In short 'twas twelve—Lord Grizzle, with  
 an air,  
 Knock'd at a certain house in *Leicester-*  
*square* :—  
 Came *Dollalolla* ! Joy shook every limb,  
 With modest love she clasped her *Gaby*  
*Grim* ;

But wanting height, though every nerve  
 she stretches,  
 'Stead of his face she kissed his—leather  
 breeches !  
 Lord Grizzle stoop'd, confessed Love's  
 pleasing pain,  
 And thus commenc'd the soft alternate  
 strain.

## GRIZZLE.

When thieves no more shall dread the  
 fatal rope,  
 When sprightly Lewis is as dull as Pope,  
 Of Munden's fire when Melvin shews a  
 spark,  
 When croaking Ravens beat the tuneful  
 Lark,  
 When solemn John shall neither rant  
 nor pine,  
 And honest Cooke despises gen'rous  
 wine,  
 When I play *Romeo* to thy *Juliet*—then,  
 I false to thee, shall be the worst of men !

## DOLLALOLLA.

When Emery's humour shall be called  
 grimace,  
 And Envy mar sweet Brunton's lovely  
 face,  
 When *Mother Goose* shall cause a losing  
 night,  
 And Messrs. Brandon cease to be polite ;  
 When Fawcett's dull, and Blanchard out  
 of nature,  
 When little Simmons grows a six-feet  
 creature,  
 When Cyprians take a spangle for a  
 guinea,  
 And *Mister Claremont* is no more a ninny,  
 When Tull shall quit his am'rous Pa-  
 phian round,  
 And Incledon's sweet voice discordant  
 sound—  
 Then shall, alas ! thy Dollalolla be  
 Inconstant—but till then, still true to thee.  
 In short, when hair-dressers forget to  
 frizzle,  
 Then shall the Queen desert her faithful  
 Grizzle.  
 She (smirking) ceased ; he vow'd, he  
 stamp'd, he swore !  
 He stalk'd down stairs, and then—he  
 shut the door.  
 Shunn'd Cyprian wiles, his mind with  
 true love stor'd,  
 Put on his night-cap, fell asleep, and  
 snor'd ;  
 Whilst Dollalolla cry'd, in plaintive moan,  
 " Oh ! Grizzle dear, 'tis hard to lie alone ! "

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Dunstable Barn, March 9, 1807.

Q q 2

ELEGY

## ELEGY,

*On the Death of Mrs. Gurney, a well-known fruit-woman, for upwards of sixty years, at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

WHEN sculptur'd trophies deck the  
mould'ring dust  
Of pride and riches, on the gorgeous  
tomb,  
Shall fruitful Gurney in oblivion rust,  
Without one record of her mortal  
doom?

Though eighty winters bow'd the veteran  
low,  
Time was, when sprightly as the live-  
liest Belle,  
Enraptur'd Poets, warmed with am'rous  
glow,  
Invok'd fair Gurney, as a Nonpareil!

What various scenes, oh, Gurney! have  
been thine!  
What store of recollections, great and  
petty!

The fire of Garrick—Kemble's itching  
line—  
The *Bottle Conjuror* — and *Master  
Betty*!

From Eve descended, who, as records  
say,  
By curious tasting was of Sin the root,  
It can't be wonder'd, that, if led astray,  
She sometimes traffick'd in forbidden  
fruit!

But let us hope, though tried by rigid  
laws,  
Stern Rhadamanthus will forgiving  
prove,  
If blithe Pomona plead her vot'ry's cause,  
And Venus shield the *Minister of Love*.

## SONNET

ON THE MAZE RACES.

*"Sunt Quos Curriculo, &c."*

SEE pleasure's train to yonder crowded  
scene,

On various vehicles of speed repair,  
Each bosom fill'd with expectation keen  
That sport, or fortune, will befriended  
them there.

And now the Knowing Ones their traps  
prepare:

High run the bets upon the fav'rite  
steed—

His eager eye betrays the Gamester's  
care,

Tempting, or tempted, as opinions  
lead.

The racers start: Hope, apprehension,  
greed,

Alternate agitate the gazing crowd—  
One gains the conquering goal—and now  
succeed!

Clamours, as bursting Etna's thunder  
loud;

While Gambling, like a Harpy pois'd in  
air,

Enjoys the disappointed Dupe's despair.  
HAFIZ,

## BALLAD,

*Sung by Mr. Liston, in the Comedy of  
Errors Excepted.*

YOUNG Verdict was a Lawyer gay,  
Who of our town surpassed all;  
He went one ev'ning to the Play,  
And fell in love with Mrs. Hall.

But wicked man will oft betray,  
Attornies do it worse than all;  
For when he'd named the wedding day,  
He ran away from Mrs. Hall.

Therefore in time a warning take,  
Ye Widow Ladies great and small,  
Lest in the grass you find a snake,  
As was the case with Mrs. Hall.

## AN EPIGRAM.

FRANCOIS, in company the other day,  
Cries, "Curse your smoking, 'tis an  
odious way,

"Fie, Gentlemen!—In France they ne-  
ver smoke!"

John Bull reply'd—who dearly lov'd a  
joke—

"What's done in France, young Fob,  
we little care,

"But, faith, we'll make 'em smoke, if  
they come here!"



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# THE RACING CALENDAR.

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## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

1807.

**MONDAY, March 30.**—The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.  
—Across the Flat.

Mr Delmé Rauccliffe's ch c Selim, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb, (W. Edwards).....	1
Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, aged, 9st 7lb.....	2
Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb.....	3
Lord Rous's b f Jerboa, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	4
Mr Fermor's br c Stripling, by Totteridge, 2 yrs old, 5st 10lb.....	5

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Lord Foley's ch horse Captain Absolute, aged, 9st 7lb.....	0
Mr Kellermann's gr f Thalestris, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb.....	0
Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	0
Mr Arthur's br c Sir Peregrine, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb.....	0
Sir F. Standish's b f, sister to Duxbury, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb.....	0
Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 2 yrs old, 5st 10lb.....	0
Even betting, and 6 to 5 agst Selim, 5 to 2 agst Currycomb, and 6 to 1 agst Walton.—Won very easy.	

Sweepstakes of 150gs each, h ft.—Across the Flat.

Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Benningbrough, out of Hyale, 8st (W. Arnold).....	1
Lord Grosvenor's b c Buloush, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull, 8st 3lb.....	2
Lord Egremont's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Dungannon, out of Rutland's dam, 8st.....	pd
Five to 4 on Buloush.—Won easy.	

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, 8st 2lb.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's br filly, Fawn, by Grouse, out of Rattle (W. Clift).....	1
Duke	

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Duke of St. Albans' b f, own sister to Glory..... 3  
 Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator..... pd  
 Even betting.—A fine race.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h ft.—B. C.

Sir J. Shelley's b c Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb  
 (W. Clift) ..... 1  
 Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb ..... 2  
 Sir J. Shelley's br c Jasper, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 3  
 Six to 5 on Sir Launcelot, 6 to 4 agst Czar Peter, and 4 to 1 agst Jasper.  
 —A good race, and won by only a neck.

Match for 500gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr Mellish's b c Staveley, by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Buckle) 1  
 Lord Darlington's b h Pavilion, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb ..... 2  
 Six to 5 on Staveley.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h ft.—Ditch-in.

Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian, 8st 3lb (W. Clift) .. 1  
 Duke of Grafton's b c Podargus, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
 Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 7st 9lb ..... 3  
 Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 7st 11lb ..... 4  
 Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, 8st 10lb ..... pd  
 Six to 5 agst Smuggler, 3 to 1 agst Podargus, 4 to 1 agst Bronze, and 6  
 to 1 agst Luck's-All.—Won very easy.

The first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h ft.—Ditch-in.—  
 Nine Subscribers.

Mr Fermor's b c Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb (F.  
 Buckle) ..... 1  
 Sir J. Shelley's br m Houghton-Lass, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb ..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb ..... 3  
 Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b h Orville, aged, 9st 6lb ..... 4  
 Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, aged, 9st 3lb ..... 5  
 Mr Goulburn's br f Epsom-Lass, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb ..... 6  
 Lord F. Bentinck's b h Optician, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb ..... 7  
 Two to 1 agst Parasol, 5 to 2 agst Orville, 5 to 1 agst Houghton-Lass,  
 and 6 to 1 agst Hippomenes.—A fine race.

Match for 150gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's br f Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia,  
 8st (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Mr Watson's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful, 8st. .... 2  
 Two to 1, and 5 to 2 on Olive-Branch.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h ft.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda, 8st 3lb.—Walked  
 over.  
 Lord Grosvenor's b f Musidora, sister to Meteor, 8st ..... pd  
 Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, 8st. .... pd  
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mistletoe, received  
 forfeit from Mr Sitwell's br b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Palmflower,  
 8st each, across the Flat, 150gs, h ft.

Mr F. Neale's ch f, sister to Regulator, by a Brother to Repeater,  
 8st

# THE RACING CALENDAR.

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8st 2lb, received forfeit from Mr Payne's br f by Warter, out of Ransom, bought of Lord Sondes, 8st, Ab. M. 100gs, h ft.

Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 8st 9lb, received a compromise from Mr Mellish's b h Sancho, 8st 7lb, Ab. M. 800gs.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella, 8st 5lb, agst Mr Mellish's b f by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam, 8st 11lb.—Two-yr old Course, 200gs, h ft.—Was off by consent.

TUESDAY, March 31.—Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Sackville's br h Bustard, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb, (W. Wheatley) .....

Lord Foley's b f Pipylipa, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb .....

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Bustard.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb, R. M. —Ten Subscribers.

Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy, the dam of Lignum Vitæ, (W. Clift) .....

Duke of Grafton's br c Pioneer, own brother to Pelisse .....

General Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard .....

Seven to 2 on Mr Wilson's colt.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb.—Ditch Mile.—Ten Subscribers.

Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Little Peter's dam, (J. Shepherd) .....

Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, sister to Ringtail .....

Mr Ladbroke's b c by Guildford, out of Princess .....

Six to 5 agst Chaise-and-One, 7 to 4 agst Pantina, and 11 to 5 agst the Guildford colt.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, colts 8st 4lb, and fillies 8st.—Across the Flat.—Four Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br filly, Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia, (F. Buckle) .....

Duke of Grafton's br c Pioneer, own brother to Pelisse .....

Mr Watson's bay filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful .....

Five to 4 and 6 to 4 on Pioneer.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Foley's br colt Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 7lb (J. Shepherd) .....

Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, 8st 4lb .....

Seven to 4 on Paris.—Won easy.

Match for 200gs.—The first three miles of B. C.

Mr Howorth's b c Langton, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb (W. Edwards) .....

Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....

Six to 4 on Langton.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, colts 8st 4lb, and fillies 8st.—Two-yr old Course.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Niké, (F. Buckle) .....

Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio ..... 2  
Six and 7 to 4 on Eaton.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—First half of Ab. M.

Mr Payne's b c Tudor, by John Bull, 8st 4lb ..... 1

Mr Watson's b f Honor, 8st ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on Tudor.—Won very easy.

The Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h ft.—Ditch-in.--  
Nine Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Meteora, by Meteor, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Mr Wyndham's b f Glory, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb ..... 2

Gen. Gower's b c Swinley, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb ..... 3

Sir J. Shelley's br c Jasper, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr Blachford's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb ..... 0

Mr Hurst's br c Frederick, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb ..... 0

Five to 2 agst Jasper, 3 to 1 agst Swinley, 4 to 1 agst Glory, 4 to 1 agst Sir Harry Dimsdale, and 5 to 1 agst Meteora.—Won by half a neck.

Mr Arthur's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, received forfeit from Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, 8st 3lb each.—Two-yr old Course, 100gs.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Musidora, by Meteor, received forfeit from Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Sourcroust, 8st 2lb.—Two-yr old Course, 100gs, h ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 1.—The Subscription Plate of 50l. for two-yr olds, 7st, three-yr olds, 8st 7lb, and four-yr olds, 9st.—Two-yr old Course.

Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old ..... 1

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ch c Selim, 4 yrs old ..... 2

Mr Arthur's br c Wormwood, 4 yrs old ..... 3

Mr Kellermann's ch c Jamaica, 3 yrs old ..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Lord Rous's ch f Paleface, 2 yrs old ..... 0

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch c Superstition, 3 yrs old ..... 0

Mr Stephenson's gr f by Ambrosio, 2 yrs old ..... 0

Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio ..... 0

Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, 2 yrs old ..... 0

Six to 5 agst Selim, 11 to 5 agst Wormwood, and 4 to 1 agst Lydia.—  
Won cleverly.

The Third Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h ft.—Ditch-in.  
Eight Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Violante, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 2

Gen. Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 3

Mr Wilson's gr c Confederate, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... 4

Mr Watson's b f Pagoda, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb ..... 5

Six to 5 against Violante, and 3 to 1 agst Bagatelle.—Won in a canter.

The



# THE RACING CALENDAR.

5

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10gs each, which were divided amongst the owners of the second horses in the three classes; viz. Houghton Lass, Glory, and Bagatelle.

	Age.	st.	lb.
Mr F. Neale's b c Goth.....	4	8	8
Duke of Grafton's b f Dodona.....	4	7	13
Sir J. Shelley's br c Mustachio.....	4	7	11
Mr Batson's b c Rapture.....	3	7	2
Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni.....	3	6	12
Mr Craven's br c Henry.....	4	6	11

**THURSDAY, April 2.**—Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosia, received 50gs compromise from Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, 8st 4lb each.—Across the Flat.—200gs, h ft.

Mr F. Neale's ch f, own sister to Regulator, 8st 8lb, against Mr Stephenson's gr f by Ambrosia, 8st.—Two-yr old Course; 50gs.—Mr Stephenson's filly walked over, but the owner having failed to make stakes, did not receive the money.

**FRIDAY, April 3.**—Owing to the snow, which was three inches thick, Thursday's Races were postponed to this day.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 7lb.....	1
Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, 8st 7lb.....	2

Seven to 4 on Hedley.—Won cleverly.

Match for 200gs.—Two-yr old Course.

Duke of Grafton's br f Fawn, sister to Forester, by Grouse, 8st 0½lb (W. Clift).....	f
Mr Blachford's br b c Tony Lumpkin, 8st.....	2

Five to 2 on Fawn.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Two-yr old Course.

Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, 8st.....	1
Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot, 8st 7lb.....	2

Five to 2 on Wood-Nymph.—Won very easy.

Match for 50gs.—Two-yr old Course.

Mr Wyndham's filly, by Gohanna, 7st 2lb.....	1
Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, by Star, 7st 5lb.....	2

Two to 1 on the filly.—Won very easy.

The Subscription Plate of 50l. for two-yr olds, 6st 7lb; three-yr olds, 8st 5lb; and four-yr olds, 8st 13lb.—Ditch Mile.—The winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Lord Barrymore's b c Chicken Butcher, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old.....	1
Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Waxy, 3 yrs old.....	2
Gen. Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 3 yrs old.....	3
Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, 3 yrs old.....	4

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr Kellermann's gr f Thalestris, 2 yrs old.....	0
Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 3 yrs old.....	0

Mr

Mr Sitwell's b f Shelah, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, 2 yrs old .....	0
Mr S. S. Prime's bl c Barouche, 4 yrs old .....	0
Mr Golding's b f Merrymaid, 3 yrs old .....	0
Even betting that either Mr Ladbroke's colt or Rosabella won; 5 to 2 agst Rosabella, 7 to 2 agst Mr Ladbroke's colt, and 12 to 1 agst Chicken Butcher.	

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Duke of Grafton's bay colt Mushroom, by Worthy, out of Hornby-Lass, 8st 2lb (W. Clift) .....	1
Mr B. Craven's ch f Frances, 8st 2lb .....	2
Six to 4 on the Duke of Grafton's colt.—Won very easy.	

General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Benningbrough, 8st 4lb, received forfeit from Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Sourcroust, 8st 1lb.—R. M.—100gs, h ft.

### CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING—COMPLETE.

WEDNESDAY, April 1.—Produce Stakes of 25gs each, h ft, for colts and fillies rising three years old.—Two miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Benningbrough, out of Mary Ann, 8st 3lb (W. Peirse) .....	1
Mr Fletcher's b f, sister to Staveley, 8st. ....	2
Mr Baillie's b c, brother to Streamer, 8st 3lb. ....	3
Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, 8st. ....	4
Mr. Grimston's b f Harriet, sister to Langton, 8st, bolted. ....	5
Even betting on the brother to Streamer, and 3 to 1 agst the sister to Staveley.—Won easy.	

Sweepstakes of 5gs each for half-bred horses, 12st.—Two-mile heats.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Mr F. Hartley's ch g Wacker, by Stride (rode by the owner) ...	3	1	1
Mr Appleton's bl g Raven, by Young Syphon (Mr. Rowntree) ..	1	2	2
Mr Trotter's b m Plaything, by Oberon, (Mr Tatton Sykes) ....	2	3	3
Two to 1 on Raven.—A good race.			

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ages as in May.

Mr Dent's gr c Sultan, by the Arabian Selim, 3 yrs old, 7st (R. Johnson) .....	1	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c by St. George, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	5	2
Lord Strathmore's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st .....	4	3
Mr Kirby's ch c Navigator, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	2	4
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Timothy, out of Violet, 3 yrs old, 7st. .	3	dr
Six to 4 one of the four-yr olds won, and 4 to 1 agst Sultan.—Won easy.		

Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation, 7st 11lb, recd forfeit from Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Benningbrough, 8st.—Two miles.—100gs, h ft.

THURS.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

**THURSDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st. Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Morley's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter, out of Laura, by Eclipse .....	1
Mr. Walker's ch c by Star, dam by Young Marsk .....	2
Mr Danby's b c by Star, dam by Drone. ....	3
Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George. ....	4
Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation. ....	5
Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere .....	6

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Morley's colt.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Eight Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch by Timothy, out of Violet. ....	1
Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough. ....	2
Mr Fletcher's bay, sister to Staveley .....	3
Sir W. Gerard's brown, by Hambletonian .....	4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Lord Lowther's chesnut, by Precipitate .....	0
Lord Strathmore's bay, sister to Remembrancer. ....	0
Mr Mellish's brown, by Hambletonian .....	0
Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate. ....	0

Sir Thomas Gascoigne's filly and Margaret the favourites, and 4 to 1 agst the sister to Staveley.—Won cleverly.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for hunters, &c. 14st.—Rode by Gentlemen. Two miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr. R. Peacock's ch h Apollo (Mr Tatton Sykes)..... walked over,  
Mr. F. Hartley's ch g Wacker, by Stride, recd back his stake.

Handicap Stakes of 10gs each.—Rode by the Owners.—Once round the Course.

Mr. T. Shafto's b g Hazard. ....	1
Mr Chamberlain's br g Tally-ho !.....	2
Captain Peirse's br m by Grog. ....	3
Mr Beavor's b m by Hermes .....	4

## SKIPTON MEETING.

**THURSDAY, April 9.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—Twice round the Course.—Six Subscribers.

Sir G. Armytage's br f Irene, by Zachariah, dam by Slope (G. Humble) .....	1
Mr Brandling's ch c by Beningbrough, out of Strap's dam (J. Jackson) .....	2

Two to 1 on Irene.—A good race.

The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for two-yr olds and upwards.—Twice round the Course.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Wentworth's b c Centurion, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 8st (G. Humble) .....	1
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Duke

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Duke of Hamilton's b c Sunderland, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb (F. Collinson) 3  
 Mr Mason's gr c Trafalgar, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb (J. Jackson) ..... 3  
 Mr Smith's ro f Joan of Arc, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb (B. Smith) ..... 4  
 Five to 4 agst Sunderland.—A fine race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, &c. weight for age.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Heats, twice round the Course.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Trotter's br m Plaything, by Oberon (rode by Mr Tatton Sykes) 1 1  
 Mr Peacock's ch h by Stride (Mr F. Hartley) ..... 2 2  
 Mr J. Dyneley's b g by Hambleton (Mr Simpson) ..... 3 dr  
 Two and 3. to 1 on Mr Peacock's horse.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, April 10.—Match for 100gs.—Four miles.

Mr Simpson's b c by Sir Thomas (a son of Sir Peter Teazle) 12st (Mr Simpson) ..... 1  
 Mr Mason's ch m by Serpent, 12st. .... 2  
 Won easy.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for two-yr olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr Nalton's b c Dreadnought, by Archduke, 2 yrs old, 6st ..... 1 1  
 Mr Brandling's ch c, brother to Strap, 2 yrs old, 6st. .... 3 2  
 Mr Bailey's b f by Delpini, 2 yrs old, 5st 11lb. .... 2 3  
 Even betting on the brother to Strap.—A good race.

The Macaroni Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. Rode by Gentlemen.—Heats, twice round the Course.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Thompson's br h Scapefire, brother to Stretch, by Stride, 6 years old, 12st (rode by Mr Shafto) ..... 1 3 2 1  
 Mr Tatton Sykes's br h by Precipitate, 5 yrs old, 11st 9lb (the owner) ..... 2 1 3 2  
 Mr Simpson's b c by Sir Thomas, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb (the owner) ..... 3 2 1 3  
 Six to 4 agst Mr Tatton Sykes's horse. A very severe race.

## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, April 13.—Match for 100gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Mr F. Neale's ch filly, by a brother to Repeater, dam by Diomed, 8st 0½lb (W. Arnold) ..... 1  
 Mr Elwes's b c by Sir Harry, out of Annette, 8st 5lb ..... 2  
 Six to 4 on Mr Elwes's colt.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb (John Shepherd) ..... 1  
 Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
 Two to 1 on Paris.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Ditch Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nikè, 2 yrs old, 8st (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Mr

# THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Mr Lake's gr c Tim, 3 yrs old, 9st 5lb ..... 2  
Six to 4 on Eaton.—Won cleverly.

Match for 50gs.—Two-yr old Course.

Lord Darlington's gr c Hector, by Highover, 8st 5lb (S. Chifney) ... 1

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
Six to 4 on Charmer.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

General Gower's b c Swinley, by Coriander, 7st 6lb (S. Barnard) .... 1

Mr Arthur's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
Five to 4 on Swinley. Won by a head.

Sweepstakes of 100gs.—Abingdon Mile:

Mr Mellish's b c Staveley, by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) ... 1

Mr Arthur's b c Wormwood, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 2

Lord G. H. Cavendish's f Pagoda, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 3  
Five to 4 on Staveley.—Won cleverly.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes of 100gs each, h ft, for colts rising three years old, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat.—Six Subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine (W. Clift) ..... 1

Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot ..... 2

General Gower's br f Marcellina, by Worthy ..... 3  
Five to 2 on Musician.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Violante, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 2  
Even betting.—Won uncommonly easy.

Match for 100gs.—Ancaster Mile.

General Grosvenor's b f Briscis, by Beningbrough, 2 yrs old, 7st (a boy of Mr Mellish's) ..... 1

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch c Superstition, 3 yrs old, 9st ..... 2  
Two to 1 on Briscis.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—Ditch-in.

Lord Wilton's b c Bucephalus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st (F. Buckle) ..... 0 1

Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, 5 yrs old, 8st 5½lb ..... 0 2

General Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 3  
Eleven to 8 on Bucephalus; after the dead heat, 6 to 5 on Bucephalus.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, received forfeit from Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 8st.—Ab. M.—100gs, h ft.

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, 8st 2lb, received forfeit from Sir John Shelley's br colt Clasher, 8st 2lb.—B. C. 200gs.

Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian, received forfeit from Mr F Neale's ch c Regulator, 8st 7lb.—Ditch-in.—100gs, h ft.

Mr Arthur's b h Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st 7lb, agst Lord Darlington's b h Pavilion, 8st.—Across the Flat.—500gs.—Off by consent.

## TUESDAY, April 13.—Match for 50gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr F. Neale's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb (W. Arnold) .....	1
Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, 6 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	2
Two to 1 on Currycomb.—Won cleverly.	

## Match for 200gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull, 8st 3lb (Buckle) .....	1
Lord F. G. Osborne's b f by Whiskey, out of an own sister to Toby, 8st. ....	2
Seven to 4 on Bullrush.	

## Sweepstakes of 100gs each for three-yr olds.—Two-yr old Course.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni, out of Hop-picker, 8st (S. Chifney) ..	1
Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st 11lb .....	2
Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah, 8st 6lb .....	3
Seven to 4 on Tudor, and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Wyndham's colt.—Won very easy.	

## Match for 200gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr Northey's colt, by Lop, out of Jockey's dam, 8st 4lb .....	1
Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, 8st .....	2
Two to 1 on Mr Northey's colt.—Won very easy.	

## The King's Plate of 100gs for mares of all ages.—B. C.

Mr Goulburn's bay, Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb .....	1
Mr Mellish's bay, Glory, 4 yrs old, 9st 4lb. ....	2
Duke of Grafton's bay, Dodona, 4 yrs old, 9st 4lb. ....	3
Mr Craven's brown, Bronze, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb. ....	4
Mr Abbey's brown, Orangeade, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb .....	5
The following also started, but were not placed :—	
Mr Goodisson's brown, Flighty, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb. ....	0
Sir J. Shelley's brown, Houghton-Lass, 5 yrs old, 9st 10lb .....	0
Lord Rous's bay, Jerboa, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb. ....	0

## Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr F. Neale's ches colt Regulator, by Repeater, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W. Arnold) .....	1
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb .....	2
Even betting.—Won by a head.	

## Fifty Pounds by Subscription for three-year olds and upwards.—The last three miles of B. C.

Lord Rous's ch h Quiz, by Buzzard, aged, 8st 7lb .....	1
Lord Sackville's br h Bustard, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	2
Five to 2 on Bustard.—Won very easy.	

## Match for 50gs.—Yearling Course.

Lord Foley's b f Blowen, by Buzzard, 8st .....	1
Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, 8st .....	2
Two to 1 on Blowen.—Won quite easy.	

Match

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### Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Rous's bay filly, Bird of Paradise, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 7lb .....	1
General Grosvenor's b c The Téméraire, 8st .....	2
Five to 2 on Bird of Paradise.	

### Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	1
Lord Foley's ch h Capt. Absolute, aged, 8st 9lb .....	2
Five to 4 on Captain Absolute. A good race.	

General Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, 8st, received forfeit from Mr Blachford's br colt, Tony Lumpkin, 8st 3lb.—Two-year old Course, 50gs.

### WEDNESDAY, April 15.—Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr Howorth's br h Enterprise, by John Bull, (rode by Mr Delmé Radcliffe, 15lb under Mr Mellish's weight) .....	1
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, (the Owner) .....	2
Two to 1 on Enterprise.—A good race.	

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, for four-year olds.—Ditch-in.—Six Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's bay filly, Violante, by John Bull, 9st 1lb (F. Buckle) .....	1
Mr Mellish's b c Staveley, 8st 10lb .....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b f Meteora, 8st 11lb .....	3
Five to 2 on Violante.—Won in a canter.	

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h ft, 8st 7lb each.—Across the Flat.

Gen. Grosvenor's bay filly, Briseïs, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane (F. Buckle) .....	1
Duke of St. Albans' b f Morgiana, by Coriander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer .....	2
Sir G. Heathcote's bay filly, by Warter, dam by Highflyer .....	pd
Five to 4 on Morgiana.—A good race.	

The Newmarket Stakes of 50gs each, h ft, for colts rising three years old, 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—Ditch Mile.—Sixteen Subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine, by Woodpecker (W. Clift) .....	1
Lord Grosvenor's b f Pearl, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam .....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella, by Eclipse .....	3
Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey .....	4
Mr Wilson's ch f by Buzzard, out of Torterella .....	5
Even betting on Chaise-and-One, and 5 to 2 agst Musician.—Won very easy.	

### Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Niké, 2 yrs old, 8st (F. Buckle) .....	1
Lord	

Lord Foley's br c Jasper, 4 yrs old, 9st 7lb ..... 2  
 Eleven to 5 on Eaton.—Won quite easy.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each.—Two-yr old Course.—The Winner was to  
 be sold for 100gs, &c.

Mr B. Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, 2 yrs  
 old, 6st 9lb (a Boy) ..... 1

Mr Ladbroke's ch c Warhorse, 3 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 2

Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 2 yrs old, 6st 9lb ..... 3

Mr Sitwell's b f Shelah, 3 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 4

Even betting on Warhorse, and 10 to 1 agst Frances.—A good race.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for three, four, and five-year olds.—  
 Beacon Course.

Duke of Grafton's bay colt Podargus, by Worthy, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb  
 (a Boy) ..... 1

Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb ..... 2

Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 3

Mr C. Browne's br c Forester, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 4

Six to 5 agst Podargus.—Won in a canter.

Mr Howorth's Lauretta, 8st 7lb, received 10gs compromise from Mr  
 Stephenson's gr f Euphrasia, by Ambrosio, 7st 13lb.—Two-yr old Course,  
 50gs.

THURSDAY, April 16.—Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Missetoe, 8st 7lb  
 (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Lord Rous's br f Fan, by Young Espersykes, out of Fidget's dam, 8st 2  
 Five to 2 on Fan, which bolted in running.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each.—Two-yr old Course.

Mr Howorth's Lauretta, 8st 7lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1

Mr Payne's br f Marcelina, 7st 13lb ..... 2

Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 8st 4lb ..... 3

Seven to 4 on Lauretta.—Won very easy.

Match for 50gs.—Ditch Mile.

Mr Howorth's bay colt, Langton, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb  
 (W. Edwards) ..... 1

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 2

Seven to 4 on Langton.—Won quite easy.

The King's Plate for four-yr olds and upwards.—Beacon Course.

Mr Fermor's bay colt, Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 11st (W.  
 Wheatley) ..... 1

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, 5 yrs old, 11st 9lb ..... 2

Lord Wilton's b c Bucephalus, 4 yrs old, 11st ..... 3

Mr Wilson's gr c Confederate, 4 yrs old, 11st ..... 4

Lord Rous's ch h Quiz, aged, 12st ..... 5

Seven to 4 agst Quiz, 11 to 5 agst Hippomenes, 9 to 2 agst Bucephalus,  
 and 10 to 1 agst Brainworm.—A good race.

Match for 50gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr Cave Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 8st 9lb (S. Chifney) 1  
 Mr



Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, 9st ..... 2  
Thirteen to 8 on Mountaineer.—Won easy.

Mr Ladbroke's Bustler, 7st 5lb, received 25gs compromise from Mr Sitwell's Shelah, 8st 7lb.—Two-yr olds' Course, 50gs.

Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Beningbrough, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 8st 2lb each.—D. M.—100gs, h. ft.

Duke of St. Alban's b f Morgiana, by Coriander, 8st 2lb, agst Lord Barrymore's b c Chicken Butcher, 8st.—Ab. M. 50gs.—Off by consent.

Mr Northey's colt by Lop, dam by Highflyer, 8st 5lb, agst Mr Villier's colt (dead) by Pegasus, out of Friskey, 8st 4lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.—Off.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis, agst Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda, 8st 2lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

FRIDAY, April 17.—Match for 50gs.—The two middle miles of B. C.

Lord Sackville's br h Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, 8st 9lb ..... 1

Mr Mellish's b f Glory, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb ..... 2

Two to 1 on Whirligig.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—The two middle miles of B. C.

Mr Mellish's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb.. 1

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, 3 yrs old ..... 2

Five to 2 on Snug.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

General Gower's b c Swinley, by Coriander, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 1

Lord Sackville's br h Witchcraft, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ..... 2

Two to 1 on Witchcraft.—Won easy.

### BURTON-HUNT MEETING.—(Over Lincoln Course.)

TUESDAY, April 7.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each for hunters, *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers one month before running, and having hunted six times with the Burton hounds.—Two miles.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr F. Chaplin's ch g Navigator, by Admiral, aged, 11st. (Lord Monson) ..... 1

Mr Beaver's ch g Watchmaker, 5 yrs old, 11st (the Owner) ..... 2

Mr Kent's b h Honesty, aged, 11st 4lb ..... 3

Mr Duncombe's b h Driver, aged, 11st 7lb (the Owner) ..... 4

The Silver Cup, value 50gs, for horses, &c. having hunted six times with the Burton hounds.—Two miles.

Mr Beaver's ch g Watchmaker, by Precipitate, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb (Mr. Douglas) ..... 1

Mr Duncombe's b h Driver, aged, 11st 12lb (the Owner) ..... 2

Lord Monson's d h Gulliver, by Lilliput, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb ..... 3

Mr Taylor's b g Smallhopes, by Scorpion, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb ..... 4

Mr White's br g by Grog, aged, 11st 12lb ..... 3  
 Mr Scott's ch m Helen, by Boudrow, 10st 6lb (Mr Douglas), beat  
 Lord Monson's Woldsnian, by Quicksilver, 10st (the owner).—Two  
 miles, 50gs.

Lord Monson's ch m Coquette, 10st 8lb (the Owner), beat Mr Lemon's  
 b m Bantum, 10st (Mr Douglas).—Four miles, 50gs.

**WEDNESDAY, April 8.**—A Piece of Ornamental Gold Plate for the  
 Table, value 50gs, given by the Hon. the Miss Monsons, for horses,  
 &c. having hunted six times with the Burton hounds.—Two miles.

Mr F. Chaplin's ch g Navigator, by Admiral, aged, 11st 12lb (Mr  
 Uppleby) ..... 1  
 Mr Beaver's ch g Watchmaker, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb (Mr Douglas) .. 2  
 Lord Monson's br h Ptarmagon, by Moorcock, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb (the  
 Owner) ..... 3

The Cup, value 50gs, for horses, &c. having hunted six times with the  
 Burton Hounds.—Two miles.

Mr F. Chaplin's ch g Navigator, by Admiral, aged, 9st 1lb (Mr Up-  
 pleby) ..... 1  
 Mr Scott's ch m Helen, aged, 11st 13lb (Mr Douglas) ..... 2  
 Mr Nelthorpe's b g by Soldier, aged, 11st 13lb ..... 3  
 Mr T. Duncombe's b h Driver, aged, 9st 1lb (the owner) ..... 4

A Handicap Plate of 50gs.—Two miles.

Mr Terrewest's ch h, 11st 1lb ..... 1  
 Mr Scott's br h Welbourn, 11st 4lb ..... 2  
 Mr Kent's b h Honesty, aged, 11st 3lb ..... 3  
 Mr Taylor's b h Smallhopes, 5 yrs old, 10st 12lb ..... 4

Mr S. Duncombe's b h Driver, by Hubby, aged, 11st 7lb (the Owner),  
 beat Lord Monson's d h Gulliver, 5 yrs old, 11st 1½lb (the Owner).—  
 Two miles, 100gs.

## NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 27.**—Ages as in May.—Match for 50gs.—Two-yr  
 olds' Course.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni, out of Hop-picker, by Duncannon,  
 4 yrs old, 7st ..... 1  
 Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 2  
 Six to 4 on Wormwood.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Beacon Course.

Duke of Grafton's b m Dodona, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W.  
 Clift) ..... 1  
 Sir F. Standish's b m, sister to Duxbury, 5 yrs old, 8st ..... 2  
 Six to 4 on the sister to Duxbury.—Won very easy.

Match for 300gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, 8st ..... 1  
 Mr

Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
Six to 5 on Luck's-All.—Won easy.

Match for 200gs.—Ditch-in.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 8st 2lb (F. Buckle) .... 1  
Mr Mellish's b h Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 5lb ..... 2  
Six to 4 on Meteora.—Won in a canter.

Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, by Magic, 8st 8lb, received 30gs compromise from Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 8st.—Across the Flat, 50gs.

Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornbury, by John Bull, 8st 7lb, recd forfeit from General Grosvenor's b c The Téméraire, 7st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Howorth's b h Langton, by Precipitate, 8st 9lb, recd 100gs compromise from Lord G. H. Cavendish's b f Pagoda, 8st 3lb.—D. M. 300gs, h. ft.

General Grosvenor's b c The Téméraire, by Warter, 8st 7lb, recd 60gs compromise from Mr Dymoke's gr f Miss Harvey, 8st.—Two-year olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, 8st 7lb, against Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, April 28.—Match for 100gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr Howorth's b h Enterprise, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr F. Neale's ch h Regulator, 5 yrs old, 7st 12lb ..... 2  
Two to 1 on Enterprise.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Mr Howorth's b h Langton, by Precipitate, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st ..... 2  
Six to 4 on Langton.—A good race.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—Across the Flat.

Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, by John Bull, aged, 8st 13lb (J. Shepherd) ..... 1  
Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb ..... 2  
The following also started, but were not placed :—  
Sir C. Bunbury's b m Lydia, 5 yrs old, 9st 8lb ..... 0  
Sir J. Shelley's br m Houghton-Lass, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb ..... 0  
Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb ..... 0  
Sir F. Standish's ch f by Mr Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb ..... 0  
Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 0  
Mr R. Jones's br c Frederick, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb ..... 0  
Mr F. Neale's ch f, sister to Regulator, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 0  
Mr Wyndham's ch c Gladiator, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb ..... 0

Seven to 2 agst Lydia, 4 to 1 agst Mountaineer, and 7 to 1 agst Captain Absolute.—A good race.

Match

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, by St George, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb (S. Chifney) .....	1
Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb .....	2
Six to 4 on Vanity.—Won very easy.	
Fifty Pounds for three-yr old colts, 8st 4lb, and fillies, 8st.—Rowley's Mile.	

Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornbury, by John Bull, out of Schedoni's dam .....	1
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's bl c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina .....	2
Duke of Grafton's b c Barbarian, by Worthy .....	3
The following also started, but were not placed :—	
Lord Wilton's br f by John Bull .....	0
Mr Lord's b c, by Totteridge, out of Sweet Reseda .....	0
Capt. Vyse's b f Fillikins, by Gouty .....	0
Mr Fermor's b c Stripling .....	0
Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot .....	0
Mr Tighe's b c Wrynose, by Coriander .....	0
Mr Williams's ch c by Guildford, dam by Precipitate .....	0
Mr Wyndham's b f Mouse, by Gohanna .....	0
Five to 4 agst Job Thornbury, and 3 to 1 agst Barbarian.—Won easy.	

Match for 200gs.—The first half of Abingdon Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Violante, by John Bull, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) .....	1
Lord Foley's b f Blown, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2
Two to 1 on Violante.—Won cleverly.	

Mr Ladbroke's Sir Peregrine, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 1lb, recd forfeit from Sir J. Shelley's Clasher, 8st 5lb, and Mr Craven's Bronze, 8st.—Across the Flat, 100gs each, h, ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 8st 10lb, agst Mr Ladbroke's Bustler, 6st 2lb.—Two-yr olds' Course, 50gs.—Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, April 29.—Match for 25gs.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Mr Payne's br f Marcellina, by Worthy, 3 years old, 6st 12lb .....	1
General Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	2
Eleven to 10 on Have-at-'em.—Won very easy.	

Sweepstakes of 50gs each.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb (W. Wheatley) .....	1
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	2
Mr Payne's br f Marcellina, 3 yrs old, 7st .....	3
Thirteen to 3 against Charmer, the same against Lucks'-All, and 3 to 1 against Marcellina.—Won very easy.	

Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Ditch Mile.

Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old, 9st 2lb. (F. Buckle) .....	1
Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb .....	2
Lord Foley's br f Pipylina, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	3
Sir	

Sir F. Standish's ch f by Mr Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 4 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 4  
 Sir H. Williamson's b h Ditto, aged, 9st 5lb ..... 5  
 Mr Golding's b f Merrymaid, 4 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 6  
 Seven to 4 agst Ditto, 3 to 1 agst Zodiac, and 7 to 2 agst Hippomenes; even betting either Hippomenes or Zodiac won; or even betting either Hippomenes or Ditto won.

Match for 100gs.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Mr Mellish's br colt Luck's-All, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 D. of Grafton's b c Mushroom, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 2  
 Two to 1 on Mushroom.—Won easy.

The Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs, for horses, &c.—B. C.

Lord Darlington's b h Pavilion, by Waxy, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb (S. Chifney) ..... 1  
 Mr Mellish's b h Cardinal Beaufort, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
 Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, aged, 8st 11lb ..... 3  
 Duke of Grafton's b c Podargus, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb ..... 4  
 Eleven to 5 agst Pavilion, and 6 to 4 agst Podargus.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Sackville's br horse Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, 8st 7lb. (W. Wheatley) ..... 1  
 Mr Howorth's b h Langton, 5 yrs old, 8st ..... 2  
 Six to 4 on Langton.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st (W. Clift) ..... 1  
 Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni, 8st. .... 2  
 Even betting.—Won easy.

Mr Wilson's b h Ditto, by Sir Peter Teazle, aged, 8st 10lb, recd 20gs compromise from Mr Howorth's b h Hedley, 4 yrs old, 7st.—Ab. M. 50gs.

THURSDAY, April 30.—Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr Howorth's b h Enterprise, by John Bull, 6 yrs old (rode by Mr D. Radcliffe) ..... 1  
 Mr Mellish's b m Glory, 5 yrs old (Owner) ..... 2  
 Eleven to 8 on Enterprise.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

Lord Sackville's br h Witchcraft, by Whiskey, aged, 7st 6lb ..... 1  
 Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
 Six to 4 on Meteora.—Won very easy.

Match for 500gs.—Ditch-in.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 1  
 Sir J. Shelley's b h Sir Launcelot, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
 Six to 5 on Paris.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Two middle miles of B. C.

Lord Sackville's b h Bustard, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st 3lb. (W. Wheatley) ..... 1

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Gen. Gower's b h Swinley, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
Eleven to 5 on Bustard.—Won very easy.

Match for 25gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr F. Neale's ch f, sister to Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb ..... 1  
Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, 4 yrs old, 9st 3lb ..... 2  
Eleven to 5 on Snug.—Won very easy.

Match for 20gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb (W. Arnold) ..... 1  
General Gower's b h Swinley, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb ..... 2  
Two to 1 on Wormwood.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two middle miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, out of Tuneful, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb .... 1  
Mr Abbey's ch h Victory, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
Lord F. G. Osborne's Superstition, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 3  
Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb ..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 0  
Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 0  
Mr Sitwell's b f Shelah, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 0  
Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 0  
Seven to 4 agst Achilles, 3 to 1 agst Superstition, and 5 to 1 agst Flighty.—The winner was claimed.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Beacon Course.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, aged, 9st 3lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
General Gower's b m Pelisse, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 2  
Lord Sackville's b h Enchanter, aged, 8st ..... 3  
Mr Blachford's Sir Harry Dimsdale, aged, 8st 12lb ..... pd  
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, 6 yrs old, 8st 6lb ..... pd  
Six to 4 agst Enchanter, 2 to 1 agst Orville, and 5 to 2 agst Pelisse. An uncommonly fine race, there not being more than a neck between the three.

Match for 100gs.—Two-yr olds' Course.

Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 9st, (W. Edwards) 1  
Ld Grosvenor's b c Ferdinand, 3 yrs old, 8st ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on Hedley.—Won easy.

Match for 50gs.—Ab. M.

Duke of Grafton's b c Mushroom, by Worthy, 8st 7lb (W. Clift) .. 1  
Mr W. Breton's b f Morgiana, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
Two to 1 on Mushroom.—Won very easy.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 7st 11lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

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## DURHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, April 28.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for colts rising 3 years old, 8st 3lb.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr J. Danby's b c by Star, dam by Drone, out of Suwarrow's grandam (G. Humble) .....	1
Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation, dam by Drone .....	2
Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George .....	3
Mr J. Lonsdale's gr c Sultan, by the Arabian Selim .....	4
Duke of Leeds' b c by Pandolpho .....	5
Lord Monson's ch c Margrave, by Young Sir Peter .....	6
Even betting on the winner, and 6 to 4 against Sultan.—Won cleverly.	

**WEDNESDAY, April 29.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Members of the City, with 20l. added, for colts rising three yrs old, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st 1lb.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation, dam by Drone, out of Catherine, by Young Marsk (W. Peirse) .....	1	1
Mr Mellish's b c Foxberry, by Screveton .....	5	2
Mr Stephenson's ch f Nightingale, by Oberon, dam by Royal Slave, grandam by Gentle, Redcap. ....	3	3
Mr Witham's b g by Oberon, dam by Magnet, out of Calliope ..	2	4
Mr Baillie's b f by Delpini, dam by Benningbrough .....	4	5
Even betting on Foxberry; after the heat, even betting on Sir John Lawson's colt.—A good race.		

**THURSDAY, April 30.**—The Lambton-Hunt Stakes of 5gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers,

Mr Lambton's b m Jenny Andrews, by Young Syphon (B. Smith) ..	1	1
Mr Shafto's br g Cock-a-Hoop, by a son of Vertumnus (F. Collinson) .....	2	2
Sir R. Milbanke's b g Baronet, by Quid .....	4	3
General Kerr's ch g Hetton, by Archer .....	3	dis
Cock-a-Hoop the favourite, and 2 to 1 agst Jenny Andrews.		

**FRIDAY, May 1.**—The County Members' Plate of 50l. with 20l. added for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Benningbrough, aged, 9st 2lb (F. Collinson) .....	1	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c by St. George, out of Didapper's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st (F. Gordon) .....	5	2
Colonel Horton's b c Young Bustard, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	4	3
Mr Artley's b c Doubtful, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	6	4
Mr Ilderton's br c Roseden, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	2	5
Mr Stephenson's b m by Oberon, dam by Stride, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..	3	6
Even betting between Lady Mary and Roseden; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Lady Mary.		

**SATURDAY, May 2.**—Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, for hunters, rode by Gentlemen.—Once round the Course, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Colonel Seddon's b g Baronet, by Quid, 12st 11lb, (rode by Mr F. Hartley) ..... 1  
 Mr Shafto's b g Hazard, 12st 7lb (the Owner) ..... 2  
 Mr Witham's br m by Percy, 10st 4lb (Mr Allan) ..... 3  
 Mr Surtee's br h by Bishoprick, 11st 4lb (the Owner) ..... 4  
 Five to 4 on Baronet.—A good race, and won by half a neck.

Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three-yr olds.—Two miles.

Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George, 8st 3lb (F. Jordan) .1  
 Mr Stephenson's ch f Nightingale, 7st 7lb (R. Johnson) ..... 2  
 Mr F. Hartley's b c Foxberry, 8st (B. Smith) ..... 3  
 Even betting on Foxberry, who bolted when winning easy.

### CHESTER MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 4.**—Match for One Hundred Guineas—Two miles.

Mr Brooke's b f by Beningbrough, out of Mrs Jordan, 8st .... 1  
 Mr Egerton's b c Oulton, by Beningbrough, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
 Three to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four mile-heats.

Mr Boltby's ch f by Waxy, 3 yrs old, a feather ..... 1 1  
 Lord Grosvenor's br g by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb ..... 2  
 Mr Mason's gr h Trafalgar, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb. .... dis

Six to 4 on Trafalgar, which came in first, but was deemed distanced, on account of the boy who rode him alighting before he came to the Weighing-post.

**TUESDAY, May 5.**—Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for maiden horses, &c. that never won either Sweepstakes, Plate, or Match, for all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr Ackers' b c Phlebotomist, by Beningbrough, out of Hebe's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb ..... 1  
 Mr Price's b m Farce, by Grouse, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ..... 2  
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... 3  
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb ..... 4  
 Mr Skinner's bl c by Oscar, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb ..... 5  
 Mr T. Robinson's b c by Hambletonian, 6st 12lb ..... 6  
 7 to 4 on the field.—A good race.

The Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs for all ages.—Three times round the Course.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, dam by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 9st 9lb ..... 1  
 Duke



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Duke of Leeds' b c by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb..... 2  
 Mr Bettison's br h by Sir Peter Teazle, aged, 9st ..... 3  
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 4  
 Mr Ackers' gr c Atlas, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb..... 5  
 Six to 4 on Mr. Bettison's horse, 2 to 1 agst the Duke of Leeds' colt,  
 and 10 to 1 agst the winner.—A fine race, but won very easy at the  
 end.

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, dam by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 8st  
 4lb..... 1 1  
 Mr Smith's gr f Joan of Arc, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb..... 3 2  
 Mr Ackers' gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... 2 dis  
 Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—The Annual City Plate of 30l. with 20l.  
 given by the Corporation, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb  
 (T. Carr)..... 1 1  
 Mr Mason's gr h Trafalgar, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb ..... 2 2  
 Mr Knapton's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, a feather (fell  
 lame)..... 3 dis  
 Four to 1 on Josephina.—Won in a canter.

THURSDAY, May 7.—The Silver Cup, value 50l. the gift of the  
 Earl of Grosvenor, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, dam by Highflyer, 4 yrs old,  
 7st 5lb..... 1 1  
 Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, 6 yrs old, 8st 8lb ..... 2 2  
 Mr Birchall's ch m Lavinia, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... 3 3  
 Four to 1 on Josephina, 6 to 1 agst the Meteor colt, and 12 to 1 agst  
 Lavinia; after the heat, 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 on the Meteor colt.—A  
 very fine race, and won by only half a neck.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, beat Mr Brooke's b f by  
 Beningbrough.— miles, 100gs.—Seven to 2 on the winner.—Won  
 easy.

FRIDAY, May 8.—The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Four-  
 mile heats.

Mr Carr's ch h Welch-Harp, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb.... 1 3 1  
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston, 4 yrs  
 old, 7st 2lb (stakes 10l.)..... 2 1 3  
 Mr Smith's gr f Joan of Arc, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 3 2 2  
 Welch-Harp the favourite.

Mr Townshend's b m Panbedw, by Glaucus, beat Mr Bald's b m  
 Eliza, by Tommy, 8st each.—Two miles, 100gs.

GOOD.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

## GOODWOOD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 6.**—The Hunters' Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.  
12st.—Two miles.

Mr Gage's Comet (rode by Mr Delmè Radcliffe).....	1
Mr Rush's b h by St. George (F. Buckle) .....	2

Even betting.—Won by half a neck.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Two miles.---  
Eight subscribers.

Mr Dickens' b h Watery, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 11st 11lb (Mr Ger- maine) .....	1
General Crosbie's b g by Cœur de Lion (Mr W. Smith) .....	2

Three to 1 on Watery.

The Goodwood Club Plate, a subscription of 10gs each, for horses, &c.  
12st.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr C. H. Bouverie's b h Mirror, by Precipitate, 6 yrs old (Mr Douglas) .....	1	1
Duke of Richmond's gr h You-know-me, aged (Mr Delmè Rad- cliffe) .....	4	2
Sir C. M. Burrell's ch g Rinaldo, aged (Mr Barnes) .....	2	3
Mr W. Burrell's b g Quilldriver, aged (the Owner) .....	3	4

Even betting on Mirror.

## EPSOM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 13.**—The Fifty-Pound Plate was not run  
for.

**THURSDAY, May 14.**—For the Derby Stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft.  
for three-yr old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—The last mile and half.—  
Thirty-eight subscribers.

Lord Egremont's ch c Election, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Nitre's dam (old John Arnold) .....	1
Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon (W. Cliff) .....	2
Mr Lake's b c by Gohanna, out of a sister to Humbug's dam (W. Wheatley) .....	3
The following also started, but the Judge only placed the first three :	
Duke of Grafton's b c Musician .....	0
Duke of Grafton's Pioneer .....	0
Mr D. Radcliffe's c by Gohanna, out of Trumpator .....	0
Ld Charles Somerset's Job Thornbury .....	0
Mr Ladbrooke's Guildford colt .....	0
Mr Bigg's Rosario .....	0
Ld Foley's br c Chaise-and-One .....	0
Sir F. Standish's Volunteer colt .....	0
Mr Delmè Radcliffe's by Sir Peter, out of Alexina .....	0
Ld Darlington's b c by Sir Peter, out of Zelia .....	0

Three

Three to 1 agst Ld Egremont's colt, 7 to 2 agst Musician, 3 to 1 agst Job Thornbury, 9 to 2 agst Mr Wilson's colt, 10 to 1 agst Chaise-and-One, 100 to 7 agst Pioneer, and high odds agst all the rest.

This was a very fine race; Mr Wilson's horse took the lead, and made play till he came to the distance; Mr Lake's horse then passed him, immediately after which Lord Egremont's colt took the lead, and won by a length.—Mr Wilson has since sold his colt to Lord Darlington, for 2000gs: he stands a great favourite for the St. Leger Stakes.

The Plate was not run for.

FRIDAY, May 15.—The Woodcot Stakes of 30gs each, 15 ft, for two-yr old colts, 8st 3lb, and fillies, 8st.—The last three quarters of a mile.

Mr Lake's ch f Marybella, by Walnut, out of Maria, (W. Wheatley)	1
Mr Fermor's sister to Hawk	2
Mr Hyde's ch f Bona Lass	3
Mr Durand's b f by Teddy the Grinder, out of Kitty Bean	4
Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Teddy the Grinder, out of Slamerkin	5

The Oaks' Stakes.—The last mile and half.

General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane (S. Chifney)

Ld Derby's br f Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle (R. Spencer)	2
Ld Stawell's b f Pantina, sister to Ringtail, by Buzzard (W. Arnold)	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr Howorth's Lauretta	0
Ld Egremont's ch f out of Hannibal's dam	0
Mr Lake's b f, out of Admiral's dam	0
Mr Mellish's sister to Smuggler	0
Mr Sitwell's Buttercup	0
Duke of Grafton's Fawn	0
Ld Grosvenor's Pearl	0
Mr Kellerman's f by Whiskey	0
Mr D. Radcliffe's sister to Castrel	0
Mr Craven's Francis, by Ambrosio	0

Four to 1 agst Lauretta, 5 to 1 agst Ld Egremont's filly, 7 to 1 agst Ld Derby's Margaret, 8 to 1 agst Pantina, 8 to 1 agst Pearl, 10 to 1 agst the sister to Castrel, and 15 to 1 agst Briseis.—The sister to Castrel took the lead about a mile, when Briseis came up, and won by about half a length.—Francis and Fawn were thrown down at Totton Corner, but received no injury.

The Hedley Stakes.—Two miles.

Mr Durand's b c Master Jackey, by Johnny, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb (a boy)	1
Mr Abbey's b h Victory, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb	2
Mr Fermor's ch c by Gohanna, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb	3
Mr Ladbroke's br c by Young Woodpecker, out of Hannibal's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st	4
Sir J. Mawbey's b h Lord Mayor, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	5
Mr Butler's b g Eunuch, 6 yrs old, 9st 2lb	6

Three to 1 agst Master Jackey, and 2 to 1 agst Eunuch.—Won easy.

SATUR-

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

**SATURDAY, May 16.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.  
Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb (F.

Buckle) .....	1	1
Mr Sitwell's br h Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	4	2
Mr Howorth's Yorkshire, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb .....	2	dr
Mr Ladbroke's b m Slipper, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb .....	3	dr

Six to 4 agst Yorkshire, and 7 to 4 agst Cerberus.

Mr Ladbroke's Corsican, by Guildford, beat Mr Fermor's Stripling, 8st 4lb each, 25gs. Four and 5 to 1 on Corsican.

## MANCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 20.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Grey's b c by Beningbrough, out of Scotilla, by Anvil (R. Spencer) .....	1
Mr J. Goodall's b f Miss Newton, by Old Tat .....	2
Mr Carr's b c by Hambletonian .....	3
Sir W. Gerard's br f by Hambletonian .....	4
Mr E. Hanson's ch c by Lord Stamford's George .....	5

The Maiden Plate of 60l.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Bettison's b h by Sir Peter Teazle, aged, 8st 12lb (T. Carr) .....	4	1	1
Mr E.L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ....	0	3	2
Mr Mason's gr h Trafalgar, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb .....	0	2	3
Mr Wright's ch h Creeping Jack, aged, 8st 12lb .....	3	4	4

## GUILDFORD MEETING.

**THE King's Plate of One Hundred Guineas.**—Four-mile heats.—

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle .....	1	1
Mr Goodisson's b f Flighty .....	4	2
Mr Abbey's ch h Victory .....	2	dis
Mr Chinnoch's b h Clove .....	3	dis

Epsom-Lass the favourite.—Won in a canter.

## MADDINGTON RACES.

**THURSDAY, May 21.**—Sir H. Lippincott's Ploughboy, 10st 12lb, beat Mr Herbert's Flint, 10st 2lb.—The New Mile, 25gs.

Mr Worrall's Timekeeper, 9st 12lb, beat Lord F. Bentinck's Optician.  
—New Mile, 25gs.

Sweepstakes.

MANCHESTER MEETING—(CONCLUDED.)

**THURSDAY, May 21.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 12st,  
—Four Miles.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr C. Smith's bl g Spencer, by Traveller ..... walked over,

The Manchester Stakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—

Four Miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr Marris's br c Sir Sampson, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb. .... 1

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, 6 yrs old, 9st 2lb. .... 2

Mr Astley's ch g Newton, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb. .... 3

Mr Carr's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Gunpowder, a feather .... 4

Mr Goodall's b f Miss Whitley, by Old Tatt, 3 yrs old, a feather .... 5

Lord Grey's b c by Beningbrough, out of Scotilla, 3 yrs old, a feather 6  
Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on the field.

Seventy Pounds for three and four-yr olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Seymour's b c Sweetwilliam, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 8st

3lb ..... 6 0 1 1

Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Prisle, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb

(received 10l.) ..... 1 0 2 2

Mr Skinner's bl c by Oscar, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb. .... 3 3 3 dr

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 2 dr

Mr Harris's ch f Wrexham-Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 4 dr

Mr Atkinson's b c, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 5 dr

Mr Nalton's b c Dreadnought, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb. .... 7 dr

Two to 1 on the field; after the first heat, 6 and 7 to 4 against Ma-  
demoiselle Prisle; after the dead heat, 5 to 4 on Sweetwilliam;  
after the third heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Sweetwilliam.

**FRIDAY, May 22.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 13st,—

Four Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Smith's bl g Spencer, by Traveller ..... walked over,

Eighty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c General Benningsen, by Meteor, 4 yrs old,

7st 6lb ..... 1 1

Mr Holyoake's ro f by Admiral, 4 yrs old, 6st 13lb (received 10l.) 2 3

Mr Taggart's b m Smallhopes, aged, 8st 13lb ..... dis

Five to 1 on General Benningsen.—Won easy.

Mr C. Smith's b c Tom Thumb, by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 7st 2lb,  
against Mr. Rushton's b f by the same Marsk, 7st.—Two miles, 50gs.—  
*Ran a dead heat.*—Even betting.

Fifty Pounds for the beaten horses of the week.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Astley's ch g Newton, by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 4 yrs old 3 1 1

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston, 4

ys old ..... 1 2 2

Mr Nalton's b c Dreadnought, 3 yrs old ..... 2 3 dr

Mr Holyoake's ro f by Admiral, 4 yrs old ..... 4 4 dr

Six and 7 to 4 on the field; after the first heat, 5 to 4 against Mr.  
Hodgson's filly; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Newton.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

## YORK SPRING MEETING.

**SATURDAY, May 23.**—Match for One Thousand Guineas.—Last-mile and half.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, 8st (J. Shepherd) ..... 2  
Six and 7 to 4 on Trafalgar.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Mellish's br f by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator, 8st 2lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
Mr Wentworth's ches filly, by Ormond, dam by Phenomenon, 8st 2lb (G. Humble) ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on Mr Mellish's filly.—A good race, and won by about a neck.

**MONDAY, May 25.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b h Sir Paul, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 9st (W. Clift) ..... 1  
Mr Garforth's b c by Benningbrough, out of Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 2  
D. of Hamilton's b c Grazier, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 3  
Sir H. Williamson's b c Maida, by Benningbrough, dam by Spadille, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 4  
Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, 5 yrs old, 9st ..... 5  
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 6  
Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 7  
Eleven to 5 against Sir Paul, 3 to 1 against Mr Garforth's colt, 3 to 1 against Maida, and high odds against any other.—A good race.

Match for 100gs.—One Mile.

Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam, 8st (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Shuttle, dam by Overton, 8st (F. Collinson) 2  
Five to 1 on Comrade.—Won easy.

**TUESDAY, May 26.**—The Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four Miles.

Mr Wentworth's bay colt, Centurion, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb (G. Humble) ..... 1  
Mr Watt's gr horse, Evander, by Delpini, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb (J. Jackson) ..... 2  
Mr Garforth's b f by Hyacinthus, out of Flora, 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb (Vause) ..... 3  
Mr Johnson's br horse, Sir Andrew, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Buckle) ..... 4  
Mr S. Croft's b c Cardinal Puff, by Cardinal, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb (W. Harrison) ..... 5

Mr

Mr White's b h Murtonian, by St. George, dam by Pontac, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb (B. Smith) ..... 6  
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Katherine, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 7  
 Duke of Hamilton's br h Governor, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Collinson) ..... 8  
 Two to 1 against Evander, 3 to 1 against Sir H. T. Vane's filly, 5 to 1 against Centurion, and 7 to 1 against Sir Andrew.—A very fine race, and won by about a length.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—One Mile and three quarters.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr G. Hutton's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxoni's dam (J. Shepherd) ..... 1  
 Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline (F. Collinson) .. 2  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's gr c Knowsley (W. Clift) ..... 3  
 Lord Darlington's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter (B. Smith) 4  
 Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann (W. Peirse) ..... 5  
 Mr Duncombe's b c Rossington, by Star (Jackson) ..... 6  
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, dam by Phenomenon (G. Humble) .. 7  
 Two to 1 against Lord Darlington's colt, 4 to 1 agst Mr Garforth's colt, 4 to 1 against Windle, 6 to 1 against Knowsley, and 7 to 1 against Mr Hutton's colt. Won by half a head.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year old fillies, 8st 3lb.—Last Mile and half.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Violet (J. Shepherd) 1  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Sir Paul's dam (W. Clift) ..... 2  
 Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana (G. Humble) ..... 3  
 Mr S. Pickering's bay, by Beningbrough, out of St. Ann (B. Smith) .. 4  
 Mr Kirby's bay, by Enchanter, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator (W. Edwards) ..... 5  
 Mr Garforth's chesnut, by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico (F. Collinson) .. 6  
 Mr T. Duncombe's bay, by Expectation, out of a sister to the Maid-of-All-Work (J. Jackson) ..... 7  
 Mr Mellish's brown, by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator (F. Buckle) 8  
 Two to 1 against Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, 5 to 2 against Paulina, 3 to 1 agst Margaret, and high odds against any other.—A very good race between the three first, and won by half a head.

WEDNESDAY, May 27.—Match for 500gs.—Last Mile and half.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
 Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 8st (W. Peirse) .... 2  
 Three to 1 on Trafalgar.—Won in a canter.

Match for 200gs.—The last Mile.

Lord Darlington's b c, brother to Bumper, by St. George, 7st 12lb (W. Peirse) ..... 1  
 Mr

Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, 8st 5lb (F. Buckle) ..... 2  
Five to 4 on Bumper.—Won by a head.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for hunters, 11st 11lb.—Two-mile heats.—  
Five Subscribers.

Mr Watt's br h Marshal Carouser, by Weasel (Mr Tatton Sykes) 1 1  
Mr J. Thompson's b h Scapefire, brother to Stretch (Mr T. Shafto) 3 2  
Mr Richmond's ch h Cockspur, by Oberon, (Mr F. Hartley) .... 2 3  
Six to 4 against Scapefire, and 3 to 1 against Cockspur.

### BEVERLEY MEETING, YORKSHIRE.

**TUESDAY, June 9.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—One Mile and a half.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline (B. Smith).... 1  
Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, out of Fanny Fancy's dam (J. Shepherd) ..... 2  
Lord C. Somerset's b c by Beningbrough, out of Gammer Gurton (T. Goodisson) ..... 3  
Mr F. Watt's gr c by Beningbrough, dam by Delpihi, out of Nanny-O! by Emilius..... 4  
Mr J. Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse ..... 5  
Mr W. Coulson's gr f by Delpini, out of Tipple-Cider ..... 6  
Five to 2 on Mr Garforth's colt, and 5 to 1 against Lord C. Somerset's colt.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Four Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr W. Jordan's b g by Ruler, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (Mr T. Gascoigne) 1  
Mr J. Thompson's b g Scapefire, by Stride, 6 yrs old, 12st 7lb (Mr Tatton Sykes) ..... 2  
Three to 1 on Scapefire, and in running, 50 to 1 he won.—Won by half a head.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr J. Thompson's b h Scapefire, brother to Stretch, by Stride, 6 yrs old, received the Stakes without walking over.

**WEDNESDAY, June 10.**—The Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each for all ages.—Four Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr F. Watt's b c Integrity, brother to Truth, by Totteridge, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... 1  
Lord C. Somerset's b c by Beningbrough, out of Gammer Gurton, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 2  
Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico, 3 yrs old, 6st .... 3  
Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb.... 4  
Five to 4 on Integrity, 4 to 1 against Lord C. Somerset's colt, and 6 to 1 against Mr Garforth's filly.—Won easy.

The



The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c by St. George, out of Didapper's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb (F. Jordon).....	1 5 1
Mr Boulton's b h Murtonian, 6 yrs old, 9st (B. Smith).....	5 1 3
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	6 4 2
Mr S. Duncombe's ch c by Expectation, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb ....	4 2 5
Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb.....	7 3 4
Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	2 dr
Mr Wharton's b c Jack-o'-the-Green, by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	3 dr
Mr Grant's ch h Felix, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	8 dr
Mr Uppleby's b c by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	dis

Mr Hutchinson's colt the favourite; 4 to 1 against Mr Garforth's filly,  
and 10 to 1 against Murtonian; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on the  
winner; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on the winner.—In run-  
ning for the first heat, Mr Uppleby's colt was pressed so near to  
the cords by the other horses, that he attempted to leap over, but  
catching the cord with his hind foot, he fell, and threw his rider,  
who fortunately received no injury.

Match for Fifty Guineas.—Two Miles.

Mr Burton's b g Bright Phœbus, by Hammer, dam by Conductor, 11st 10lb (Mr Tatton Sykes) .....	1
Mr Treacher's gr g Sweepstakes, by the Arcot Arabian, dam by Trum- pator, 11st 10lb (the Owner) .....	2

Two to 1 on Sweepstakes.

THURSDAY, June 11.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—Four  
Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr F. Watt's b c Integrity, by Totteridge, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb.....	1
Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline, 3 yrs old, 8st 12lb 2	
Mr Uppleby's b f by Stamford, dam by Toby, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb.....	3

Three to 1 on Mr Garforth's colt.—Won cleverly.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr F. Watt's gr c by Beningbrough, dam by Delpini, out of Nanny-O! 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	1 2 1
Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c by St. George, out of Didapper's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st 13lb .....	2 1 3
Mr Walkington's b c by Beningbrough, out of Friendless Fan- ny, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb.....	5 3 2
Mr Wharton's b c Jack-o'-the-Green, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	4 5 4
Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	3 4 dr

Seven to 2 on Mr Hutchinson's colt; after the first heat, even betting  
on Mr Watt's colt; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Mr Hutchin-  
son's colt.—A very capital race.

Handicap

**Handicap Stakes of 10gs each.—Two Miles.—Ten Subscribers.**

Mr Tatton Sykes's gr h by Weasel, 11st 7lb (the owner) .....	1
Mr Watt's b m by Cardinal, 12st 10lb (Mr F. Hartley) .....	2

A good race.

**FRIDAY, June 12.—The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.  
12st.—Twice round the Course.—Six Subscribers.**

Mr Richardson's b h by Griffin (Mr Tatton Sykes) .....	1
Mr J. Thompson's b h Scapefire, by Stride (Mr F. Hartley) .....	2

Three to 1 on Mr Richardson's horse.—Won very easy.

**Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.**

Mr W. Hutchinson's br h Didapper, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st (F. Jordon) .....	1	1
Mr Stephenson's b c Antagonist, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 3	2	2
Mr Grant's ch h Felix, by Precipitate, out of Stockton's dam, 5 yrs old, 8st. ....	4	3
Mr Kirby's gr h Evander, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb .....	3	4
Mr Jackson's gr h Holderness, by Ruler, 5 yrs old, 8st .....	5	dr

Six to 4 on Didapper.—Won easy.

**Match for 50gs.—The last Mile.**

Mr Burton's b g Orange-Lad, (late Bright Phœbus) by Hammer, 11st 10lb (Mr Tatton Sykes) .....	1
Mr Treacher's gr g Sweepstakes, 11st 10lb (the owner) .....	2

Two to 1 on Orange-Lad.

**ASCOT-HEATH MEETING, BERKS.****TUESDAY, June 9.—The King's Plate of 100gs for horses, &c. that  
have regularly hunted with his Majesty's Stag-Hounds.—Four-mile  
heats.**

Mr Starling's b g Blenheim, by Coriander, aged, 12st .....	1	1
Mr Fermor's b m, sister to Hawk, aged, 11st 10lb .....	2	2
Mr Norton's ch g Challenger, by Coriander, aged, 12st .....	3	dr
Mr Sharpe's b g Chance, aged, 12st. ....	4	dr
Mr Gosden's b g Shake-my-Rags, 4 yrs old, 11st 2lb .....	5	dr

Five to 4 against Blenheim, and 7 to 4 against the sister to Hawk.

**Match for 100gs.—The New Mile.**

Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer, out of Othoethæa, 8st .....	1
Mr Lake's b f by Gouty, out of a sister to Oatlands, 8st .....	2

Six to 4 on Mr Lake's filly.

**Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, for three years old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies,  
8st 2lb.—The New Mile.—Six Subscribers.**

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch c by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash .....	1
Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, out of Tuneful .....	2
Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt. ....	3

**Duke**

Duke of Grafton's br f Fawn, sister to Forester, by Grouse ..... 4  
 Sit J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator ..... 5  
 Seven to 4 against the Whiskey colt, 5 to 2 against the Ambrosio  
 colt, 4 to 1 against Fawn, and 8 to 1 against the Hambletonian  
 colt.

The second and last year of the renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with  
 25gs added out of the Racing-Fund, for four-year olds and upwards.—  
 Starting at the Half-mile Post on the New Mile, and go once round  
 the Course, about two miles and a half.—The winner was to be sold  
 for 300gs, if demanded, &c.—Fourteen Subscribers.

Mr Lake's br c by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb .... 1  
 Mr Batson's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ..... 2  
 Mr Abbey's br f Orangeade, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 3  
 His R. H. the Duke of York's b f Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 4  
 Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ..... 5  
 Mr Butler's b g Eunuch, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb ..... 6  
 Seven to 4 against Rosabella, and 5 to 1 against Mr Lake's colt.

The second and last year of the renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with  
 25gs added out of the Racing-Fund, for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb,  
 fillies, 8st 2lb.—The New Mile.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Fermor's br c Stripling, by Totteridge ..... 1  
 His R. H. the Prince of Wales's bl c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of  
 Alexina ..... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr Durand's ch c Master Jackey, by Johnny, out of Seedling ..... 0  
 Lord Egremont's br c by Gohanna, out of Cypress's dam ..... 0  
 Sir C. Bunbury's br c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt ..... 0  
 Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio ..... 0  
 Mr Burgh's ches. filly ..... 0  
 Mr Ladbroke's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel ..... 0  
 General Gower's br f Petronilla, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Curry-  
 comb's dam ..... 0  
 Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, sister to Ringtail ..... 0  
 Two to 1 against Lord Egremont's colt, 5 to 2 against Pantina, 4 to  
 1 against the Prince's colt, 5 to 1 against Master Jackey, and 100  
 to 7 against Stripling.

WEDNESDAY, June 10.—Sweepstakes of 15gs each, with 15gs added  
 out of the Racing-Fund, for all ages.—Starting at the King's Stand,  
 and went once round the Course.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Durand's ch c Master Jackey, by Johnny, out of Seedling, by  
 Pumpkin, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 1  
 Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb ..... 2  
 Ten to 1 on Master Jackey.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Plate of 50l. for all ages.—  
 Four Miles.

Mr Cave Browne's b h Watery, by Waxy, 6 yrs old ..... 1  
 Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old ..... 2  
 Val. XXX. No. 177. F Mr

Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, 4 yrs old. . . . . 3  
Five to 2 against Watery.

The Swinley Stakes of 25gs each, 15gs forfeit, for three-year olds, 7st 4lb, and four-year olds, 8st 10lb.—The last Mile and half.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Lake's b c Humility, by Gouty, 4 yrs old . . . . . 1

Mr Butler's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel, 3 yrs old. . . . . 2

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old. . . . . 3

Five to 2 on Humility.

Fifty Pounds for four, five, and six-year olds, aged horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Fernor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb. . . . . 1 1

Mr Abbey's b f Orangeade, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb. . . . . 3 2

Mr Biggs's br m Margaretta, 5 yrs old, 7st 12lb. . . . . 2 dr

Five to 2, and after the heat 8 to 1, on Cerberus.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, June 11.—His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Started at the Distance-Post, and went once round the Course and a Distance. The winner was to be sold for 350gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Batson's b c Handicap, by Sir Harry, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb. . . . . 1

Mr Cave Brawne's b h Watery, 6 yrs old. . . . . 2

Lord Boringdon's ch c Palermo, by Hyperion, 3 yrs old. . . . . 3

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr Jones's bl f Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old. . . . . 0

Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old. . . . . 0

Mr Abbey's b f Orangeade, 4 yrs old. . . . . 0

Even betting on Watery, and 3 to 1 against Handicap.—A fine race.—

Mr Fernor purchased Watery.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs: the surplus was paid to the winner in specie: a Subscription of 10gs each, by twelve Subscribers, for all ages.—Started at the Half-mile Post, on the New Mile, and went once round the Course.—The owner of the second received back his stake.

Mr Durand's ch c Master Jackey, by Johnny, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb. . . . . 1

Mr Fernor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb. . . . . 2

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb. . . . . 3

Mr Ludbrooke's br c Sir Peregrine, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb. . . . . 4

Six to 4 against Hawk, 5 to 2 against Master Jackey, 3 to 1 against

Miss Coiner, and 5 to 1 against Sir Peregrine.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for three-year olds.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr Fernor's b c Stripling, by Totteridge, 8st 10lb. . . . . 2 1 1

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's bl c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of

Alexina, 8st 6lb. . . . . 1 2 2

Six to 4 on the Prince's colt; after the first heat, 8 to 1 on the Prince's colt; after the second heat, 8 to 1 on Stripling.—A very fine race.

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. the property of Yeoman-Prickers, &c. 12st each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Starling's b g Blenheim, by Cortander, aged. . . . . 1 1

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Mr Richardson's b h Necho, by Javelin, aged .....	2	2
Mr Sharpe's b g Chance, aged .....	3	3
Eight to 1 on Blenheim.		

**FRIDAY, June 12.—The Queen's Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Three Miles.**  
 Lord Boringdon's ch c Palermo, by Hyperion, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb. .... 1  
 Mr Abbey's b f Orangeade, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb. .... 2  
 Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 3  
 Mr Sutton's f Duplicity, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb ..... 4  
 Six to 4 on Palermo.

## Match for 100gs.—The New Mile.

Mr Lake's b f Nymphina, by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle, the dam of Romance, 8st .....	1
Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, 8st .....	2
Two to 1 on Nymphina.—A very fine race, and won by half a head.	
Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 20gs forfeit, for two-year old fillies, 8st.—Started at the last road below the King's Stand, near the Half-mile Post.—Four Subscribers.	
Mr Emden's bay, Highland-Lass, by Highland-Fling, out of Currycomb's dam .....	1
Mr Lake's chesnut, Maria-Bella, by Whiskey, out of Marianne's dam, by Telemachus. ....	2
Sir J. Mawbey's chesnut, Grasshopper, by Gouty, out of Young Maiden, by Highflyer .....	3
Five to 2, and 3 to 1, on Maria-Bella.	

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Three Miles.  
 Six Subscribers.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb. ....	1
Duke of Grafton's b m Dodona, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb .....	2
Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb .....	3
Five to 4 on Dodona, and 2 to 1 against Miss Coiner.	

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-yr old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—The last mile—Five Subscribers.

Lord Jersey's colt, by Waxy, out of Coarse Mary. ....	1
Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace .....	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch c by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash .....	3
Mr Lake's f by Whiskey, out of Admiral's dam .....	4
Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and 124 rods each.	

Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, 5 yrs old, 9st 5lb ....	1	1
Mr Norton's ch g Challenger, aged, 7st 5lb .....	3	2
Mr Gosden's b c Shake-my-Rags, 4 yrs, 6st .....	5	3
Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb .....	4	4
Lord Boringdon's ch c Palermo, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb .....	2	dr

Duke of Grafton's b m Dodona, by Waxy, 9st, received 40gs compromise from Mr Craven's Frances, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.—Three quarters of a mile, 100gs, h. ft.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

## TENBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 2.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb ..... 1 1  
Mr Knapton's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st ..... 2 2

**WEDNESDAY, June 3.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, being the only one entered, received 10gs.

## BIBURY MEETING.

**MONDAY, June 15.**—Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for horses, &c. Three Miles.—Three Subscribers.

Mr Howorth's b h Enterprise, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 10st 10lb ..... walked over.

Mr Howorth's b h Langton, by Precipitate, 11st 1lb, walked over for the Match, against Mr Mellish's b h Stayeley, 12st.—Three miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year olds.—Two Miles and a half.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Bullock's b c Knee-Buckle, by Zachariah, 10st 10lb (rode by Mr Douglas) ..... 1

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 10st 10lb ..... 2

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c by Benningbrough, out of Dick Andrews's dam, 10st 5lb (fell) ..... 0

Even betting on the Prince's colt, and 2 to 1 against Knee-Buckle.

Previous to the race as above stated, Lord Sackville's Clermont started with the above three; the Prince's colt and Clermont ran round the course, and the former came in first—Knee-Buckle and Luck's-All pulled up about half way; it was deemed a false start, owing to the horses not having set off at the right place. Clermont was then drawn, and the race was afterwards determined as above.

The Clermont Stakes of 50gs each, 30 forfeit, and only 10gs if declared on or before the 6th of June.—Four miles.

Mr Worrall's ch h Timekeeper, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 9st 10lb 1

Lord Sackville's b h Enchanter, aged, 11st 7lb ..... 2

Sir H. Lippincott's b h Mirror, 6 yrs old, 10st 11lb ..... 3

Mr Mill's b c Stapleton, 4 yrs old, 9st 7lb ..... 4

Six to 4 against Enchanter, and 5 to 1 against Timekeeper.—A fine race.

The following having declared forfeit within the time prescribed, and 6 Subscribers who did not name, paid only 10gs each.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Barbarossa, 5 yrs old .... 11 8  
Mr

Mr Douglas's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old	St.	Lb.
Lord Jersey's b h Enterprise, 6 yrs old	11	5
Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, 5 yrs old	11	1
Lord F. Bentinck's br c Taurus, 4 yrs old	10	11
Lord F. Bentinck's br c Taurus, 4 yrs old	10	7
The Welter Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.— Seven Subscribers.		

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br h Pedestrian, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) . . . . . 1 1  
 Mr B. Price's ch g Malmsbury, 5 yrs old, 10st 12lb . . . . . 2 dr  
 Mr Græme's Harry Gray, 6 yrs old, 11st 9lb . . . . . 3 dr  
 Three to 1 on Pedestrian; after the first heat, Mr Price withdrew his Stake, and Pedestrian in cantering round for the second heat, fell.

Mr Vansittart's ch h Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 8st 6lb, received 80gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Sancho, 12st, the last mile and half, 100gs.

Mr Mellish's Streatlam-Lass, 12st, against Lord Sackville's Graffham, 11st 7lb, four miles, 100gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

**TUESDAY, June 16.**—Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Jersey's b h Enterprise, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 11st 1lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) . . . . .	2	1	1
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, 6 yrs old, 10st 4lb . . . . .	1	2	2
Mr Bullock's b h Green-Dragon, 6 yrs old, 10st 1lb . . . . .	3	3	3
Five to 4 against Enterprise.—A fine race.			

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 100gs added, for horses, &c.—Three miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.

Lord Sackville's b h Enchanter, by Pot8o's, aged, 12st (Mr Germaine) . . . . .	1		
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br h Pedestrian, 5 yrs old, 11st 2lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) . . . . .	2		
Mr Biggs's ch h Bassanio, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb . . . . .	3		
Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 10st 7lb . . . . .	4		
Mr C. Cholmondeley's b h by Young Diomed, 5 yrs old, 11st 2lb . . . . .	5		
Six to 4 against Enchanter.			

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, 15gs forfeit, with 100gs added, for horses, &c.—Four miles.—Six Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Barbarossa, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) . . . . .	1		
Lord C. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, 6 yrs old, 11st 10lb . . . . .	2		
Mr Douglas's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb . . . . .	3		
Six to 4 on Barbarossa.			

**WEDNESDAY, June 17.**—Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added.—Two miles.—Four Subscribers.

Lord Sackville's br c by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 9st 9lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) . . . . .	1		
Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, 5 yrs old, 10st 13lb . . . . .	2		
Even betting,			

Match

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Match for 50gs.—The Old Mile.

Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 12lb (Captain Worrall) .....	1
Sir H. Lippincott's b h Mirror, 10st 9lb .....	2
Even betting.	

The 100gs Plate for four-year olds and upwards.—Three miles.

Lord Sackville's ch h Prospero, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old, 11st 3lb (Mr Germaine) .....	1
Mr Douglas's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 10st 11lb (the Owner) ....	2
Three to 1 on Prospero.	

Match for 25gs.—Two miles.

Mr Mellish's br h Norval, by Jupiter, aged, 12st (Mr D. Radcliffe) ..	1
Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 5 yrs old, 10st 11lb .....	2
Five to 4 on Pigeon.	

*To be continued.*

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**RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.**

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NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1807.—NEW MATCHES.

**MONDAY.**—Lord F. Bentinck's Job Thornberry, 8st 12lb, against  
Mr Panton's Ralphina, 8st 3lb.—Ditch Mile, 100gs.**THURSDAY.**—Duke of Grafton's Mushroom, 8st 4lb, against Mr  
Mellish's b f by Worthy, out of Chippenham's sister, 6st 4lb.—Two-year  
olds' Course, 100gs, 80gs ft.

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**NOTTINGHAM MEETING, 1807.****SECOND Day, Wednesday, August 5.**—Nominations for the Gold  
Cup.—Closed on the 1st inst.—A Subscription of 10gs each, the  
surplus to be paid the winner in specie.—Two Miles.Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb  
Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Benningbrough, out of Hyale, 3 yrs  
old, 5st 12lbMr Cave Browne's b c by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity, 3 yrs  
old, 6st

Marquis of Titchfield names Bagatelle, 6 yrs old, 9st.

Lord Ranelagh's ch g Monkey, by Sir Harry, out of Tweedside, aged, 9st  
Mr R. Wilson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Charlotte, 3  
yrs old, 6stMr Andrews's br c Grasper, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Celia, 3 yrs  
old, 6st

Mr Butler's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel, 3 yrs old, 6st

Mr



Mr Abbey's b f Orangeade, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb  
 Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb  
 Mr Tatton Sykes's b m Gratitude, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb  
 The Duke of Newcastle is a subscriber, but did not name.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1807.

**MONDAY.**—Mr Thompson's b h Scapefire, 6 yrs old, 12st, agst  
 Mr Hawke's b g Orange-Lad (late Bright Phœbus) aged, 12st 7lb.  
 —Two Miles, 200gs.—To be rode by Gentlemen.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1808.

*Continued from our Racing Calendar for March, Vol. XXIX, page 42.*

**WEDNESDAY.**—The second year of the Newmarket Stakes of  
 50gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st  
 2lb.—Ditch Mile.—To continue in 1809.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, gran-  
 dam by Sweetbriar

Lord Grosvenor's colt by Meteor, out of Hind

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Alexander, out of Numble

Duke of Grafton's colt by Grouse, out of Rattle

Duke of Grafton's filly by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass

Sir Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Totterella

Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All

Sir J. Shelley names Mr Wilson's b c by Agonistea, out of a sister to  
 Bennington

Mr Watson's colt by Coriander, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, (bought of  
 Lord Fitzwilliam) out of Elfleda

Lord Darlington's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Pot80's

General Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, brother to Gladiator

Lord Foley's colt Petrowitz, brother to Little Peter

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's br c by Waxy, dam by Highflyer, bought of  
 Mr Perren

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's br c by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer, bought of  
 Mr Goodisson

Lord F. G. Osborne's br f by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy

Nominations for the Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for colts rising  
 four years old, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Ditch-in. The owner of  
 the second to withdraw his Stake.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eator, by Sir Peter Teazle

Lord Grosvenor's br f Olive-branch, by Sir Peter Teazle

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy

Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey

Lord C. Somerset's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull

Mr

Mr Mellish's b c Comrade, by Stamford  
 Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of  
 Storace  
 Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Bull-Calf, by Whiskey, out of Whiskerandos's  
 dam  
 Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy

### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1808.

**MONDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-yr old  
 colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st, 2lb.—The last three miles of B. C.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Niké  
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam  
 Lord Foley's. br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Little Peter's  
 dam

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio  
 Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio  
 Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda  
 Duke of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Minion  
 Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Walnut, bought  
 of Mr Ellerker  
 Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, out of Sylph.

Lord Stawell's ch c by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's dam, against Lord  
 Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, 8st 2lb each.  
 —R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

### NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1808.

**TUESDAY.**—The July Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old  
 colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st, 3lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks'  
 Stakes to carry 5lb extra.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker  
 Lord Grosvenor's colt by Meteor, out of Hind  
 Duke of Grafton's filly by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass  
 Sir C. Bunbury's b f by Sorcerer, out of Amelia.  
 Mr Howorth names Mr Lockley's filly by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen  
 Charlotte  
 General Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, brother to Gladiator, by Buzzard  
 Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Lord Stawell's ch c by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's  
 dam, 8st 4lb, against the Duke of Grafton's filly by Sorcerer, out of  
 Hornby-Lass, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

*To be continued.*

## BIBURY MEETING—(WEDNESDAY CONTINUED.)

**H**ANDICAP Stakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added.—Two Miles.—Five Subscribers.—(*These Stakes were incorrectly given in our last.*)

Lord Sackville's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 9st 9lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) .....	1
Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, 5 yrs old, 10st 13lb .....	2
Lord C. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, 6 yrs old, 11st 11lb .....	2
Even betting on Clermont.	

Sweepstakes of 25gs each.—Two Miles.—Three Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb .....	walked over
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Lord Sackville's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 9st 10lb, received 25gs compromise from Mr. Vansittart's ch h Regulator, 10st 7lb, — Two Miles, 50gs.

Mr Howorth's b h Enterprise, by John Bull, 9st 5lb, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's b h Sancho, 12st.—The last Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

**THURSDAY, June 17.—Match for 25gs.—The Old Mile.**

Mr Mellish's br h Norval, by Jupiter, aged, 12st (Mr D. Radcliffe) ..	1
Lord C. Somerset's b h Optician, 6 yrs old, 12st 7lb .....	2
Two to 1 on Norval.—Won easy.	

Match for 25gs.—The New Mile.

Mr Blachford's b h Pic Nic, by Mr Teazle, 10st 7lb (rode by the Owner) .....	1
Mr Graham's Harry Gray, 9st 6lb .....	2
Seven to 4 on Harry Gray.—A good race.	

Match for 50gs.—Two Miles.

Mr. Worrall's ch h Timekeeper, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 10st 5lb (Mr Worrall) .....	1
Mr Elton's b c Stapleton, 4 yrs old, 9st .....	2
Even betting.	

The Barrington Stakes of 25gs each, 10gs ft.—Two Miles.—The winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Biggs's ch h Bassanio, by Skyscraper, 5 yrs old, 10st 9lb (Mr Rollanson) .....	1	7	8	1
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 10st 6lb .....	2	1	4	2
Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 5 yrs old, 9st 10lb .....	5	5	1	3
Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, 5 yrs old, 11st 4lb .....	7	4	3	
Mr Douglas's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 11st 9lb .....	9	6	2	
Mr Worrall's ch h Timekeeper, 5 yrs old, 10st 4lb .....	6	9	7	
Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb .....	8	8	5	
Mr Price's Malmesbury, 5 yrs old, 10st 9lb .....	10	10	6	
Mr Blachford's b h Pic Nic, aged, 10st 9lb .....	4	2	dr	
Lord Sackville's br c Graftham, 4 yrs old, 9st 5lb .....	3	3	dr	

Three to 1 against Graftham, 9 to 1 against Mountaineer, 5 to 1 against Bassanio, and 5 to 1 against Timekeeper; after the first heat, Bassanio and Mountaineer against the field; after the second heat, the same; after the third heat, even betting on Bassanio.—Won easy.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Barbarossa, by Sir Peter Teazle, received forfeit from Mr. Mellish's Staveley, 12st each.—Four Miles, 500gs, h. ft.

Mr Howorth's Yorkshire, by Sir Peter Teazle, 10st 7½lb, received ft. from Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 12st.—Four Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

### NEWTON MEETING, LANCASHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, June 10.**—Match for One Hundred Guineas.—Two Miles.

Mr Leigh's colt by Mr Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 1  
Mr Benson's b f by Antæus, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 2  
Even betting, and 5 to 4 on the colt.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, by Subscription of 10gs each (the remainder was paid to the winner in specie), for all ages.—Four Miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb (W. Peirse) ..... 1  
Mr Ackers's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 2  
Duke of Hamilton's b h Sunderland, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 3  
Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 4  
Mr Carr's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Gunpowder, out of Suwar-row's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb ..... 5  
Even betting on Young Chariot; 6 to 4 against Sunderland, and 3 to 1 against Atlas.—A good race, but won easy at the end.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—No race for want of horses.

**THURSDAY, June 11.**—Fifty Pounds for three and four-yr olds, —Two-mile heats.

Mr Astley's ch g Newton, by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb ..... 1 1  
Duke of Hamilton's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb .... 3 2  
Mr Atkinson's b c by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 2 3  
Even betting on the field; after the heat, 7 to 4 on Newton.

**FRIDAY, June 12.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Marris's br c Sir Sampson, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb ..... walked over.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Carr's ch h Welch-Harp, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (the Owner) ..... 1 1  
Mr Atkinson's b c by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb 2 2

**SATURDAY, June 13.**—Fifty Pounds for the beaten horses.—Four-mile heats.

Duke of Hamilton's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb .... 2 1 1  
Mr

Mr Ackers's (late the Duke of Hamilton's) b h Sunderland, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 1 2 2  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 2 dr  
 Six to 4 on the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Sunderland; after the second heat, even betting.—A good race.

### NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE MEETING.

**MONDAY, June 22.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each for three-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Kirby's b c Maida, by Beningbrough, dam by Spadille. (B. Smith) 1  
 Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope ..... 2  
 Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere, by Scriveton ..... 3  
 Mr Leaton's b c by Archduke, dam by Volunteer ..... 4  
 Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Maida.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four-year old colts, 8st 4lb.—Four Miles.  
 Six Subscribers.

Lord Strathmore's b c Cassio, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab, (B. Smith) ..... 1  
 Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star ..... 2  
 Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star ..... 3  
 Mr N. B. Hodgson's ch c Brafferton, by Beningbrough ..... 4  
 Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Streamer, and 6 to 4 agst Cassio.—Won easy.

**TUESDAY, June 23.**—The King's Plate of 100gs, for four-year olds and upwards.—Four Miles.

Mr Watt's b c Integrity, by Totteridge, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (W. Peirse) 1  
 Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb ..... 2  
 Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 4 yrs old, 10st 2lb ..... 3  
 Mr Seymour's b c Sweetwilliam, 4 yrs old, 10st 2lb ..... 4  
 Mr Ilderton's ch g Sir Hugh, aged, 12st 2lb ..... 5  
 Five and 6 to 4 on Integrity, and 2 to 1 against Streamer.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Cradock's b f by St. George, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb (J. Jones) .. 6 1 1  
 Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 1 2 2  
 Mr Seymour's b c Cliff, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 2 4 3  
 Mr Bell's b c by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 5 3 dr  
 Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ..... 4 3 dr  
 Mr Bates's b c by Star, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 3 dr  
 Even betting on Smasher; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Smasher; after the second heat, 5 and 6 to 4 on Mr Cradock's filly.—A good race.

**WEDNESDAY, June 24.**—The Silver Cup, value 60gs, added to a Subscription of 5gs each, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter each.—The owner of the second received 20gs out of the Stakes.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st (J. Jackson) ..... 1 1  
 Sir

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Sir J. Lawson's ch c Oran, by Expectation, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	2
Mr Hill's b f by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	2	3
Mr Storey's ch f by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb .....	3	dr

Six to 4 on Fortuna; after the heat, 2 to 1 she won.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four Miles.

Mr Lonsdale's ch h The Dean, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8st (B. Smith)..	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's br h Didapper, 5 yrs old, 8st (F. Jordon) .....	2
Mr. Bates's b c by Star, 4 yrs old, 7st (W. Jadis) .....	3

Five and 6 to 4 on the Dean.

**THURSDAY, June 25.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, (the surplus paid to the winner in specie) a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.

Lord Strathmore's b c Cassio, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb (B. Smith) .....	1
Mr Kirby's b c Maida, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb .....	2
Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	3
Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, aged, 8st 9lb .....	4
Mr Ilderton's b c Roseden, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	5
Mr Leaton's b f by Stride, dam by Javelin, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	6

Five and 6 to 4 against Cassio, and 7 to 4 against Maida.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and a quarter each.

Mr Fletcher's b f Esther, sister to Staveley, by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb (J. Jones) .....	1	1
Mr Lonsdale's ch f by Archduke, out of Dean's Dam, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb (W. Wise) .....	5	2
Mr Seymour's b c Sweetwilliam, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2	3
Mr Storey's b c by Archduke, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb .....	3	4
Mr Mellish's b c Foxberry, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb .....	4	5

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Esther; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 she won.—Won easy.

**FRIDAY, June 26.**—The Ladies' Plate and Town Subscription Purse, for horses, &c. handicapped.—Heats, two Miles and a quarter each.

Mr Bell's b c by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 7st (W. Wise) .....	3	3	1	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's br h Didapper, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb (F. Jordon) .....	1	2	4	2
Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb (B. Smith) ..	2	1	2	3
Mr Hill's b f by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb .....	5	5	3	
Mr Seymour's b c Cliff, 3 yrs old, 7st .....	6	6	5	
Mr Storey's b c by Archduke, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb.....	4	4	dis	

Didapper the favourite; but very little betting.

Mr Loftus's br c Archduke, by Archduke, dam by North-Star, 8st 3lb, against Mr Smith's gr f Leda, by Archduke, dam by Infidel, 8st 4lb.—Three Miles, 100gs.—The former walked over.

BRIDGE-

## BRIDGENORTH MEETING, SHROPSHIRE.

**THURSDAY, June 25.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each for three and four-year olds.—Two Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Stamford's b c by Benningbrough, out of Seotilla, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each for hunters, rode by Gentlemen.—Four Miles.  
Five Subscribers.

Mr Emden's gr g Speculation, by Vermin, dam by Whirlwind, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 1

Mr Bayzand's b g Judgment, by Fortunio, aged, 12st 2lb..... 2

Mr C. Cholmondeley's b h by Lord Lowther's Diomed, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb..... 3

Even betting on Speculation.

Mr Bayzand's ch g Tally-ho! (late Reserve), by Volunteer, 8st 7lb, beat Captain Marriott's Shuffler, 9st.—Four Miles.—Captain Marriott staked 100gs to 50gs.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb (R. Spencer)..... 1 1

Mr Watson's gr f Joan of Arc, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb..... 4 2

Mr Boulton's ch f Glance, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb..... 3 3

Mr C. Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2 dr

Six to 4 on Epsom-Lass; after the heat, 3 to 1 on St. Domingo.

**FRIDAY, June 26.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, a feather..... 2 1 1

Mr Watson's gr f Joan of Arc, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 4 2 2

Mr Bowker's b c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... 3 3 3

Mr Browne's ch c by St. George, 3 yrs old, a feather..... 1 dis

Six to 4 on the field; after the first heat, the same; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Lord Stamford's filly.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Four Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Ackers's gr c Atlas, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, 4 yrs old, 8st 1

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... 2

Mr Cluddie's br c Little Tartar, by Vermin, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb..... 3

Six to 4 on Epsom-Lass.

## STAMFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 30.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Hubbard's ch f by Young Drone, out of Dreadnought's dam..... 1

Major Wilson's ch c by Whiskey, out of Jenny Spinner..... 2

Mr Panton's colt by Worthy, out of December..... 3

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Lord Lowther's br f by Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony ..... 4  
 General Grosvenor's b c by Asparagus, dam by Justice ..... 3  
 Two to 1 against Mr Hubbard's filly.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each for three-year-old colts and fillies.—Once round the Course and a distance.—Six Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Pearl, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam, 8st (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b f Palestine, by Warter, dam by Highflyer ..... 2  
 Major Wilson's br c, brother to Lucan, by Sir Peter Teazle ..... 3  
 Two to 1 on Pearl.—Won very easy.

The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course.—The winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Addy's b c Buzzard, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old; 8st 7lb ..... 1 1  
 Mr Andrew's b g Garland, aged, 9st 7lb ..... 3 2  
 Mr Cave Browne's b c Wildair, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb ..... 2 dis  
 Six to 4, and after the heat 2 to 1, on Buzzard.

WEDNESDAY, July 1.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 20gs paid to the winner in specie, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Mr T. Fisher's b f Eliza, 4 yrs old; 7st 3lb ..... 2  
 Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb ..... 3  
 Five to 1 on Meteora.—Won very easy.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 6st.—Heats, once round the Course.

Lord C. Somerset's b c White-Rose, by Benningbrough, out of Gammer Garton (T. Gooddisson) ..... 1 1  
 Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, by Worthy ..... 3 2  
 Major Wilson's br c, brother to Lucan ..... 4 3  
 Sir G. Heathcote's b f Palestine, by Warter ..... 5 4  
 Mr. Golding's b f by Buzzard, out of Vixen ..... 2 dr  
 Two to 1, and after the heat 5 to 1, on White-Rose.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, July 2.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Once round the Course.—Nine Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Lord C. Somerset's b c White-Rose, 3 yrs old, 6st ..... 2  
 Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, 5 yrs old, 8st ..... 3  
 Two to 1 on Meteora.

Match for 100gs.—Once round the Course.

Mr Cave Brown's b c Wildair, by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity, 3 yrs old, 9st ..... 1  
 General Grosvenor's b c by Asparagus, dam by Justice, 2 yrs old, 7st ..... 2  
 Two to 1 on Wildair.

The



The Earl of Exeter's Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, thrice round the Course.

Major Wilson's b b, brother to Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, aged,  
9st 2lb ..... 1 1  
Mr Cave Browne's b c Wildair, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb ..... 3 2  
Mr Addy's b c by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 4 3  
Mr T. Fisher's b f Eliza, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... 2 4  
Even betting on the brother to Vivaldi; after the heat, 6 to 4 he won.

Mr Cave Browne's Wildair, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 7lb, received 20gs compromise from General Grosvenor's b c by Asparagus, 7st.—Once round the Course, 100gs.

NANTWICH MEETING, CHESHIRE.

TUESDAY, June 30.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.—No race for want of horses.

WEDNESDAY, July 1.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Three-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Ackers's br m Hebe, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb.... walked over

THURSDAY, July 2.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.  
No race for want of horses.

STOCKBRIDGE MEETING, HAMPSHIRE.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs each, for horses, &c.—Heats, Two Miles and a quarter.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr C. Dundas's b c Rubens, by Pencil, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 1 1  
Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 3 2  
Mr Radcliffe's ch c Lancaster, brother to Wheatear, 4 yrs old, 9st 13lb ..... 2 dr  
Five to 4 on the field; after the heat, 7 to 4 on Rubens.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-yr olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Bassanio's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 1 1  
Mr Batson's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb ..... 2 2  
Mr Stacpoole's Sir Hugh, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 3 3  
Mr Stukeley's True-Blue, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb ..... 4 dr  
Even betting on Rosario; after the heat, 2 to 1 he won.

THURSDAY, July 2.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr C. Dundas's b c Rubens, by Pencil, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 1 1  
Mr

Mr Henry's b c Gnat-ho! 4 yrs old, 8st .....	4	2
Mr Sutton's b c, brother to Duckling, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	3	3
Mr Dilly's b c Mackall, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	2	dr

Six to 4 on Rubens; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 he won.

## LUDLOW MEETING, SHROPSHIRE.

**THURSDAY, July 2.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added for all ages.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	1	
Mr T. Carr's ch h Welch-Harp, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb .....	2	
Mr Bayzand's ch g Tally-ho! 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb .....	3	

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Epsom-Lass.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr Goodall's b f Miss Whitley, by Old Tat, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb..	1	1
Mr Bayzand's b g Judgment, aged, 8st 13lb .....	2	2
Mr Willington's b c by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	3	3

Miss Whitley the favourite; after the heat, 7 to 4 she won.

**FRIDAY, July 3.**—Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Bayzand's ch g Tally-ho! by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..	1	1
Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	3	2
Mr Goodall's b f Miss Whitley, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	2	3

Miss Whitley the favourite; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Tally-ho!

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Four Miles.—Six Subscribers,  
 Mr Green's ch m by Telescope, dam by Tommy, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb 1  
 Mr Corbett's b m by General, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb 2  
 Lord Clive's b m by General, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb 3  
 Mr Adams's b h Confidence, aged, 9st 2lb 4

Even betting on the winner.

## IPSWICH MEETING, SUFFOLK.

**TUESDAY, July 7.**—The King's Plate of 100gs, for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Jersey's b c Ipswich, by Waxy, out of Coarse Mary, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb .....	1	1
Mr Cave Browne's br c Noble, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb..	2	2
Sir F. Standish's ch f by Mr. Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 4 yrs old, 9st 2lb .....	3	dr

Even betting; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Ipswich.

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**WEDNESDAY, July 8.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter each.—The winner was to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Macnamara's ch h Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 5 yrs old, 9st 3lb .....	1	1
Mr Lumley's gr g Linchpin, by Pastor, 6 yrs old, 9st 7lb .....	3	2
Mr Collins's b g by Stickler, 6 yrs old, 9st 7lb .....	4	3
Sir F. Standish's ch f by Mr Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	2	dr

Six to 4 on Regulator; after the heat, 5 to 1 he won.

**THURSDAY, July 9.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's br m Lydia, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 9st .....	1	1
Mr Macnamara's ch h Regulator, 5 yrs old, 9st 3lb .....	2	dr

Six and 7 to 4 on Lydia.

### KNIGHTON MEETING, WALES.

**TUESDAY, July 7.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters, bred in the Counties of Radnor, Hereford, or Salop, 12st each.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Oakley's ches gelding, Shuffler .....	1	1
Mr Brown's b m Maid of the Moor, 6 yrs old .....	2	2
Mr Tolderry's ches gelding, Dart .....	3	dr

**WEDNESDAY, July 8.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Bayzand's ch g Tally-ho! by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 8st .....	1	1
Mr Brown's b m Maid of the Moor, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb .....	3	2
Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old, 6st 11lb (bolted) .....	2	dis

Six to 4 on the field; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Tally-ho!

### SWANSEA MEETING, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, July 8.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Wrixon's b h Green-Dragon, by St. George, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb .....	1	1
Mr Jones's b m Luck's-All .....	2	2
Sir R. L. Bloss's bay gelding .....	3	dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Jones's b-c Frederick, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	1	1
Mr Wrixon's b h Green-Dragon, 6 yrs old, 9st 11lb .....	2	2

**THURSDAY, July 9.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Jones's b-c Grampound, (late Frederick) 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ..	1	1
Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	2	2

## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

**MONDAY, July 13.**—Match for One Hundred Guineas.—Rowley's Mile.

Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb (T. Goodisson) .....	1
General Grosvenor's ch g Roast-Beef, by Old England, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) .....	2

Three and 4 to 1 on Job Thornberry.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's b h Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb (W. Arnold) .....	1
Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, aged, 7st 10lb .....	2

Five to 4 on Captain Absolute.

The July Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs forfeit, for two-year old colts, 8st 6lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Mellish's b f Susan, by Worthy, out of a sister to Chippenham (F. Buckle) .....	1
Mr Abbey's b f Clorinda, by Hercules, dam by Highflyer, grandam by Match'em .....	2
Mr Panton's gr f Mary Grey, by Buzzard, out of Tim's dam .....	3
Mr Golding's br f by Guildford, out of Vixen .....	4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir C. Bunbury's bl c, by Sorcerer, out of Wowski .....	0
Mr Wilson's b f, by Stamford, out of Miss Judy .....	0
Mr Elwes's b f, by Stamford, out of Sophia .....	0
Five to 2 against Susan, 3 to 1 against Clorinda, 3 to 1 against Mr Wilson's filly, and 4 to 1 against Sir C. Bunbury's colt.	

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr F. Neale's ch f Momentilla, sister to Regulator, by a brother to Repeator, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb (C. Goodisson) .....	1
Duke of Grafton's br c Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb (W. Clift) .....	2

Five and 6 to 4 on Forester.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

General Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) .....	1
Lord Foley's Miss Prince, 2 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	2

Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Have-at-'em.

Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, by Buzzard, received forfeit from Mr Cave Brown's br c Woodman, 8st each.—A. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 8st, received 100gs compromise from Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, 4 yrs old, 9st—R. M. 200gs.

**TUESDAY, July 14.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each.—Two-year Olds' Course.—The winner was to be sold for 120gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Ladbroke's b c, by Young Woodpecker, out of Hannibal's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W. Arnold) .....	1
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Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb ..... 2  
 Lord F. G. Osborne's ch c Superstition, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb ..... 3  
 Seven to 4 against Mr Ladbroke's colt.

The July Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft, for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—Across the Flat.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Skyscraper (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
 Lord Grosvenor's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull, out of Isabella ..... 2  
 Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull ..... 3  
 Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine ..... 4  
 Mr Wyndham's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Champion, by Pot8o's ..... 5  
 Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 again Musician, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 against Lauretta, and 5 to 2 against Bullrush.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st 8lb (W. Clift) ..... 1  
 Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 8st 2lb (W. Wheatley) ..... 2  
 Five and 6 to 4 on Vanity.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year olds, 6st 9lb, and four-year olds, 8st 1lb.—Two middle miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.—Eleven Subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br c Forester, by Grouse, 4 yrs old (W. Clift) ..... 1  
 Lord F. G. Osborne's ch c Superstition, 4 yrs old ..... 2  
 Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 4 yrs old ..... 3  
 Mr F. Neale's ch f Momentilla, 3 yrs old ..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr Wyndham's ch c Gladiator, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
 Sir C. Bunbury's b c By Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr Watson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful, 4 yrs old .. 0  
 Mr Girdler's b c by Worthy, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
 Five to 2 against Momentilla, 5 to 2 against Hedley, 3 to 1 against Superstition, 5 to 1 against Sir C. Bunbury's colt, and 100 to 2 against Forester.

Fifty Pounds for three-year olds and upwards.—Ditchin-in.

Sir C. Bunbury's b, m Lydia, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb (W. Wheatley) ..... 1  
 Mr Howorth's br h Enterprise, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb ..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 3  
 Six to 4 against Lydia, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 against Vanity, and 7 to 2 agst Enterprise.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Wilson's b f by Stamford, out of Miss Judy, 2 yrs old, 6st 4lb (a Boy) ..... 1  
 General

General Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb ..... 2  
Five to 1 on Have-at-'em.

Match for 100gs.—Ditch Mile.

Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull, 8st 12lb (T. Goodisson) ..... 1

Mr Pantom's b f Ralphina, 8st 3lb ..... 2  
Six to 5 on Job Thornberry.—Won easy.

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f Scar, by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist, 8st 3lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1

Mr Mellish's bl f Susan, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) ..... 2  
Even betting.

The Town Plate of 50l. with 20l. added by the will of the late Mr Per-ram, for three-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—The last mile and a distance of B. C.

Lord Jersey's br c Ipswich, by Waxy, out of Coarse Mary ..... 1

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's bl c brother to Houghton-Lass ..... 2

Duke of Grafton's br c Barbarian, by Worthy ..... 3

Mr Mellish's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull ..... 4

Mr Cave Browne's ch c by Guildford ..... 5

Two to 1 against Barbarian, 5 to 2 against Ipswich, and 5 to 1 against Ferdinand.—A good race.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

General Grosvenor's b c, by Asparagus, dam by Justice, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Mr Harbord's b f, by Ambrosio, out of a sister to Marianne, 8st .. 2  
Six to 4 on General Grosvenor's colt.

Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st, received forfeit from the Duke of Grafton's br c Barbarian, 8st 4lb, R. M. 100gs.

Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f Scar, by Trumpator, 2 yrs old, 7st 1lb, received forfeit from General Grosvenor's b c, The Téméraire, by War-ter, 3 yrs old, 8st 6lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, July 16.—Match for 25gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Emden's Miss Prince, 8st 2lb ..... 1

Mr Prince's filly, by Delpini, 8st 2lb ..... 2

Match for 25gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Elwes's b f by Stamford, out of Sophia, 8st (W. Clift) ..... 1

Mr Moseley's b c, brother to Woodman, 8st 5lb ..... 2

Six to 5 on the Brother to Woodman.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1

Lord Foley's br f Pipylina, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb ..... 2

Eleven to 5 on Meteora.—Won very easy.

Match for 25gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir J. Shelley's b f Fawn, by Grouse, 7st 7lb, ..... 1  
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Mr Payne's br f Wood-Nymph, 8st 7lb. .... 2  
Five to 2 on Fawn.—Won easy.

Match for 25gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, out of Tuneful, 8st 6lb (S. Chiffney) ..... 1

Mr Wilson's b f by Stamford, out of Miss Judy, 6st 4lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on Mr. Wilson's filly.

Match for 25gs.—Across the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's br c Barbarian, by Worthy, out of Minion, 9 yrs old, 7st 7lb ..... 1

Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on Barbarian.—Won easy.

Match for 50gs.—Bunbury Mile.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st 10lb (W. Clift).... 1

General Grosvenor's br c Have-at-'em, 7st 8lb ..... 2  
Five to 1 on Vanity.—Won in a canter.

Match for 50gs.—The last Mile and a Distance of B. C.

Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W. Arnold)..... 1

General Grosvenor's ch c Superstition, 4 yrs old, 7st. .... 2  
Three to 1 on Wormwood.—Won quite easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f Scar, by Trumpator, 8st, received forfeit from Mr Panton's br c by Worthy, out of Crane, 8st 3lb. .... pd

General Grosvenor's b c by Asparagus, dam by Justice, 8st ..... pd

Mr Mellish's b f Susan, by Worthy, 2 yrs old, 6st 4lb, received forfeit from the Duke of Grafton's b c Mushroom, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, 80gs ft.

*To be continued.*

## CARDIFF MEETING—GLAMORGANSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, June 24.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.  
—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb. . 1 1

Mr Jones's br m Luck's-All, aged, 9st 4lb ..... 2 2

Sir R. Blossie's br g Striver, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb ..... 3 3

Mr Jenner's ch g by Lark, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 4 dr

Two to 1 on Clermont; after the heat, 5 to 1 he won.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—

Four-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Jenner's gr g Syphax..... walked over.

**THURSDAY, June 25.**—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb. . 1 1

Mr Jones's b f Deceit, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 3 2  
 Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 2 3  
 Six to 1 on Clermont.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five Subscribers,

Mr Rous's br gelding Singlepeeper ..... walked over

FRIDAY, June 26,—The Free Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr B. Price's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 9st 4lb ..... 1 1  
 Mr Bullock's b h Green Dragon, 6 yrs old, 9st 7lb ..... 3 2  
 Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 2 3  
 Even betting on Laura; after the heat, 6 to 4 she won.

### PRESTON MEETING—LANCASHIRE.

TUESDAY, July 14.—The Produce Stakes of 50gs each, for three-year-old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.—Three Subscribers.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss Muston ..... 1  
 Mr Clifton's b c Bryan, brother to Warrior ..... 2  
 Three to 1 on Bryan.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Collinson) ..... 1 1  
 Mr B. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... 3 2  
 Mr Wentworth's b f Irene, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 4 3  
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 2 4  
 Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Crazy; after the heat, 2 to 1 she won.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—The Union Cup, value 100gs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs each by 18 Subscribers, for all ages.—Four times round the Course.

Mr Peirse's b f Rosette, by Beningsbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb (J. Shepherd) ..... 1  
 Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb (F. Carr) ..... 2  
 Mr C. Smith's br m Hebe, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb ..... 3  
 Mr Carr's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 8st ..... 4  
 Mr Danby's b c by Star, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb ..... 5  
 Rosette the favourite.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds given by the Earl of Derby for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb (F. Jordan) ..... 5 1 1  
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb ..... 1 5 2  
 Mr Lonsdale's gr c Sultan, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb ..... 2 4 3  
 Mr Wentworth's b c Centurion, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 3 2 dr  
 Mr Harris's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb ..... 4 3 dr  
 Centurion



Centurion the favourite; after the first heat even betting, and 5 to 4 on the Sir Peter filly; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Harmless.

THURSDAY, July 16.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each for three-year old fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Lord Lonsdale's chesnut, by Precipitate, dam by Pot9o's, out of Flyer 1  
Lord Derby's brown, Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle..... 2

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Sir W. Gerard's brown, by Hambletonian, out of Constantia..... 0  
Mr Ogle's grey, Peteria, by Sir Peter Teazle ..... 0  
Mr Birchall's brown, Cecilia, by Beningbrough..... 0  
Mr Wentworth's brown, Irene, by Zechariah..... 0

Five to 2 on Margaret.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb (F. Collinson) ..... 1 1

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb..... 2 2

Mr W. Hutchinson's br h Didapper, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 3 3

Two to 1 on Crazy; after the heat, 5 to 1 she won.

# WINCHESTER MEETING—HANTS.

TUESDAY, July 21.—The King's Plate of 100gs for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Batson's b c Handicap (late Trafalgar) by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 1 1

Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 2 2

Five to 4 on Witchcraft; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 on Handicap.

Match for 50gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Biggs's b f Margaretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb.. 1

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb..... 2

Five to 2, and 3 to 1, on Margaretta.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—The City Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, by Magic, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb.... 2 1 1

Mr Farmor's br h Watery, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 1 2 2

Sir H. Lippincott's b h Mirror, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 3 dr

Mr Bradley's b g Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (ran out of the course)..... dis

Five to 4 on Watery; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Watery; after the second heat, even betting.

The Hunters' Plate of 50l. for horses, &c. the property of resident Freeholders, 11st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Græme's br h Harry Gray, by Tug, 6 yrs old..... 1 2 1

Mr Cox's Miss Warrenner, by John Bull, aged..... 2 1 2

Two to 1 on Harry Gray; after the first heat, 3 to 1 he won; after the second heat, even betting.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.  
Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old..... walked over.

THURSDAY, July 23.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 10gs in specie, by Subscription of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Four Miles.

Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb ..... 1  
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb ..... 2  
Five to 2, and 3 to 1, on Cerberus.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for maiden horses.—Four-mile heats.  
Mr Henry's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Gnat, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb ..... 1 1  
Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, 3 yrs old, 6st ..... 3 2  
Mr Worrall's b g Blue-Stone ..... 2 3  
Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on the Sir Peter Teazle colt; after the heat, 4 to 1 he won.

### LAMBERTON MEETING—SCOTLAND.

TUESDAY, July 21.—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for hunters, 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Smith's bay mare (rode by Mr Jobling)..... 1 1  
Mr James's bay horse (the Owner) ..... 2 2  
Colonel Renton's ches gelding (Sir James Baird)..... 3 dr

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.  
Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old ..... 1 1  
Mr Weatherley's b c Roseden, 4 yrs old ..... 3 2  
Mr Storey's ch f by Buzzard, 3 yrs old..... 2 3

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star, 4 yrs old..... 1 1  
Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 4 yrs old..... 2 2

The Yeomanry Cup was walked over for by Mr Jobling's bay mare.

### TOTNES MEETING—DEVONSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Wilkinson's b m Wren, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb ..... 1 1  
Mr J. Perrott's b m Gipsy, aged, 9st 4lb..... 2 2  
Captain Langford's br c Now or Never, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb (bolted) dis

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**THURSDAY, July 23.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Two-mile heats.  
—Seven Subscribers.

Captain Langford's br c Now or Never, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb. .... 1 1  
Captain Weir's ro h Ironsides, aged, 11st 10lb (broke down).... 2 dis

## SALISBURY MEETING—WILTS.

**WEDNESDAY, July 22.**—The King's Plate of 100gs, for four-yr olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Fermor's b h Bucephalus, by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb. . 1 1  
Mr Dundas's b c Rubens, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb ..... 2 dr  
Six and 7 to 4 on Bucephalus.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Six Subscribers.

Lord C. H. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 12st 3lb ..... 2 1 1

Mr Fermor's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 11st 9lb. .... 1 2 2  
Even betting; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Bucephalus; after the second heat, 7 to 4 on Bagatelle.—A good race.

**THURSDAY, July 23.**—The City Silver Bowl, for horses, &c. 10st.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Norton's ch g Challenger, by Coriander, aged, ..... 1 1  
Mr Couzen's ch g Delegate, by Waxy, aged, ..... 2 2  
Even betting; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Challenger.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Biggs's ch c Bassanio, by Skyscraper, 4 yrs bld, 7st 12lb. .... 1 1  
Mr Dundas's b c Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 2 2  
Six to 4 on Bassanio; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 he won.

**FRIDAY, July 24.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Dilly's b c Mackall, by Expectation, dam by Young Marsk, 3 yrs old, a feather, ..... 1 1  
Mr Clarke's ch c Lottery, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb. .... 2 2  
Sir H. Lippincott's filly, 3 yrs old, a feather (bolted) ..... dis  
Five and 6 to 4 on Mackall; after the heat, 2 to 1 he won.

The Cup given by Major Grove, for horses, &c. the property of the Wilshire Yeomanry; 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Weeks's b m Catalani ..... 2 1 1  
Mr Lea's gr m ..... 1 2 2  
Mr Patient's br m ..... 3 dis  
Mr Alford's gr m ..... 4 dis

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## ORMSKIRK MEETING—LANCASHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, July 22.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Lonsdale's gr f Peteria, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb .....	0 1 1
Mr Hobson's gr c Grenadier, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb .....	0 2 2
Mr Atkinson's b c by —, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	0 3 dr

In running for the first heat, the third time round the Course, about two distances from the winning-chair, Grenadier ran against the other two, and they both fell; the boys got clear, and they immediately rose up, when a person of the name of J. Goodall, seeing the accident, ran and jumped upon Peteria, rode her in, and saved her distance: Mr. Atkinson's colt was not stopped until he got near to the starting chair.—After which a long dispute took place concerning the circumstance that happened, when the Stewards agreed to deem it a dead heat with the whole three. Peteria won the other two heats easy.

**THURSDAY.**—The 50l. for three-year old colts, 8st, fillies, 7st 11lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Danby's b c by Star, dam by Drone .....	1 4
Mr Ackers's b f Miss Whitley, by Old Tatt .....	4 2
Mr Carr's b f Cecilia, by Benningbrough .....	3 3
Sir T. Stanley's bl c by Sir Harry.. Pot80's .....	2 4

**FRIDAY.**—The 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb .....	1 1
Mr Astley's b g Newton, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb .....	5 2
Mr Harris's b c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	2 3
Mr Watson's gr f Echo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb ....	4 4
Mr Ralph's ch f Niobe, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb .....	3 3

## HAVERFORD-WEST MEETING—PEMBROKESHIRE.

**MONDAY, July 27.**—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. bred in South Wales.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, by Pedlar, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb .....	1 1
Mr Jones's b c Grampound, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	2 dr
Lord Cawder's b c St. Govins, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb (fell) .....	dis
Grampound the favourite.	

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Jones's b m Luck's-All, aged, 9st 11lb .....	1 1
Colonel Brigstocke's ch f by Montezuma, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb ....	2 dis
Mr	

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Mr Cock's b m Off-She-Goes, aged, 9st 11lb .....	3	dr
Colonel Colby's b c by Pastor, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb (ran out of the course) .....		dis
Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. bred in South Wales.—Two Miles.—Nine Subscribers.		
Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, by Pedlar, 4 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	
Mr Jones's b c Grampound, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	2	
Lord Cawder's b c St. Govins, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	3	
Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Grampound.		

**WEDNESDAY, July 28.**—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Jones's b c Grampound, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb ....	1	2	1
Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	2	1	dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Jones's b m Luck's-All, aged, 8st 10lb .....	1	1
Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb .....	2	2

## KNUTSFORD MEETING—CHESHIRE.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb (W. Peirse) .....	1	1
Mr Price's b m Farce, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb .....	2	2

**WEDNESDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Four Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb (T. Carr) .....	1	
--	---	--

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c General Benningsen, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	
Mr Ackers's b h Sunderland, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb .....	3	
Lord Stamford's b c Gustavus, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb .....	4	

Subscription of 5gs. each, with 40gs added, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb (F. Jordon) .....	3	1	1
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Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Presle, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb ..	1	2	2
Lord Wilton's b f by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	2	2	dr

Handicap Match for 50gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Brooke's b f Comedy, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb ....	1	
Mr Price's b m Farce, 5 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	2	

Handicap Match for 100gs.—Two Miles.

Sir W. Gerard's br f by Hambletonian, out of Constantia, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st 6lb .....	1	
Mr Astley's b g Newton, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	2	

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**THURSDAY, July 30.**—Sixty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb

(T. Carr) ..... 1 1

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c General Benningsen, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb. . . 2 2

### OXFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs; the surplus was paid to the winner in specie; a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four miles.—Twenty Subscribers.

Mr Ferror's b h Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ..... 1

Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. .... 2

Mr Holyoake's ro f by Admiral, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. .... 3

Hippomenes the favourite.

The Town Plate of 50l. for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.—No race.

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters. Rode by Gentlemen.—Four Miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr B. Price's ch g Malmsbury, by Cardock, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb. .... 1

Mr Faulkner's ch g by Active, dam by Snap, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb. .... 3

Mr Eynden's gr c Speculation, by Vermin, 4 yrs old, also started, but the Stewards having previously declared him disqualified, he was not permitted to weigh.

This race was disputed on account of an irregularity in the nomination of Malmsbury, who was described as *four years old* at the time of naming, instead of *five*, which was his real age at the time of running.—The Stewards determined that he was in consequence thereof disqualified, and gave the Stakes to Mr Faulkner.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Ladbroke's br c Corsican, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 1 1

Sir J. Reade's gr c by Countryman, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2 2

Six and 7 to 4 on Corsican.

**THURSDAY, July 30.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Jersey's br c Ipswich, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 1 1

Mr B. Price's ch g Malmsbury, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 3 2

Mr Ladbroke's b c Podargus, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb. .... 2 3

Mr Faulkner's b h Doubtful, aged, 9st 3lb ..... 4 dr

Six to 4 on Ipswich; after the heat, 2 to 1 he won.

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## BLANDFORD MEETING—DORSET.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Dilly's bay colt, Mackalt, by Expectation, 3 yrs old, 7st 1lb. . . . . 1 1  
Mr Day's ch c Buckle, by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb . . . . . 2 2

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 9st 6lb . . . . . 1 1  
Mr N. Fellowes's ch g Fuss, aged, 9st 7lb. . . . . 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. rode by Gentlemen; 4-mile heats.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Mills's b c by Worthy, dam by Stride, 4 yrs old . . . . . 1 1  
Mr Radcliffe's b c, brother to Wheatear, 4 yrs old . . . . . 2 dr

The Cup, value 50l. given by the Stewards, for horses, &c. 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Hardy's ch m Maid of All Work, by Burgundy. . . . . 1 1  
Mr Hunter's ch m by Fortunio. . . . . 3 2  
Mr Mackrell's ch h by Leonatus . . . . . 4 3  
Mr Lillington's br m by Whirlwind. . . . . 2 4

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 9st 6lb . . . . . 2 1 1

Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 9st 6lb. . . . . 1 2 2

Mr Wilkins's b m Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb. . . . . 3 dis

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Two-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Radcliffe's b m Cora, by the Woburn Arabian. . . . . 2 1 1

Mr Farquharson's b g by Profligate. . . . . 1 2 2

Match for 100gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Peach's b h Dust-Ø! by Grog, dam by Bucephalus. 7st 3lb. . . . . 1

Mr H. Willett's ch m Leonora, by Spear, 7st 3lb . . . . . 2

## EXETER MEETING—DEVONSHIRE.

**MONDAY, August 3.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c.—Four Miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.

Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb. . . . . 1

Mr Fermor's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb . . . . . 2

Five to 4 on Bucephalus.

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Day's Buckler, by Hyacinthus, dam by Marc Antony, 3 yrs old, a feather . . . . . 1 1

Mr Rashleigh's Challenger, by Trumpator, aged, 9st . . . . . 7 2

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Mr Cridland's Nonpareil, by Agricola, 3 yrs old, a feather .....	2	dis
Mr Webb's Bidette, by Hyperion, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb .....	3	dis
Captain Wilkinson's Tyro, by Hyperion, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb .....	4	dis
Captain Ilbert's Now or Never, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb .....	5	dis
Mr Coward's Skeleton, by Hyperion, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb .....	6	dis
In running for the second heat, the distanced horses ran out of the Course.		

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, given by Lord Courtenay, for all ages.—Four Miles.

Lord C. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb .....	1	
Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	2	
Mr Batson's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	3	

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Once round the Course.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir S. Northcote's Bidette, by Hyperion, dam by Twilight, 4 yrs old, 11st 7lb .....	1	
Sir L. Palk's Tyro, by Hyperion, 5 yrs old, 11st 7lb .....	2	
Lord Graves's D onceaway .....	3	

Mr Rashleigh's Challenger received 10gs to withdraw.

Fifty Pounds for Hunters, 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Coryton's b g Kithill, (late Blickling) by Ranger, aged .....	1	1
Mr Fellowes's gr g Slate, aged .....	2	dr

Match for 50gs.—One Mile.

Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 9st 7lb .....	1	
Mr Fellowes's Fuss, by Fidget, 8st 7lb .....	2	
Six and 7 to 4 on Laura.		

## NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The King's Plate for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Ackers's br c Sir Sampson, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (R. Spencer) .....	1	2	1
Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb (G. Humble) .....	2	1	2
Mr Morris's b f by Pipator, dam by Dragon, out of Queen Mab, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb .....	3	dr	

Four to 1 on Sir Sampson; after the first heat, 10 to 1 he won; after the second heat, even betting.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 50gs added, for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 8st.—One-mile heats.—Three Subscribers.

Lord Stamford's b c Gustavus, by Benningbrough, out of Scotilla (R. Spencer) .....	1	1
Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Benningbrough .....	2	2
Mr		



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**Mr C. Browne's br c Woodman, by Worthy** ..... 3 3  
Six to 4 on Buttercup.

**WEDNESDAY.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each: the surplus was paid to the winner in specie; for all ages.—Two Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

**Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb**  
(G. Humble) ..... 1  
**Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb** ..... 2  
**Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb** ..... 3  
**Major Morris's b c by Young Woodpecker, 3 yrs old, 6st** ..... 4  
**Mr T. Sykes's b m Gratitude, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb (broke down)** ..... 5  
Five to 4 against Taurus, 6 to 4 against Gratitude, and 8 to 1 against Sir Andrew.

Fifty Pounds for four-year olds.—No race.

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

**Mr Cave Browne's bl c Black-and-all-Black, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs**  
**old, 6st** ..... 2 1 1  
**Major Morris's b f by Pipator, dam by Dragon, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb** 1 2 2  
Five to 2 on Black-and-all-Black; after the first heat, even betting;  
after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Black-and-all-Black.

## HUNTINGDON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

**Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 9st 3lb** 1 1  
**Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 7st** ..... 2 2  
**Lord Sackville's br c Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st 13lb** ..... 3 3  
**Major Wilson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st** ..... 4 4  
**Mr Howorth's b c Dwarf, 3 yrs old, 7st** ..... 5 dr

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

**Sir C. Bunbury's b m Lydia, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb** .... 1 1  
**Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb** ..... 2 2  
**Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, aged, 9st 4lb** ..... 3 3

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

**General Grosvenor's ch c Superstition, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st** 5 1 1  
**Mr Henry's ch f by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb** ..... 1 5 3  
**Mr Macnamara's ch h Regulator, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb** ..... 2 3 4  
**Mr Addy's b c by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st** ..... 4 4 2  
**Sir C. Bunbury's b c Spy, 4 yrs old, 8st** ..... 2 2 dr  
Superstition the favourite.

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## WORCESTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb (R. Spencer) .....	4	1	1
Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb (T. Carr) .....	1	2	3
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	2	4	2
Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	3	3	dr

Josephina the favourite.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.—No race.

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—The Ladies' Plate of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Holyoake's r o f by Admiral, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	1	3	1
Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	3	1	2
Lord Stamford's b f Belinda, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb .....	2	2	3

Belinda the favourite; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on the winner.

Fifty Pounds, added to the Plate of last year, making One Hundred Pounds, for hunters.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Canning's ch g Sweeper, by Rattler, 6 yrs old, 10st 8lb ....	3	1	1
Mr Waldron's b g by Alfred, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb .....	1	2	2
Mr Squire's b m Governess, by General, 5 yrs old, 10st. 4lb ....	4	3	3
Colonel Newport's b g Novice, by Driver, aged, 10st 11lb ....	2	4	dr
Mr Griffith's ch m Twilight, by Alfred, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb ....	5	dis	

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	1	2	1
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 6lb .....	2	1	2
Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	3	3	dr

Six to 4 on St. Domingo; after the first heat, 3 to 1 he won; after the second heat, even betting. A good race.

## BRIGHTON MEETING—SUSSEX.

**FRIDAY, August 7.**—Match for Two Hundred Guineas.—Three quarters of a Mile.

Lord Darlington's gr colt Hector, by Highover, 8st 6lb (S. Chifney) ..	1
Duke of St. Alban's b f Merrythought, 8st 11b .....	2

Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Hector.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Four Miles.

Sir John Shelley's b h Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) .....	1
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2

Mr

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Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....pd  
Two to 1 on Sir Lancelot.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—The last Mile.

Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 8st  
8lb (W. Arnold) ..... 1

Lord Darlington's gr c Hector, 8st ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on the brother to Cardinal Beaufort.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.  
—The last Mile and a half of the Course.—The winner to be sold for  
150gs, if demanded, &c.—Eleven Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's br colt by Gohanna, out of Cyprus's dam (W. Ar-  
nold) ..... 1

Mr Fermor's b c Bantum, by Gohanna ..... 2

Mr Lake's b f Volunna, by Mr Teazle ..... 3

Even betting on Lord Egremont's colt, which was claimed.—A good race.

The Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 9st,  
fillies, 8st 9lb.—The last Mile.—Seventeen Subscribers.

Mr Lake's b c Coriolanus, by Gohanna, out of Skysweeper (W. Wheat-  
ley) ..... 1

Mr Mellish's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull ..... 2

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c by Gohanna, out of Trumpetta. . 3  
Six and 7 to 4 on Coriolanus.—Won easy.

The Silver Cup, value 50gs, the surplus in specie, a Subscription of 5gs  
each, for all ages.—The New Course.—The winner was to be sold for  
300gs, &c.

Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 1

Lord Egremont's b f Mouse, by Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 7st ..... 2

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c Rugantino, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb .. 3

Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb ..... 4

Seven to 4; and 2 to 1, against Hawk, 3 to 1 against Mouse, and 3 to 1  
against Rugantino.—A very close race.

Match for 200gs.—Four Miles.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 6 yrs  
old, 8st 12lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1

Mr Mellish's b h Cardinal Beaufort, 5 yrs old, 8st ..... 2

Five to 2, and 3 to 1, on Sir David.—A good race, and won by about a  
head.

Lord Darlington's Pavilion, by Waxy, 8st 7lb, received forfeit from  
Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 8st 1lb.—Four Miles, 500gs, 200gs forfeit.

SATURDAY.—The Somerset Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for horses,  
&c.—Four Miles.—Seven Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beningbrough,  
aged, 8st 13lb ..... walked over.

The Petworth Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Four Miles.—Ele-  
ven Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c Rugantino, by Beningbrough,  
out of Dick Andrews's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb ..... 1  
Mr

Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, 6 yrs old, 9st ..... 2  
Eleven to 5 on Rugantino.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 years old, 7st 9lb (C. Goodison) ..... 1 1  
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Barbarossa, 5 yrs old, 9st 10lb 2 2  
Four to 1 on Barbarossa; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Hawk.—An excellent race.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for two-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—The last Mile.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's ch f by Gohanna, out of Certhia ..... walked over.

MONDAY, August 10.—Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

Captain Haffenden's ch g Tom Pipes, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 1 1  
Mr Ladbroke's b f Merrythought, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb ..... 2 2  
Duke of Richmond's br c Tetuam, by the Barb, out of Nightshade, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb ..... 3 3  
Five to 4 against Merrythought, 2 to 1 against Tom Pipes, and 3 to 1 against Tetuam; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Merrythought.—Won very easy.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch f, sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's b f Darling, 8st 3lb each.—The last Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Captain Haffenden's Tom Pipes, by Volunteer, received forfeit from Major Clay's Informer, 9st each.—Two Miles, 100gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, August 11.—The Gold Cup given by his R. H. the Prince of Wales, added to a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Twenty-two Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... 2  
Lord Jersey's br c Ipswich, 3 yrs old, 6st ..... 3  
Mr Mellish's b c Ferdinand, 3 yrs old, 6st ..... 4  
Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Sir David, 5 to 2 against Ipswich, and 10 to 1 against Bronze.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, the new Course, about a Mile and three quarters.—No race.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Sir David, 8st 11lb, received forfeit from Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, 7st 3½lb.—Four Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

## YORK AUGUST MEETING.

**SATURDAY, August 22.**—Match for 200gs, h. ft.—Four Miles.

Mr H. L. Savile's b f Off-She-Goes, by Shuttle, dam by Highflyer,  
8st 4lb (J. Shepherd) ..... 1  
Sir T. Gascoigne's b f by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks, 8st 4lb  
(F. Collinson) ..... 2

Two to 1, and in running 3 to 1, on the Hambletonian filly.—Won  
very easy.

Match for 500gs, h. ft.—Four Miles.

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, out of Marchioness, 8st.  
(F. Buckle) ..... 1  
Mr Clifton's b c Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb (J. Shepherd) 2  
Five to 4 on Luck's-All.—A good race.—Warrior broke down near the  
Ending-Post.

Match for 500gs.—The last Mile.

Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, out of Trumpator's sister,  
8st 7lb (J. Jackson) ..... 1  
Mr Grimston's b c Woldsman, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) 2  
Shittlecock rather the favourite.—A good race.

Match for 200gs, h. ft.—Two miles.

Sir H. T. Vane's br f by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah, 8st 2lb  
(F. Collinson) ..... 1  
Mr Lonsdale's br c by Ambrosio, dam by Pot80's, 8st 0lb (F. Buckle) 2  
Five and 6 to 4 on the Hambletonian filly.—A very fine race, and won  
by a neck.

**MONDAY, August 24.**—Last year of a Subscription of 25gs each,  
for horses, &c.—Four Miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Duke of Hamilton's b c Gazer, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb  
(B. Smith) ..... 1  
Lord Darlington's Trafalgar, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb (W. Peirse) ..... 2  
Lord Fitzwilliam's Delville, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ..... 3  
Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, aged, 8st 10lb ..... 4  
Mr Garforth's gr c by Hambletonian, out of Faith, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb. 5  
Mr Mellish's br h Norval, aged, 8st 10lb ..... 6  
Two to 1 on Trafalgar, and 9 and 10 to 1 against Gazer—A good race,  
but won easy at the end.—Run in 7 minutes and 55 seconds.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Two Miles.

Mr Childers's b c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux, 8st 2lb (F. Collin-  
son) ..... 1  
Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Young Rachael,  
8st (J. Garbut) ..... 2  
Mr Dennison's b c by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond, 8st 2lb. ... pd  
Four and 5 to 1 on Mr Childers's colt.—Won by a length and a half.

The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year old colts, 8st 7lb,  
fillies, 8st 4lb.—Four Miles.

Mr Peirse's b c Thorn, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia, 8st 4lb  
(F. Collinson) ..... 1

Lord

Lord Fitzwilliam's bay filly Mary, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Diomed, 8st 4lb (W. Clift) ..... 2  
 Mr Walker's ch c Baronet, by Stride, 8st 7lb ..... 3  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's br f Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hornpipe, 8st 1lb ..... 4  
 Lord Foley's br colt Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatia, 8st 7lb 5  
 Two to 1 on Paris, and 5 to 1 against Thorn.—A good race, and won by half a head.

The King's Plate of 100gs for four-year olds and upwards.—Four Miles.

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
 Lord Strathmore's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Heroine, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (B. Smith) ..... 2

Luck's-All bolted at the turn, and leaped the ditch, but was charged with, returning on the outside of a post; he afterwards bolted, and Lord Strathmore's filly fell. Luck's-All came in first, and the race remained undetermined until Tuesday afternoon, when it was given in favour of Mr Mellish.

Five to 1 on Lord Strathmore's filly.

Match for 200gs.—Two Miles.

Mr M. Hawke's b g Bright Phœbus, by Hammer, aged, 12st 7lb, received forfeit from Mr. Thompson's b g Scapefire, brother to Stretch, by Stride, 6 yrs old, 12st.

TUESDAY, August 25.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Colonel Childers's ch filly by Stamford, out of Pet's dam (F. Collinson) ..... 1  
 Mr Mellish's b c by Stamford, dam by Drone (F. Buckle) ..... 2  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b c by Buzzard, out of Fanny ..... 3  
 Even betting, and 5 to 4, on Colonel Childers's filly.—A good race, and won by a length.

Fifty Pounds for three-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb (R. Johnson) ..... 1 1  
 Mr W. Peirse's b c Foxberry, 3 yrs old, 5st ..... 4 2  
 Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, 3 yrs old, 5st ..... 3 3  
 Mr Lonsdale's ch h The Dean, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb (lame) ..... 2 dr  
 Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, aged, 8st 9lb (lame), ..... 5 dr  
 Seven to 4 against Sir H. T. Vane's filly; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 1 she won.—Won easy.

*To be continued.*

\*\*\* *Want of room compels us to postpone the Newcastle, Lewes, and several other Races, till next Month.*

## YORK AUGUST MEETING—(CONCLUDED).

**WEDNESDAY, August 26.**—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb.—Two Miles.—Four Subscribers.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b c, brother to Brafferton, by Beningbrough, (F. Collinson) .....	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George, dam by Young Marsk (F. Jordon) .....	2
Six to 4 on Silvio.—A good race, and won by a neck.	

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year old colts, 8st 4lb.—Three Miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's bay colt Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Maria, by Highflyer (W. Clift) .....	1
Lord Foley's br colt Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Stamford's dam (J. Shepherd) .....	2
Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny (T. Carr) .....	3
Mr Peirse's b c Thorn, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia (F. Collinson) .....	4
Lord Fitzwilliam's bay colt Delville, by Beningbrough, out of Evelina (W. Peirse) .....	5
Thirteen to 8 against Fyldener, 3 to 1 against Smuggler, 3 to 1 against Thorn, 9 to 1 against Paris, and 10 to 1 against Delville. An extraordinary fine race, and won by nearly half a length.	

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse, by 26 Subscribers of 25 guineas each, for five-year olds, 8st 7lb each.—Four Miles.

Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut, out of Bay Javelin (F. Collinson) .....	1
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old (W. Edwards) .....	2
Mr Mellish's b h Staveley, by Shuttle (F. Buckle) .....	3
Six to 4 against Trafalgar, 2 to 1 against Crazy, and 3 to 1 against Staveley.—Won by a length. Run in 8 minutes and 2 seconds.	

**THURSDAY, August 27.**—The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts and fillies.—Two Miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's bay filly Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pewett, 7st 11lb (W. Clift) .....	1
Lord Monson's bay colt Scud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, 7st 13lb (B. Smith) .....	2
Mr Peirse's bay colt Bedalian, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia, 7st 13lb (J. Shepherd) .....	3
Mr Linton's bay colt, by Star, dam by Walnut, 7st 13lb (F. Collinson) .....	4
Mr Walker's ch colt, by Star, dam by Young Marsk, 7st 13lb (J. Jackson) .....	5
Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miltonia, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston, 7st 11lb (W. Peirse) .....	6
Lord Grosvenor's br f Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia, 8st (F. Buckle) .....	7

Five to 2 against Olive-Branch, 3 to 1 against Paulina, 4 to 1 against Mr Walker's colt, the same against Bedalian and Scud, and 7 to 1 against Miltonia.—Won easy.—Run in 3 minutes and 48 seconds.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse, by 26 Subscribers of 25gs each, for six-year olds, 8st 10lb, and aged horses, &c. 9st.—Four Miles.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr m Priscilla, by Delpini, out of Eliza, by Alfred, 6 yrs old (F. Collinson)..... 1  
 Lord Darlington's br h Trafalgar, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old (W. Peirse)..... 2  
 Mr Mellish's br h Norval, aged (F. Buckle)..... 3  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's br m Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old (J. Garbutt)..... 4  
 Five to 4 against Trafalgar, and 6 to 4 against Priscilla.—A good race, and won by about half a length. Run in 7 minutes and 56 seconds.

FRIDAY, August 28.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 10gs ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st each.—The last Mile and three quarters.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, Thomasina, by Timothy, out of Violet (J. Shepherd)..... 1  
 Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana (G. Humble)..... 2  
 Duke of Hamilton's bay, Easy, by Hambletonian, out of Crazy's dam (F. Collinson)..... 3  
 Five to 4 against Thomasina, the same against Easy, and 5 to 1 against Margaret. A good race, and won by rather more than the neck.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse, by 26 Subscribers of 25gs each, for four-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Four Miles.

Lord Strathmore's bay colt Cassio, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab (F. Buckle)..... 1  
 Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, out of Trumpator's sister (J. Jackson)..... 2  
 Duke of Hamilton's b c Grazier, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Aimator's sister (F. Collinson)..... 3  
 Mr Peirse's bay colt Thorn, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia (B. Smith)..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna (W. Edwards)..... 0  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Mary (W. Clift)..... 0  
 Mr Garforth's bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Rosalind (W. Peirse) 0  
 Mr R. L. Savile's b f Off-she-goes (J. Shepherd)..... 0  
 Sir M. M. Syke's b f Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle, (J. Garbutt)..... 0  
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks (James Parkinson)..... 0

Seven



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Seven to 4 against Trafalgar, 3 to 1 against Grazier, 3 to 1 against Casio, 10 to 1 against Mary, and very high odds against Shittlecock, who took the lead between the Stand and Ending-post, and immediately bolted.—One of the finest races ever run for the whole four miles, and won by about half a length.—Run in 7 minutes and 43 seconds.

SATURDAY, August 29.—Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 7st 12lb.—The last Mile and three quarters.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr G. Hutton's br c Cardinal York, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxo-bi's dam (R. Johnson) ..... 1  
 Mr Lonsdale's bay colt Comrade, by Stamford (F. Buckle) ..... 2  
 Lord Darlington's b c by Archduke, out of Beningbrough's sister (W. Peirse) ..... 3  
 Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Cardinal York, who swerved near the end.—  
 Won by half a head.

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir C. Turner's ch f Bettina, by Stamford, out of Pet's dam, 8st 7lb (F. Collinson) ..... 1  
 Mr Mellish's b c by Stamford, dam by Drone, 8st 2lb (F. Buckle) 2  
 Even betting.—Won easy.

The Ladies' Plate for horses, &c.—Two Miles.

Mr Walker's ch c Baronet, by Stride, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb (rode by J. Jackson) ..... 1  
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b f by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb (Parkinson) ..... 2  
 Mr Mellish's br colt Luck's-All, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle) ..... 3  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's bay filly Harriet, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb (W. Waller) 4  
 Mr Grimston's bay colt Woldsman, 4 years old, 7st 13lb (J. Garbutt) 5  
 Mr Wentworth's gr f Irene, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb (E. Bateman) .... 6  
 Five to 2 and 3 to 1 against Baronet, 4 to 1 against Luck's-All, 5 to 1 against Woldsman, and high odds against any other.—Won easy.—  
 Run in 3 minutes and 47 seconds.

Match, Four Miles.—(Mr Coultas staked 30gs to Mr Elsworth's 25gs.)

Mr Coultas's b mare Weigh-me-lightly, by Traveller, 8st (F. Buckle) 1  
 Mr Elsworth's bay horse, Elephant and Castle, 8st (W. Henderson).. 2  
*Stand Betting.*—Even betting and 5 to 4 on the horse; in running the first two miles, then 6 and 7 to 4 on the mare; in the last mile, 4 to 1 on the mare.

Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, 8st, received forfeit from Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, 8st.—  
 The last Mile, 500gs, h. ft.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

## MALLOW MEETING—IRELAND.

**THURSDAY, June 25.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st, and fillies, 7st 11lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Creed's gr f Miss Noblessa, by Diamond .....	1	1
Mr Hamilton's b f Bess, by Swindler .....	3	2
Mr O'Connor's b f Off-she-goes, by Whiskey .....	2	3
Mr Massey's b c by the Irish Drone .....	4	4

The field the favourite.

**FRIDAY, Sixty Guineas for four-year olds, 8st.**—Three-mile heats.

Mr Croker's gr c Brilliant, by Diamond .....	1	1
Major Atkins's b c Lark, by Dash .....	3	2
Mr O'Connor's b c Jumper, by Worthy .....	2	dr

Two and 3 to 1 on Jumper.

**MONDAY, June 29.**—Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr O'Connor's b c Jumper, by Worthy, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb. ....	1	1
Mr Copley's b f, by Master Bagot, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb. ....	3	2
Mr Fitzgibbon's b f, by Diamond, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb (broke a stirrup) .....	2	dr

Mr Massey's ch c, by Drone, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb .....	4	dr
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High odds on Jumper.

**TUESDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added, for hunters, three-mile heats, was won by Major Atkin's ch m Sweet Margaret, by Escape.

**WEDNESDAY, July 1.**—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c. 9st each. Four-mile heats.

Mr Creed's gr m Empress, aged .....	2	1	1
Mr O'Connor's b c Jumper, 4 yrs old .....	1	2	dr

**THURSDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added.—Heats, one Mile and a half each.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Croker's gr colt Brilliant, by Diamond, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. ....	1	1
Major Atkins's b c Lark, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	2	2
Mr Hamilton's ch colt Foolfinder, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb .....	3	dr

Brilliant the favourite.

**FRIDAY.**—Fifty Pounds handicapped.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Croker's gr colt Brilliant, by Diamond, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb. ....	1	1
Mr Creed's gr m Empress, aged, 7st 10lb .....	4	2
Major Atkins's b c Lark, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	2	3
Mr Hamilton's Foolfinder, 3 yrs old, 8st .....	3	dr

Six to 4 on Brilliant.

## BLANDFORD MEETING—(CONCLUDED.)

**THURSDAY, July 30.**—Handicap Stakes of 5gs each.—One-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb	1	1
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Mr

Mr Budden's b c Mackall, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	4	2
Mr Cousen's ch g Delegate, aged, 7st 7lb .....	3	3
Mr Groves's ch c Buckler, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb .....	2	dr

## CHELMSFORD MEETING—ESSEX.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The King's Plate of 100gs for three and four-year old fillies.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Abbey's brown, Orangeade, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 9st .....	1	1
Mr F. Neale's chesnut, Momentilla, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2	2
Mr Golding's brown, Vixen, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	3	dr
Mr Child's brown bay, by Oscar, dam by Volunteer, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb (ran out of the Course) .....	dis	
Mr Pigg's bay, Jemima, by Guildford, 4 yrs old, 9st (ran out of the Course) .....	dis	

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and a half.

Mr Abbey's br f Orangeade, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	2	1	1
Mr Golding's b f Merrymaid, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	1	2	2
Mr F. Neale's ch c, by Vernator, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb .....	3	3	dr

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for three and four year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Dockeray's bl f Honeysuckle, by Oscar, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	2	1	1
Mr F. Neale's ch f Momentilla, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb .....	1	2	3
Mr Golding's br f Vixen, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb .....	3	3	2
Mr Hyde's ch f Duplicity, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb (rider fell) .....	dis		
Mr C. Browne's ch c, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st (bolted) ....	dis		

## NEWBURY MEETING—BERKS.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Worrall's b g Bluestone, by Caustic, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	1	1
Mr Bullock's gr c Countryman, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	3	2
Mr Batson's ch c Gladiator, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	2	3

Lord Craven's b g Cowley, 11st, beat Mr Canning's br h Actaeon, 12st, two miles, 50gs.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 25gs added, for horses, &c.—Four Miles. Eleven Subscribers.

Mr C. Dundas's b c Rubens, by Pencil, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	1
Mr Bigg's br m Margaretta, 5 yrs old, 9st .....	2
Mr Ladbrooke's br c Sir Peregrine, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	3
Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	4

**WEDNES-**

**WEDNESDAY, August 4.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Two Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Portia ..... 1

Mr Ladbroke's br c Corsican, by Guildford ..... 2

Mr C. Dundas's b c, by Sir Solomon, bought of Sir S. Glynn. .... 3

### EDINBURGH MEETING.

**MONDAY, August 3.**—Fifty Pounds for hunters, 11st.—Four mile heats.

Mr Graham's grey horse ..... 3 1 1

Mr Stevenson's b m Providence ..... 2 2 2

Sir J. L. Johnson's b h, by Pipator, (broke down in running for the second heat) ..... 1 dis

Six and 7 to 4 on the Pipator horse.

**TUESDAY the 4th.**—The King's Plate for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb 1 1

Lord Montgomerie's b h Caleb Quot'em, 5 yrs old, ..... 2 2

Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb. .... 3 dr  
Fortuna the favourite.

**WEDNESDAY the 5th.**—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb ..... 1 1

Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb ..... 2 2

Six and 7 to 4 on Streamer.

**THURSDAY the 6th.**—Fifty Guineas for Scots Hunters, 11st.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Baird's b m Fairy ..... 1 1

Mr Chaliner's b h Cardinal ..... 3 2

Lord Donegall's Sir Edward ..... 2 3

**FRIDAY the 7th.**—The Ladies' Plate of 50gs free for any horse, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb ..... walked over.

**SATURDAY the 8th.**—A Purse for the beaten horses of the week.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Stevenson's b m Providence ..... 1 1

Mr Bentley's b h Sailor ..... 2 2

NEW

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## NEWCASTLE MEETING—STAFFORDSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—The Maiden Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Carr's br f Cecilia, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb ..	4	1	1
Mr Goodall's br f, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st .....	1	3	2
Mr Brooke's b f Comedy, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb .....	2	2	3
Mr Saunders's Lothario, aged, 8st 10lb .....	dis		
Mr Burton's br h Coniac, aged, 8st 10lb .....	dis		

Cecilia the favourite.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Ackers's br m Hebe, by Overton, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb .....	1
Mr Carr's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	2

Seven to 4 on Hebe.

**THURSDAY the 6th.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Astley's ch g Newton, by Mr Richardson's Marsk, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb .....	1	1
Mr Booker's b c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2	dr
Mr Harris's b c, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb .....	3	dr
Mr Ackers's b h Sunderland, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb (broke down) ...	dis	

Five and 6 to 4 on Newton.

**FRIDAY the 7th.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Booker's b c Plunder, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	1
Mr Harris's b c, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb .....	2
Mr Shorthose's br f Miss Cobolom, (late Cecilia) 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb ..	3
Mr Bootle's ch f, by Walnut, 4 yrs old, 8st .....	4
Mr Macdonald's br h Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb .....	5

Six and 7 to 4 against Plunder.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Astley's ch g Newton, by Marsk, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	1	2	1
Mr Carr's ch h Welch-Harp, 5 yrs old, 9st .....	2	1	2

Six to 4 on Newton; after the first heat, 2 to 1 he won; after the second heat, 5 to 4 on Welch-Harp.

## TAUNTON MEETING—SOMERSETSHIRE.

**THURSDAY, August 13.**—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Sadler's bl c, by Oscar, 3 yrs old, 7st .....	1	1
Mr Clark's ch c Lottery, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	2	2
Mr Gardiner's br c Nonpareil, 3 yrs old, 7st .....	3	3

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Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord C. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old,		
9st .....	1	1
Mr Bryant's ch c Buckler, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	3	2
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 9st 3lb .....	2	dr
Six and 7 to 4 on Bagatelle.		

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Five Subscribers.  
 Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 9st 3lb. . . . walked over.

FRIDAY the 14th.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord C. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old,		
9st 3lb .....	1	1
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 9st 3lb .....	2	2
Mr Bryant's ch c Buckler, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb .....	3	dr
Two to 1 on Bagatelle.		

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for real hunters, 12st.—Heats, twice round  
 the Course.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged .....	1	1
Mr Radcliffe's b m Cora, aged .....	2	2
Six to 4 on Laura.		

## LEWES MEETING.—SUSSEX.

THURSDAY, August 13.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-  
 year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—The last Mile and a half.—Ten  
 Subscribers.

Mr Fermor's br c Brighton, by Gohanna, out of Cyprus's  
 dam .....

Match for 200gs.—Four Miles.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, aged,		
8st 3lb (W. Edwards) .....	1	
Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, 6 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	2	
Five to 2 on Orville.—Won easy.		

The King's Plate for horses, &amp;c.—Four-mile heats.

Sir J. Shelley's b h Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 11st		
6lb (F. Buckle) .....	3	1 1
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Barbarossa, 5 yrs old, 11st		
6lb (Edwards) .....	1	2 2
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb .....	2	dr
Five to 2 on Barbarossa; after the heat, 5 to 1 on Barbarossa; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Sir Launcelot. An excellent race, and won by half a-head.		

Captain Haffenden's Tom Pipes, by Volunteer, received forfeit from  
 Major Clave's Informer, 9st each.—Three Miles, 100gs, h. ft.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, recd. ft.  
 from His R. H. the Duke of York's b f, by Whiskey, 8st 3lb each.—The  
 last Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr

Mr Lake's br f Volumnia, by Mr Teazle, received 35gs compromise from Sir J. Shelley's Wood-Nymph, 8st each.—The last mile, 100gs, h. ft.

**FRIDAY the 14th.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for regular hunters, 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four Miles.—Ten Subscribers:

Duke of Richmond's gr h You-know-me, by Gay, aged ..... 1  
Mr Rush's b h, by St. George, 6 yrs old ..... 2

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and a half each.

Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, received 10gs premium.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and a half each.

Mr Trevanion's b c, by Gohanna, out of Trumpetta, 3 yrs old,

6st ..... 1 2 1  
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch g Rugantino, 4 yrs old, 7st  
8lb ..... 2 1 2

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Rugantino; after the first heat, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on the Gohanna colt; after the second heat, 5 to 4 on Rugantino.—An extraordinary good race.

**SATURDAY.**—Match for 500gs.—Four Miles.

Sir J. Shelley's b h Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st 11b (F. Buckle) ..... 1  
Lord Darlington's b h Pavilion, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb (S. Chifney) ..... 2  
Eleven to 5 on Pavilion.—Won easy.

Match for 50gs.—The last Mile.—Rode by Gentlemen.

Captain Poole's b m Creeping Jenny, by Laurel, 10st ..... 1  
Captain Catten's ch m Regent, 9st 6lb ..... 2  
Six to 4 on Creeping Jenny.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, aged,  
9st (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb ..... 2

Two to 1 on Orville.—A fine race, and won by a neck.

F. Buckle, who rode Cerberus, charged W. Edwards with crossing him when about half a mile from home. The decision of the race stands over to the next Newmarket October Meeting.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Heats two Miles and a half each.

Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, 6 yrs old, received 10gs.

The Ladies' Plate of 60gs for horses, &c.—Four Miles.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, aged,  
8st 11lb (W. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr Fermor's br c Brighton, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb ..... 2  
Two to 1 on Orville.—A fine race.

Captain Haffenden's Tom Pipes; by Volunteer, received forfeit from Major Claye's Informer, 9st each.—Four miles, 100gs, h. ft.

## BODMIN MEETING—CORNWALL.

**TUESDAY, August 18.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 10gs added, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Trevanion's b c Handicap, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 11st 7lb ..... 1  
Mr Coryton's b g Kithill, (late Blickling) aged, 12st 7lb ..... 2  
Three and 4 to 1 on Handicap.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Trevanion's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb ..... 1 1  
Captain Weir's ch g Father Macshane, aged, 9st 7lb ..... 2 2  
Five to 1 on Handicap.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two Miles.  
—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Sutton's ch g Challenger, by Coriander, aged, 12st 4lb .... 1 1  
Mr Coward's b g Danceaway, 6 yrs old, 12st ..... 2 2  
Mr Coward's b g Chance, aged, 12st ..... 3 3  
Two and 3 to 1 on Challenger.

**WEDNESDAY the 17th.**—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Sutton's ch g Challenger, by Coriander, aged, 12st ..... 1 1  
Captain Weir's ch g Father Macshane, aged, 12st 5lb ..... 2 2  
Even betting; after the heat, 3 to 1 on Challenger.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters.—Four Miles.—Eight Subscribers.  
Mr Fellowes's ch g Fuss, by Ridgef, aged, 12st ..... 1  
Mr Coryton's b g Kithill, aged, 12st 10lb ..... 2  
Fuss the favourite.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Sutton's ch g Challenger, by Coriander, aged, 10st 2lb .... 1 0 2 1  
Mr Fellowes's ch g Fuss, aged, 9st 7lb ..... 2 0 1 2  
Mr Rashleigh's b f Petronilla, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb ..... 3 dr  
Captain Weir's ch g Father Macshane, aged, 9st 2lb ..... 4 dr  
Petronilla the favourite; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Challenger; after the dead heat, 5 and 6 to 4 on Fuss; after the third heat, 5 and 6 to 1 on Fuss.

## DERBY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 18.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Benningbrough, out of Hyale, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb ..... 1  
Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Prisle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb ..... 2  
Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Sacripant, 4 years old, 8st 2lb ..... 3  
Mr Butler's b c, by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb .. 4  
Tho



The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, by Worthy, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	5	1	1
Mr Brown's ch c, by Lord Stamford's George, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	1	4	3
Mr Goodall's br f Juno, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	4	2	2
Mr Milner's ch c Miniature, by a Son of Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	2	3	dr
Mr Butler's b c, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb .....	3	5	dr

WEDNESDAY.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c, of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb .....	1	1	
Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb .....	4	2	
Mr Carr's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	3	3	
Lord Monson's b f Eliza, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2	3	dr
Mr Cave Browne's bl c Black-and-all-Black, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb. ....	dis		

### NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters.—Heats, twice round the Course,—Twenty-two Subscribers.

Mr Drage's b g, by Moorcock, out of Duchess, 6 yrs old, 10st 11lb .....	1	1	
Mr Rush's b h, by St. George, 6 yrs old, 10st 11lb .....	2	dr	
Mr Faulkner's br h, by Archer, dam by Saltram, 5 yrs old, 10st 7lb (ran out of the Course) .....	dis		

Fifty Pounds for three-year olds.—Heats, about a Mile and a half.

Major Morris's b c, by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity, 8st 5lb .....	2	1	2	1
Mr Cave Browne's ch c, by Guildford, 8st 2lb (bolted in running for the fourth heat) .....	3	2	1	2
Mr Willington's ch f Glance, 8st 3lb .....	1	3	dr	

THURSDAY the 20th.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr Willington's ch f Glance, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 6st .....	1		
Mr Faulkner's b h Doubtful, aged, 9st .....	2		
Mr Tinkler's br c, by Waxy, out of Kezia .....	3		

Fifty Pounds for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb ....	1	1	
Mr Andrew's b g Garland, aged, 8st 11lb .....	2	2	
Mr Drage's b g, by Moorcock, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb .....	3	dr	

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Cleveland.

## EGHAM MEETING—SURREY.

**TUESDAY, August 25.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, the remainder in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb (W. Arnold) ..... 1  
Mr Durand's ch c Master Jackey, by Johnny, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb (received back his stake) ..... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb ..... 0  
Mr Fermor's br c Striplings, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb ..... 0  
Mr Lake's br c, by Gouty, out of Maria, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb ..... 0  
Five to 4 on the Brother to Cardinal Beaufort, 5 to 2 against Master Jackey, and high odds against any other.—Master Jackey made good play, but was beat easy at the end.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Henry's b c Gnat-ho! by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Gnat, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... 1 0 1  
Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb ..... 2 0 2  
Five to 4 on Sir Peregrine; after the first heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Gnat-ho! after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Gnat-ho!—The first and third heats were won by about a length each.

**WEDNESDAY the 26th.**—The Magna-Charta Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts and fillies.—The New Mile.—Four Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b f Corsican Fairy, (late Mouse) by Gohanna, 8st 2lb (W. Arnold) ..... 1  
Mr Lake's b c Coriolanus, by Gohanna, 8st 11lb ..... 2  
Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 8st 5lb ..... 3  
Mr Ladbroke's br c Corsican, 8st 5lb ..... 4  
Six and 7 to 4 against Coriolanus, 5 to 2 against Corsican Fairy, and 4 to 1 against Corsican.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Ladbroke's br c Corsican, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb ..... 1  
Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb ..... 2  
Mr Lake's b f Volumnia, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb (bolted) ..... 3  
Corsican the favourite.

**THURSDAY, the 27th.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for all ages.—Three Miles.—Three Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb ..... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 20gs ft. for two-year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—The last half of the New Mile.—Six Subscribers.

Lord Egremont's ch f Quail, by Gohanna, out of Certhia (W. Arnold) ..... 1

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Mr Butler's ch f Bonny-Lass, by Bonaparte .....	2
Mr Lake's ch f Mary-Bella, by Walnut (4lb extra).....	3
Sir J. Mawbey's ch f Grasshopper, by Gouty .....	4
Sir C. Bunbury's bl c by Sorcerer, out of Wowski.....	5
Five and 6 to 4 against Quail, and 5 to 2 against Bonny-Lass.	

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old, 9st.....	1	1
Mr Dockeray's bl f Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb.....	2	2
Mr Bradley's b g Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb .....	3	dr
Ten to 1 on Pelisse.		

Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages.

Mr Fermor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb.....	1	1
Mr Henry's br c Gnat-ho! 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb .....	4	2
Mr Bradley's b g Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb .....	2	3
Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb.....	3	4

Hawk the favourite; after the heat, 4 and 5 to 1 he won.—A good race.

## BOROUGH-BRIDGE MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY**, September 2.—Fifty Pounds for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 8st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Walker's ch colt, by Star, dam by Young Marsk, 3 yrs old (J. Jackson).....	1	1
Mr Dinsdale's ro c by Antæus, 3 yrs old.....	3	2
Mr Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George .....	2	3
Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mr Walker's colt; after the heat, 6 and 8 to 1 he won.—Just after starting for the second heat, Silvio threw his rider, (F. Jordon) who re-mounted, and saved his distance.		

**THURSDAY**.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for horses, &c. all ages.—Three Miles.

Mr Fletcher's br f Esther, sister to Staveley, by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb (a Boy) .....	1
Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr m Priscilla, 6 years old, 8st 12lb (F. Collinson) .....	2
Sir J. Lawson's chs colt, Oran, by Expectation, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb ..	3
Mr Hutchinson's b c Silvio, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb .....	0
Mr Garforth's ch f, by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb .....	0
Mr Cradock's b f, by St. George, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb .....	0
Even betting on Priscilla, 4 to 1 against Esther, and 4 to 1 against Oran, who bolted near the end, when likely to win; and Priscilla fell upon her nose when about half a mile from home, when second.	

**FRIDAY**.—The Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages.—No race, although four were entered.

PON-

## PONTEFRACT MEETING—YORKSHIRE.

**TUESDAY, Sept. 8.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir W. Gerard's br colt Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb (W. Peirse)..... 1  
 Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb (B. Smith)..... 2  
 Six to 4 on Crazy.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—The last Mile and three quarters.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam (B. Smith) ..... 1  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's gr c Knowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab (W. Cliff) ..... 2  
 Even betting.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and a half each.

Mr Sitwell's chs filly Buttercup, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb ..... 1 1  
 Mr Walkington's bay colt Honest Bob, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb ..... 4 2  
 Mr Pickering's b f by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb ..... 2 3  
 Mr G. Settrington's ch c Rector, by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb ..... 3 4  
 Five to 4 against Buttercup; after the heat, 5 to 1 on Buttercup.—  
 Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three-year old fillies.—The last Mile and three quarters.—Five Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f Thomasina, by Timothy, 8st 4lb .. walked over.

The Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Lord Strathmore's b c Comrade, by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb (B. Smith) ..... 1  
 Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, 3 yrs old, 5st 13lb ..... 2  
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch filly Thomasina, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb ..... 3  
 Two to 1 on Thomasina, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 against Comrade, and 7 to 2 against Buttercup. A very good race, and well contested between Comrade and Buttercup.—Won by half a length.

The Macaroni Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. rode by Gentlemen. Three Miles.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star, dam by Mercury, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb (Mr Lindow) ..... 1  
 Mr Chamberlaine's b h by Sir Thomas, 5 years old, 11st 8lb (Mr Parker) ..... 2  
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay filly, by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston, 4 yrs old, 10st 8lb ..... 3

The

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr J. H. Smyth's b h by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old, 11st 8lb.....	0
Mr C. Cholmondeley's b h by Young Diomed, 5 yrs old, 11st 8lb..	0
Mr T. Sykes's b h by Precipitate .....	0

Five and 6 to 4 on Smasher.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—The last Mile.—Four Subscribers.

Mr T. Duncombe's ch f Laurel-Leaf, (late Bettina) by Stamford....	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b c by Bustard, out of Fanny .....	2

Seven to 2 on Laurel-Leaf.—Won easy.

The 100l. for all ages.—Heats, three Miles each.

Sir W. Gerard's br colt Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb (W. Peirse) .....	1	1
Mr Sitwell's Taurus, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb.....	3	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Delville, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb .....	2	3
Mr Walker's ch c Baronet, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb .....	4	dr

Seven to 4, and after the heat 5 to 1, on Julius Cæsar.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses not thorough bred, rode by Gentlemen.—Heats, two Miles and a half each.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Townrow's b h by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb (Mr Treacher) .....	1	1
Mr Clark's b h Lawyer, by Shuttle, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb (Mr Parker) .....	2	2
Mr J. H. Smyth's b h by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb (Mr Shafto) .....	3	3

Even betting on the winner.

Match for 100gs.—Two Miles.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miltonia, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston, 8st (W. Peirse) .....	1
Mr Duncombe's bay colt by Expectation, dam by Dragon, 8st 3lb..	2

Six and 7 to 4 on Miltonia.

\*\*\* LINCOLN, and other Meetings omitted, in our next Number.

## RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

*Additional Sweepstakes and Matches made to be run at Newmarket.*

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1807.

**MONDAY**, September 28.—Mr Fermor's Hippomenes against Mr Delmé Radcliffe's Barbarossa, 8st 3lb each.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.  
Mr Arthur's Wormwood against Mr Fermor's Cerberus, 8st 7lb each.  
—Two Middle Miles of B. C. 400gs, h. ft.

**TUES.**

**TUESDAY.**—Mr F. Neale's b c by Oberon, dam by Spanker, 3 yrs old, 9st 7lb, against Mr Fermor's sister to Hawk, 2 yrs old, 8st.—The last half of Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Howorth's Lauretta, 8st 5lb; against Lord Stawell's Pantina, Sst.—Ab. M. 100gs.

Duke of Grafton's Parasol, 8st 7lb, against Mr Arthur's Brainworm, 8st 4lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

**THURSDAY.**—Mr Delmé Radcliffe's Selim against Mr Fermor's Hippomenes, 8st 3lb each.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

**FRIDAY.**—Lord Grosvenor's Violante, 8st 8lb, against Mr Vansittart's Currycomb, 8st 2lb.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's Pearl, 8st 4lb, against Mr Vansittart's Momentilla, 8st 2lb.—D. M. 100gs, h. ft.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1807.

**MONDAY, October 12.**—Mr Delmé Radcliffe's Sir David, 8st 6lb, against Mr Fermor's Hippomenes, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs.

Lord Grosvenor's Violante, 8st 7lb, against Mr Arthur's Brainworm, 8st.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Payne's Tudor, 8st 7lb, against Mr Lake's Tim, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni, out of Hoppicker, 8st 4lb, against Mr Watson's Charmer, 8st 1lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

**TUESDAY.**—Mr Fermor's Cerberus, 11st 6lb, against Mr Goulburn's Epsom-Lass, 10st 4lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

**THURSDAY.**—Mr Lake's Citizen, 8st 3lb, against Mr Payne's Fawn, 7st 10lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

**FRIDAY.**—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 8st 2lb. Ab. M.—Lord Grosvenor's Bull-rush, Lord F. G. Osborne's Matilda, and Mr Vansittart's Momentilla.

#### NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1807.

**MONDAY, October 26.**—Mr Arthur's Wretch, 8st 4lb, against Lord Foley's Pipylina, 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

Mr Arthur's Brainworm, 8st 7lb, against Lord Foley's Blown, 5st 7lb.—Y. C. 200gs.

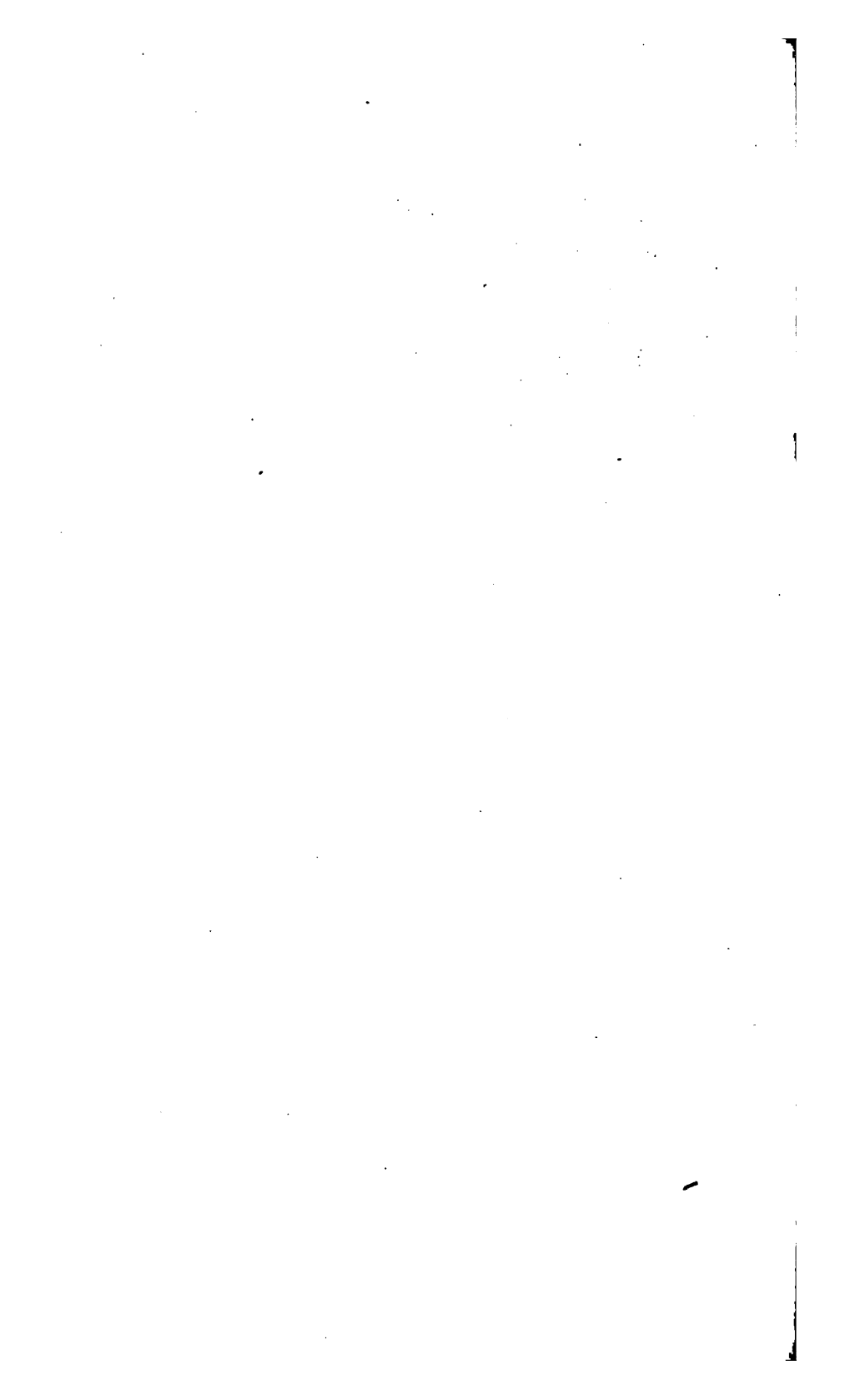
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's Sir David against Mr Fermor's Hippomenes, 8st 3lb each.—B. C. 300gs, h. ft.

Mr Fermor's Stripling, 8st 10½lb, against Mr D. Radcliffe's bl c, brother to Houghton-Lass, 8st 3lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

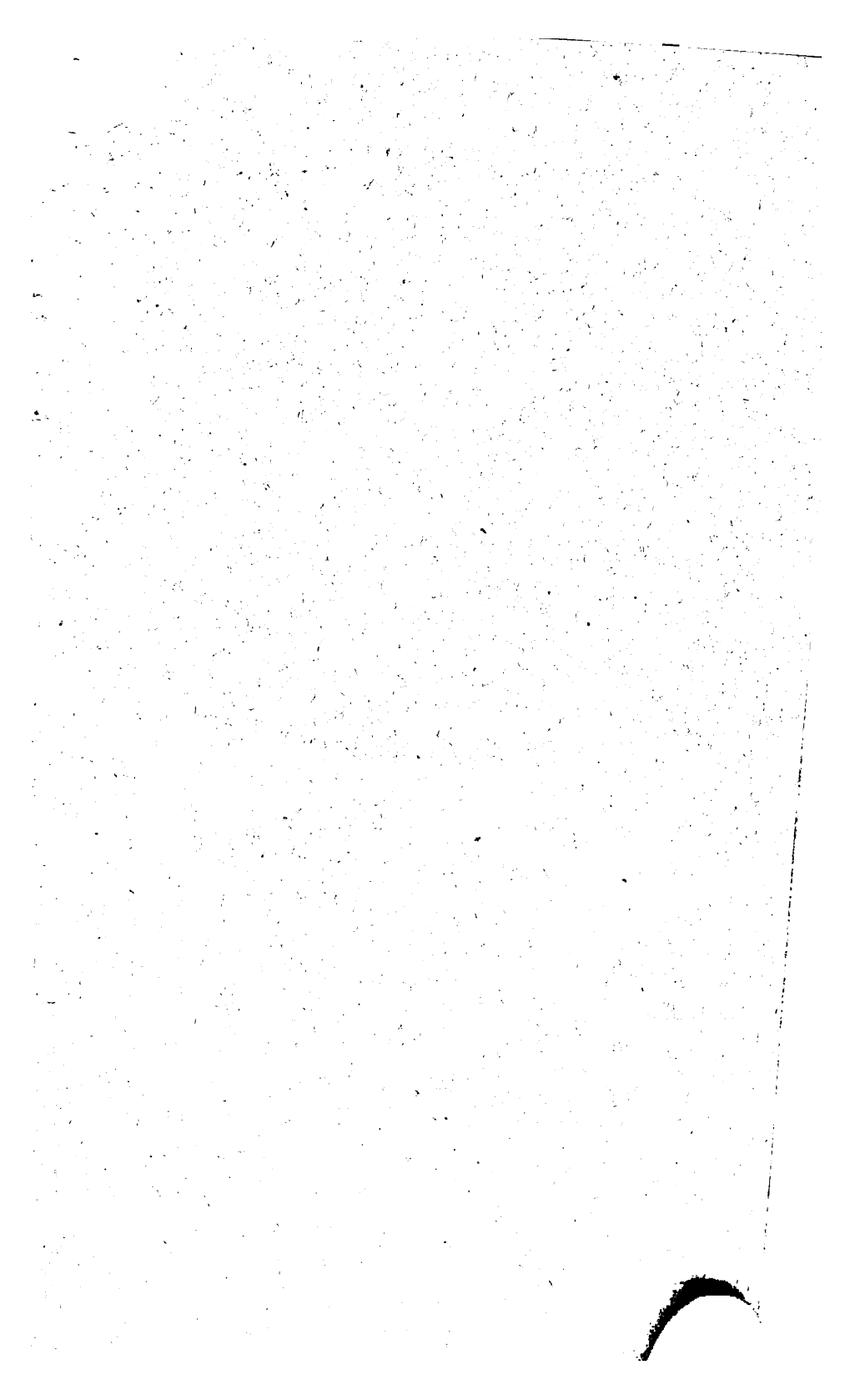
Lord Sackville's Bustard against Mr Fermor's Cerberus, 8st 3lb each. The Two Middle Miles of B. C. 500gs, h. ft.

**THURSDAY.**—Mr Arthur's Wretch against Lord Foley's Blown, 5st 7lb.—Y. C. 200gs.









**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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